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THE HIGHLANDERS PHOTONOVEL

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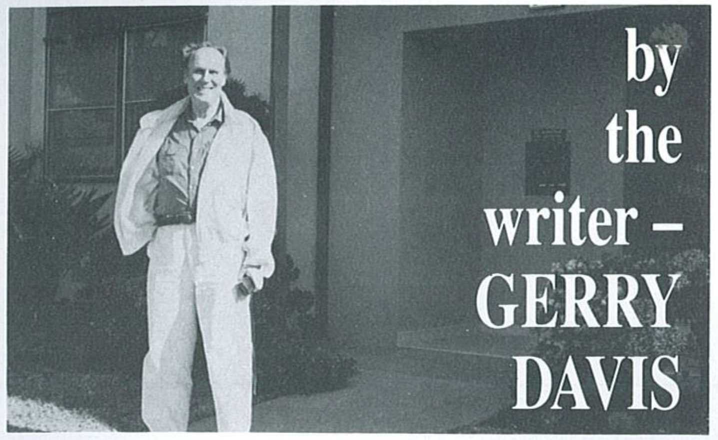
INTRODUCTION



by the writer – GERRY DAVIS

ELWYN JONES had been the Head of BBC Series before he turned freelance, and as a favour to him, Shaun Sutton, the then Head of Serials, decided to give him some work. Elwyn was an established writer who was working on Softly, Softly when he was brought round to my office with the idea of doing something for Doctor Who. I asked him what he had in mind and he really hadn't a clue. At the time I was looking for historical stories that were based on identifiable areas of fiction, like *The Smugglers* which I set up with Brian Hayles, which was loosely based on Doctor Syn. I always thought that if we were going to do a historical then there's no point going back to the massacre of St Bartholomew which is not well known and hardly the subject of romance. Whereas, if you could get close to some of the established classics like Kidnapped, people might be familiar with it.

So I suggested Culloden and he said fine and went away to write something. Time passed and nothing happened so I phoned him up. He explained that he was very busy and suggested that I step in and do it. To cut a long story short, we shared the credit although I wrote the piece from start to finish.

I loved the finished product because it allowed me to do a historical story as I felt they should be done. You spoke of historical characters but never showed them, as I always considered it a mistake to meet Napoleon and people whose faces and personalities are so well known. You should keep them in the background, influencing events but never getting directly involved.

The director assigned to *Highlanders* was Hugh David. He was an enterprising man and a former actor who I had worked with some years before. It was fun to go up to him and say can we do this, and what about a setting for that, and he suggested that we could do a boat scene in the tank in Ealing. This was something more spectacular than some of the things we had done recently for Doctor Who and a nice visual. All this allowed me to write scenes and action knowing that it was possible to do it, as I had discussed everything with Hugh beforehand.

At one time at the BBC there was no such thing as producers; there were only editors and directors. The role of the editor was to work with the writers and the directors on a more or less equal basis. Long term directors felt these were rather happy days without the intervention of a third party in the form of a producer, who was often a frustrated writer, director or actor. On *Highlanders* I was left to get on with it by my producer so it was like going back some ten years to before the introduction of that extra tier of input. I think it worked very well.

Sydney Newman created the role of producer when he became the Head of Drama so there would be a body of people who would answer direct to him. He felt he had more control that way.

It was a very happy production and very well acted. It also introduced the character of Jamie, although it was never intended that he should carry on beyond the story. We liked him so much, and Frazer Hines had something of the young Mickey Rooney about him which made him very engaging. As Jamie was born about 1720 it gave him a different attitude to Polly and Ben. For example, Jamie would accept things others would be amazed by because he would put it down to magic or witchcraft, which he knew existed. It also worked in reverse, like when the TARDIS landed on the Moon. To Polly and Ben this was something very much of their time, but it was beyond the comprehension of the young Scot. As far as he was concerned, the Moon was up in the sky.

The villain of the story was a character I called Solicitor Gray who was buying people to send out to the West Indies. I did a lot of research on this, and it turned out that after Culloden and the failed uprising, the Highlanders were rounded up and sent out as slaves to the Planters. They were treated like animals but their treatment was condoned because the Scots were considered as savages and a threat to England.

It was an eleventh hour writing project, but much of the stuff I did then was. *The Celestial Toymaker* was written in four days and lots of the Cybermen stories were also rushed as Kit was ill. He was in hospital for *Moonbase* and I remember taking it to him. It put an extra burden on me to get the stuff done.

Highlanders gave me the chance to write one or two funny lines. I had the Doctor dressing up as a washer woman and the contrast between the two girls. Kirsty, the Scots lass, was scandalised by Polly's mini skirt while at the same time being able to handle a knife. It provided a nice balance between the liberated 60s woman and the practical 18th century highland girl.

Pat Troughton had a lot of fun with it. I was able to write the oblique sort of character we had both envisaged where he speaks in parables and turns up when he is least expected. It's a great sadness to me that the tapes aren't available as I think it was one of his better performances as the Doctor because he was able to use his humour. We also had fun with the character of Algernon Ffinch, who was a bit like the Hugh Laurie character in Blackadder. He was getting bested by Polly, but at the end I added a little scene that suggested that there was a real attraction between them.

Michael Elwyn as Algernon Ffinch. Photo © Alexandra Tynan.

I liked the whole production because I was able to write in a much richer mix of characters than usual, get some real feeling into the story and develop a good selection of contrasts.

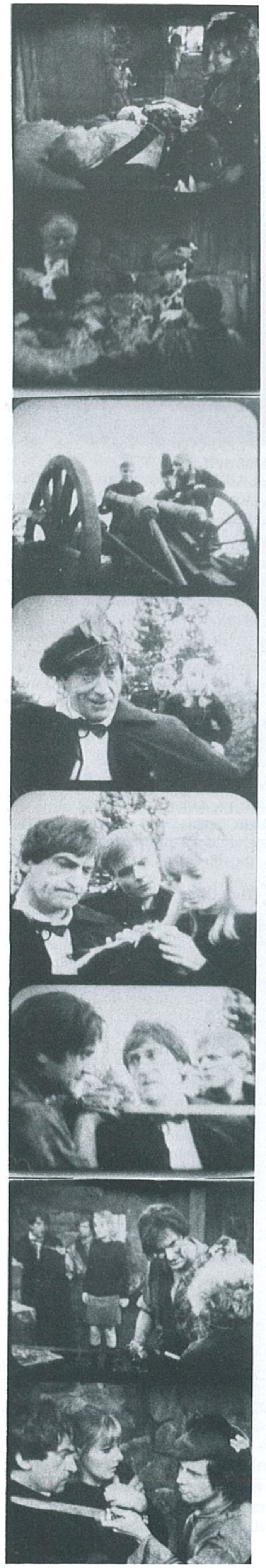
DOCTOR WHO
THE HIGHLANDERS
BY ELWYN JONES AND GERRY DAVIS

A ferocious skirmish between a small band of Redcoats and the remainder of a Highland regiment spills into view over a hill. Away in the distance, the sounds of the main battle can be heard. Cannons and the brays of frightened horses mix with musket fire and the clashes of hand to hand combat.

The TARDIS materialises in a small wooded knoll. Ben, Polly and the Doctor emerge from the Police Box and look around. Ben moves towards the edge of the trees and parts the brambles with his hands:
Hey, Polly!
POLLY: What?
BEN: Where does this remind you of?
POLLY: It's cold and damp.
BEN: But where does it remind you of?
Polly catches herself on the brambles:
Ow! What...
BEN: Where else could it be? We're 'ome, duchess!
POLLY: You never give up do you? We'll ask the Doctor.
She calls to the Doctor but Ben holds up his hand:
Listen...
A gunshot rings out.
...sounds like the Cup Final.
The air is suddenly filled with a high-pitched whistle, like the sound of an incoming projectile. Ben and Polly throw themselves to the ground as something heavy cracks through the trees and embeds itself in the soil near to where they were standing.
DOCTOR: What are you doing down there?
BEN: What was it?
They move over to where the Doctor is standing and look down:
Looks like an old time cannon-ball!
Polly reaches out to touch it and pulls back her fingers with a yelp from the heat.
DOCTOR: Allow me.
He pushes the earth away with a twig:
Yes, a ten pounder. That does it.
He turns towards the TARDIS.
POLLY: But Doctor, we can't leave, this looks like England.
BEN: Yes, I'll go and look over that hill.
He strides off.
POLLY: Doctor, you don't want us to think you're afraid, do you?
DOCTOR: Why not?
POLLY: Look, we can't let Ben go up there on his own. We don't know what he's going to find. Come on!
They set off after Ben.

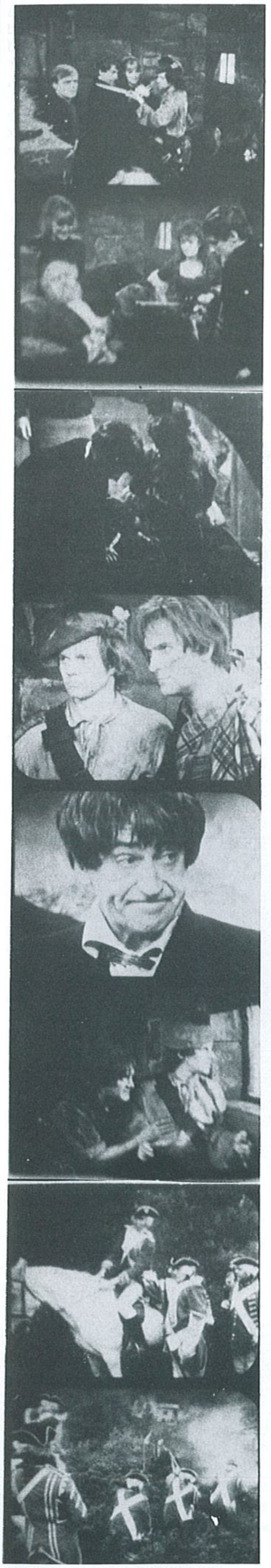
A small group of the fleeing Scots have taken refuge in a tumble-down cottage. Laying on a bed in one corner of the main room is an old man, the laird of his clan, who is moaning deliriously. His wounds have weakened him and he appears to be slipping into unconsciousness.
KIRSTY: He badly needs a doctor.
ALEXANDER: Aye, and food.
The old man starts to moan again but his only intelligible utterance is "water", which he repeats several times. He is handed a bottle from which he snatches a couple of deep gulps. His mind starts to clear and he raises himself up slightly from the bed:
The battle?
ALEXANDER: It's done. The clans are broken, shot to pieces by the English guns. We never got the chance to get within a claymore's length of them.
The old man slumps back on the bed, his strength sapped by the news of the battle.
ALEXANDER: The Prince?
JAMIE: Do not fuss yourself, he was the first to leave the field.
ALEXANDER: What's that you say about the Prince?
LAIRD: Stay, the pair of you. Why didn't you leave me to die on the field?
ALEXANDER: You're the laird himself.
LAIRD: The laird of what? How the men of the clan are lying in mud. Oh Kirsty...
He starts to sob.
ALEXANDER: You may not be long joining them. The English troops are butchering all the wounded and hanging all their prisoners.
JAMIE: They cannae hang us all, can they?
ALEXANDER: They'll hang you piper, you can be sure of that.
Something moves outside and Alexander holds up his hand:
Shh...
KIRSTY: The English?
JAMIE: They're not soldiers.
LAIRD: Our people?
ALEXANDER: I'll find out.
He opens the door a fraction and looks out before moving in the direction of the strangers.

The Doctor, Ben and Polly are walking down the brow of a hill, the sound of battle echoing in the distance. In front of them is a cannon.
BEN: Hey, look! This must be where the cannon ball came from.
DOCTOR: Unlikely.
BEN: What d'you mean, unlikely?
DOCTOR: It's been spiked.
BEN: Been what?
DOCTOR: Been spiked.
Ben looks down the barrel:
How did you know?
The Doctor ignores him and picks something up:
I would like a hat like this!
He brandishes a tam-o'-shanter which he jams on his head while performing a Highland fling. Polly snatches it from his head and starts to examine it:
It's got writing on it: "With Charles, our brave merciful Prince Royal, we will greatly fall or nobly save our country."
DOCTOR: Pah! Romantic piffle!
He throws the beret to the ground and turns towards his campanions but is stopped in his tracks as a knife is raised to his throat.
ALEXANDER: You'll pick it up and treat it with due respect.
The Doctor picks up the beret and Alexander takes it from him and points his knife in the direction of the cottage:
This way with ye. Quick!



The four set off down the hill.

The laird is sitting up in bed:
We must away!
KIRSTY: Father, you're in no fit state to travel.
Alexander and his captives enter.
LAIRD: Who are these?
ALEXANDER: I know not. They're no' Scot. They threw down the Prince's cockade.
POLLY: Cockade?
BEN: What prince?
DOCTOR: Prince Charles Edward. Bonnie Prince Charlie.
ALEXANDER: There, you heard the accent.
LAIRD: Aye, I thought so, English, the three of them. Camp followers from the Duke of Cumberland, come to steal from the dead. Do you wish to pray before you die?
DOCTOR: Die?!
POLLY: Die for what?
BEN: You can't kill us in cold blood!
JAMIE: Our blood's warm enough. Your English troopers gave no quarter to men, women or bairns.
POLLY: Doctor, tell them who we are
KIRSTY: Did you hear what she said? She called him "Doctor".
ALEXANDER: You're not going to trust a Sassenach?
Ben notices a pistol on the floor and while Alexander's attention is distracted he dives, snatches it up and levels it at the laird. He motions to Jamie and Alexander:
Back, both of you, or your laird won't need a doctor.
DOCTOR: Well done Ben. Now gentlemen...
He points to Alexander:
Polly, take his sword. Ben, cock the pistol. Backs against the wall, both of you.
They move to the wall and the Doctor pulls the covers from the laird's bed:
I'm going to have a look at the wound. Come along, let me see...
The laird moans:
...We're going to need clean water to bathe the wound.
KIRSTY: I'll not leave him.
DOCTOR: We're not going to harm him. Polly, you go with her...off you go then.
She turns to Kirsty:
Will you show me where the stream is?
ALEXANDER: Here Kirsty, take the laird's spy glass with you and watch out for any Sassenach dragoons.
They pick up the empty bottle and leave.
DOCTOR: You can put the gun away now Ben.
BEN: Put it away?! But...
The Doctor addresses Jamie and Alexander:
Will you both give your word that you'll not molest us? We're only trying to save your laird from bleeding to death.
They exchange looks.
ALEXANDER: Aye.
JAMIE: You have our word.
DOCTOR: Put it away Ben.
BEN: Are you going to trust these blokes?
DOCTOR: A Highlander's word is his bond.
Ben lowers the weapon onto a table and knocks the trigger which lets off a resounding crack.
ALEXANDER: You fool! You'll bring every English soldier within miles.
BEN: What's wrong with that?
DOCTOR: You should have paid more attention to your history books, Ben.
BEN: Eh?
Alexander calls from the window:
Redcoats!
JAMIE: There's about six of them!
ALEXANDER: They'll slaughter us!



A Redcoat patrol has stopped up the hill from the cottage.
SERGEANT: Sir, a rebel's been sighted, at the door of the cottage where the shooting seemed to come from.
FFINCH: Good. Only one?
SERGEANT: Only one seen sir, but there could be more.
FFINCH: There better be, we haven't seen many have we?
SERGEANT: The troopers were ahead of us and done a good job.
FFICH: I wish they'd left us some pickings.
SERGEANT: Perhaps when they got away they took their possessions with them.
FFINCH: Let's hope so. Take a man round the rear Sergeant, we'll outflank them.
SERGEANT: Yes sir.
FFINCH: Tell them to shoot first and take no risk. These rebels will be desperate by now.
SERGEANT: Yes sir.
FFINCH: Advance in battle order.

Jamie is watching the advance of the troops from the window:
We'll be caught like rats in a trap. Can we not run for it?
ALEXANDER: And leave the laird for their mercy? There's one chance. It's a slim one, but I'll try and draw them away from the cottage.
DOCTOR: Wait!
Alexander picks up his claymore and pushes past the Doctor out of the cottage. A volley of shots ring out and the Sergeant and his troops enter:
Surrender in the name of the King.
BEN: Blimey, it's good to hear a London voice again.
SERGEANT:Silence you rebel dog.
BEN: What you talkin' about? I'm no rebel. Me and the Doctor here have just arrived.
SERGEANT. Deserters then. You'll hang just the same.
The Doctor puts on a thick German accent:
I'm glad you've come, Sergeant. I was waiting for an escort.
SERGEANT: Who the devil are you?
DOCTOR: Are you in charge here, Sergeant?
Ffinch enters:
No, I am.
DOCTOR: A gentleman at last. Dr Von Verner at your service.
SERGEANT: Doctor who?
FFINCH: One of those damn froggies that came over with the Pretender.
DOCTOR: No, German, from Hanover, where your good King George comes from. And I speak English a good deal better than he does.
SERGEANT: Did you hear that?

THE HIGHLANDERS PHOTONOVEL

This issue, due to immensely popular demand, we commence a photo-novelization of Patrick Troughton's second **Doctor Who** story, **The Highlanders.**

Following in the tradition set by our **Power of the Daleks** and **Moonbase** Photonovels, it is told via John Cura's priceless 'telesnaps' - which he was licensed by the BBC to produce in the '60s as a visual aid for magazines, newspapers and indeed people involved in the making of programmes (such as **The Highlanders** director Hugh David) - and an adaption of Gerry Davis's original script. This time, however, we are serialising the story over four issues, with the next three episodes available as four-page detachable supplements in the centre of **DWB#s** 90-92 which, when complete, will form **The Highlanders** Photonovel.

THE DESIGNERS

One of the less lauded aspects of television production, yet one of the most integral, is design, be it costume, set or visual effects - all of which determine the overall look and subsequent recollective image of a production.

Over the next few issues **DWB** hopes to redress this imbalance with interviews with three people who have worked on **Doctor Who** in each of these capacities: Sandra Reid (now known as Alexandra Tynan),who contributed costumes during the '60's 'golden era', including the first two marks of Cybermen; Kenneth Sharp, who spanned three Doctors with his set (and monster) designs; and Ian Scoones, responsible for some of **Doctor Who's** most spectacular SFX during the '70s and who also worked on many Hammer films, **Thunderbirds** and Season One of **Blake's 7.**

(c) Alexandra Tynan

One of the **highlights** of this unique series of articles will be the publication of many previously unpublished photos and designs from their respective designers' private collections (the first of which is this issue's stunning **Highlanders** wraparound cover courtesy of Alexandra Tynan, and the best of which is yet to come...).

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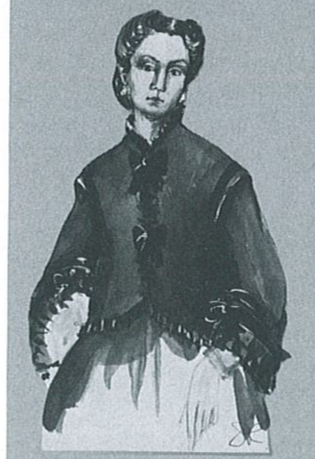

which include Ruth Maxtible's costume from **The Evil of the Daleks** (as above) and also reproduce, in full colour, her drawing of the mark one Cybermen done in the late '80s for the excellent WHO Dares book (page 11, bottom right hand corner), and much more...

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D W B, PO Box 1015,
BRIGHTON BN2 2YU

WHAT A TIME to start publishing The Highlanders Photonovel - coinciding with the release of Highlander II at the cinema! This particular story is being serialised over the next four issues since we didn't feel it would sustain publication in one go - particularly so soon after The Moonbase Photonovel in D W B#85.

While putting this issue together in mid-April, a couple of interesting facts occurred to me. Firstly, and unbelievably, it is almost ten years to the day that the announcement was made of Peter Davison's casting as the fifth Doctor. Secondly, after a little bit of mental arithmatic I worked out that had Doctor Who never been cancelled, even in 1985, and had the series progressed at the same pace since Season 22 with Colin Baker in the lead rôle, then in March he would have equalled Tom Baker's record-breaking seven-year tenure, or broken it if you take The Twin Dilemma into account!

Anyway, enough of the useless facts and on with this feature-packed special issue which I'm sure you will enjoy... GARY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Rob Ashby, BBC Picture Publicity, BBC Video, Jeremy Bentham, Bonhams, Marion Breeze, Anthony Brown, Anthony Clark, Tony Clark, Gary Clyde, John Connors, Robert Cope, Keith Dando, Peter Darvill-Evans & W.H.Allen, John Freeman & Marvel Comics, Kenneth Horlock, Paul Jackson, Stephen James Walker, Paul Kirkley, Ian Levine, Anthony McKay, Richard Molesworth, Tim Munro, Andrew Pixley, Paul Richardson, Kenneth Sharp, Mark Short, Andrew Skilleter, Julie Stevens, Andrew Stocker, Paul Tipton, Titan Books, Kathleen Toth, Alexandra Tynan, Paul Vyse, Pete Wallbank, Mark Ward.

THE HIGHLANDERS PHOTONOVEL

Cover	(c) Alexandra Tynan
Story	(c) Gerry Davis
Photonovel Adaption	Anthony Clark
Telesnaps	John Cura/Patrick Mulkern
Technical Observations	Jeremy Bentham
Production Credits	Gary Hopkins & CMS

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M.P. ACTS FOR 'WHO

DOCTOR WHO fans in the London borough of Haringey concerned about the series' uncertain future have raised the issue with their local Member of Parliament, Sir Hugh Rossi.

As the correspondence (right) shows, Sir Hugh took up the case on the fans' behalf and wrote to the BBC Chairman Marmaduke Hussey who promptly replied, repeating what would appear to be the official BBC line that the Corporation is looking for the best possible way in which to resurrect the series and that patience is necessary in order to achieve this.

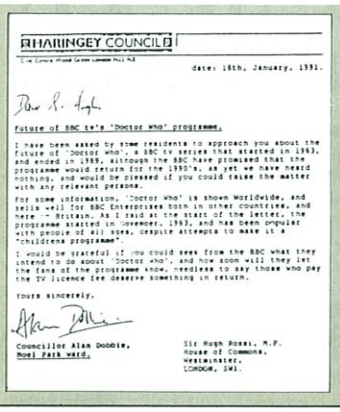
GREEN LIGHT AHEAD?

Coming from perhaps the most influential person within the BBC, this would appear to confirm that an announcement is expected soon, and attention is turning to June when Coast To Coast's contract to produce a **Doctor Who** movie reportedly expires. This is the contract which the BBC have apparently been waiting for to lapse in order to give the "all clear" to an independent company (see DWB#86), who are anticipated to be awarded the film rights **in addition to** producing the series for television.

Among the more popular rumours is that Cinema Verity will be offered the television and film rights in a deal designed to appease Verity Lambert, who reportedly withdrew her original bid on learning that the BBC would retain **Doctor Who**'s lucrative merchandising rights.

To give credence to this theory, it is known that Cinema Verity have been looking into the possibility of adding electronic effects to material shot on film recently, but could this be a fact-finding mission for possible innovative production techniques for a new series of **Doctor Who**?

Time, and June, could tell...



HARINGEY COUNCIL

Civic Centre Wood Green London N22 4LE

date: 18th, January, 1991.

Dear Sir Hugh

Future of BBC tv's 'Doctor Who' programme.

I have been asked by some residents to approach you about the future of 'Doctor Who', a BBC tv series that started in 1963, and ended in 1989, although the BBC have promised that the programme would return for the 1990's, as yet we have heard nothing, and would be pleased if you could raise the matter with any relevant persons.

For some information, 'Doctor Who' is shown Worldwide, and sells well for BBC Enterprises both in other countries, and here -- Britain. As I said at the start of the letter, the programme started in November, 1963, and has been popular with people of all ages, despite attempts to make it a "childrens programme".

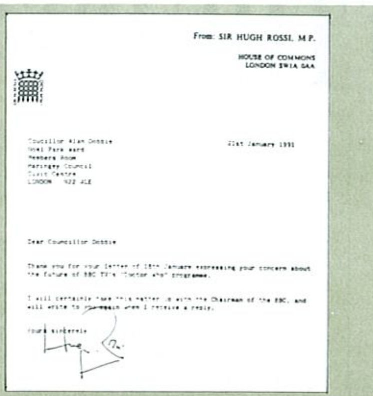
I would be grateful if you could seek from the BBC what they intend to do about 'Doctor Who', and how soon will they let the fans of the programme know, needless to say those who pay the TV licence fee deserve something in return.

Yours sincerely,

Alan Dobbie

Councillor Alan Dobbie,
Noel Park ward,

Sir Hugh Rossi, M.P.
House of Commons,
Westminster,
LONDON, SW1.



From: SIR HUGH ROSSI, M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
LONDON SW1A 0AA

Councillor Alan Dobbie
Noel Park ward
Members Room
Haringey Council
Civic Centre
LONDON N22 4LE

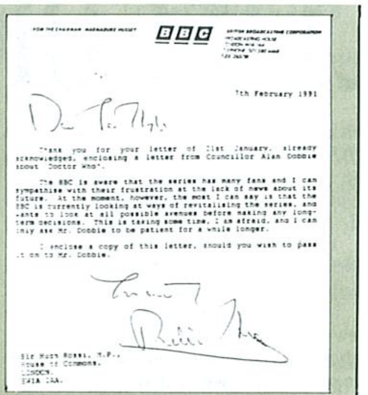
21st January 1991

Dear Councillor Dobbie

Thank you for your letter of 18th January expressing your concern about the future of BBC TV's "Doctor Who" programme.

I will certainly take this matter up with the Chairman of the BBC, and will write to you again when I receive a reply.

Yours sincerely



FROM THE CHAIRMAN MARMADUKE HUSSEY

BBC

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

7th February 1991

Dear Sir Hugh

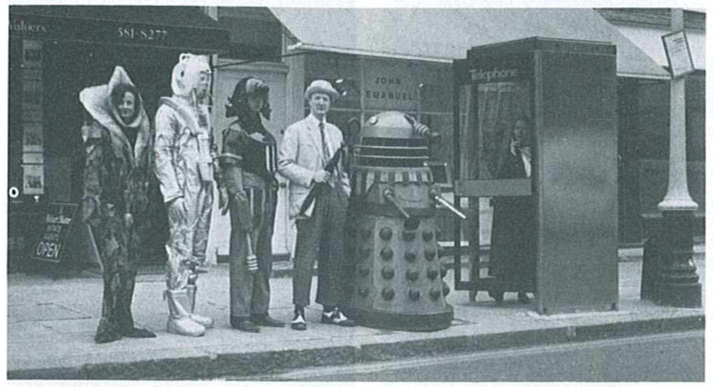
Thank you for your letter of 21st January, already acknowledged, enclosing a letter from Councillor Alan Dobbie about "Doctor Who".

The BBC is aware that the series has many fans and I can sympathise with their frustration at the lack of news about its future. At the moment, however, the most I can say is that the BBC is currently looking at ways of revitalising the series, and wants to look at all possible avenues before making any long-term decisions. This is taking some time, I am afraid, and I can only ask Mr. Dobbie to be patient for a while longer.

I enclose a copy of this letter, should you wish to pass it on to Mr. Dobbie.

Sir Hugh Rossi, M.P.,
House of Commons,
LONDON.
SW1A 0AA.

AUCTION WITH '80s FLAVOUR



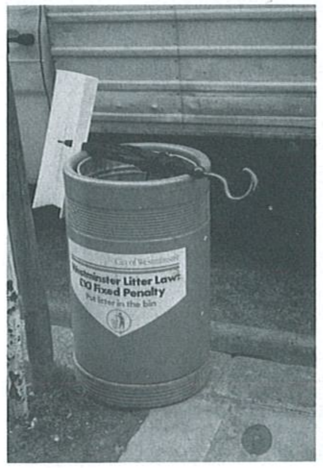
THE DOCTOR WHO AUCTION at Bonhams in Knightsbridge is to be held on Saturday 11th May.

Described as "The most important and exciting science fiction event of the decade", the event will start at 2pm with Daleks, Cybermen, Sea Devils, Vervoids, Tertraps, Tractators and many more going under the hammer, and prices starting from around £50 with some expected to fetch as high as £4000.

Costumes worn by the 5th, 6th and 7th Doctors and many of the companions and principle characters who appeared on the series mainly during the eighties will be up for grabs, but it is worth noting that most of the auction items appear to be in need of a good deal of repair. It is known that the BBC are retaining many of the monsters and costumes still in good condition for a potential '**Doctor Who** Museum' to be opened in London in the near future.

Bonham's have arranged viewing days between May 6-11th and a catalogue is available priced £8. For further details on the above, write to Bonhams at Montpelier Street, Knightbridge, London SW7 1HH (tel 071 584 9161).

Editor: Please remember that, while the attraction of owning a genuine **Doctor Who** item is all very well, the event is designed to raise money for the BBC's Drama Department, with no announcement having been made for an allotment to be ploughed back into the possible future production of **Doctor Who.** In short, you will be helping yourselves, though not necessarily the series...



FAN TO BE 'PROSECUTED' FOR PIRACY

IN WHAT IS THOUGHT to be the first action of its kind ever taken against a 'Doctor Who' fan, it is understood that the BBC are to prosecute a member of the public for illegally copying and selling video tapes of archival material for commercial gain.

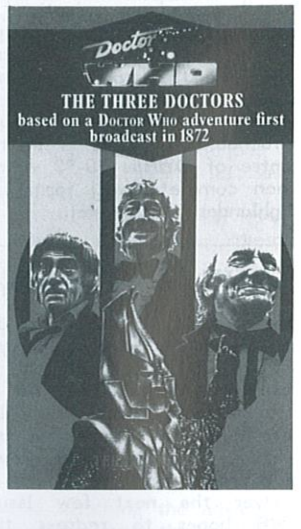
While the exact nature of events leading up to the prosecution are unknown, it is believed that they traced the 'fan' through a classified advertisement in TV Zone in which he was offering "**Doctor Who** videos for sale".

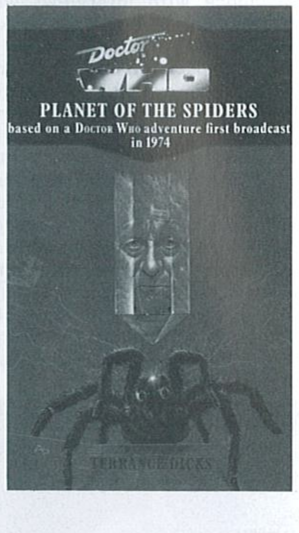
The tapes concerned were not official BBC videos, but virtually every episode, clip or **Doctor Who**-related appearance (such as 'Jim'll Fix It - A Fix with Sontarans with Colin Baker and Janet Fielding') existing in the BBC Archives!

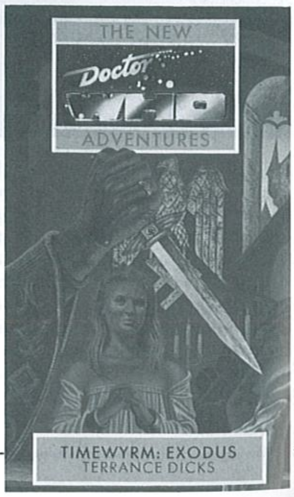
The individual's home was reportedly raided with mountains of video tapes and duplicating equipment seized, along with a list of clients' names who responded to the adverts. One source estimates the illegal proceeds to have amounted to over £90,000.

Genuine fans are strongly warned to approach any offers for '**Doctor Who** Videos' with extreme caution. Magazines like TV Zone have been urged to amend their system for accepting adverts which are vague about describing their true nature. Certainly DWB will continue, as it has always done, to ensure that videos advertised are the official BBC variety only and thereby safeguarding our readers' interests.

AUGUST BOOK RELEASES







The pursuit of the Timewyrm leads the Doctor and Ace to London, 1951, and the Festival of Britain – a celebration of the achievements of this small country, this insignificant corner of the glorious Thousand Year Reich.

Someone – or something – has been interfering with the time lines, and in order to investigate, the Doctor travels further back in time to the very dawn of the Nazi evil. In the heart of the Germany of the Third Reich, he finds that this little band of thugs and misfits did not take over half the world unaided.

History must be restored to its proper course, and in his attempt to repair the time lines, the Doctor faces the most terrible dilemma he has ever known...

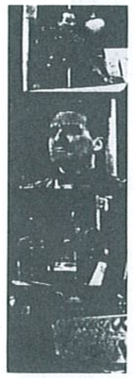
MACRA MYSTERY

FRAME writer and stalwart fan Stephen James-Walker has made an intriguing observation regarding the recent publication in DWB of the John Cura 'Macra Terror' telepics, all of which were presumed to be from episode two: "Twelve of the stills are not actually from episode two at all - four are from episode one, four from episode three and four from episode four"!

To prove his point, Stephen presented us with the following evidence:

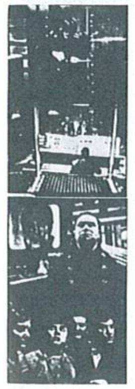
EPISODE ONE

Note Patrick Troughton's name just appearing here at the start of the closing credits



EPISODE THREE

This is the character Officia on the pit-head set, neither of which appeared until episode three



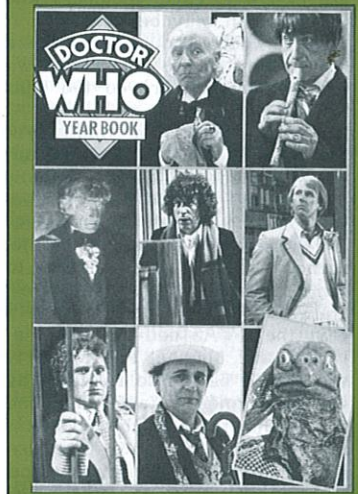
EPISODE FOUR

Note that the Pilot and Ola are both on the pit-head set. This happens only twice in the whole story, both towards the end of episode four (the 3rd frame shows the pit-head set again).

Although you can't quite see it from this still, Jamie has his hands tied behind his back (scenes decsribed on pages 130-133 of the Target novel)

Stephen's findings beg the obvious question: Where on earth are the other 200 or so off-monitor stills from this story...

BRIEFLY...



THE DOCTOR WHO YEAR BOOK marks the return of the annual when it goes on sale in late July at £4.50(US$8.95) for 64 colourful pages of fiction and features. In the meantime, the long-awaited TARDIS Special issue of DWM is published on May 16th at 52 pages.

VIDEOS across the range have been affected by the recent increase in the rate of VAT to 17½%. Single tapes now retail at around £10.20 with the double-tape packs at £20.40. Prices are expected to go up again, to £10.99 and £21.99 respectively, now that the psychologically 'safe' general £9.99 sell-through barrier - held at that price for a few years now despite inflation - has been eroded.

*THE WEB PLANET is released in Australia on May 2nd - on one cassette! The price is set at $39.95, just $10 more than the cost of a four-parter. Now, if only BBC Video would do the right thing by their British customers...

MYTH MAKERS are releasing their only 1991 production - Just Who On Earth Is Tom Baker? - to tie-in with a signing attended by Tom at a location in London some time around the end of July or the beginning of August (keep reading DWB for full details). The video, directed by Tom's wife Sue Jerrard, features him speaking frankly about various things that interest him, and yes, that includes 'Doctor Who' and its fans. As Myth Makers' Keith Barnfather told us, "If you want to know who Tom Baker is and what makes him click, then this is it!" Although there will be no door charge to meet Tom, it will be necessary to purchase a copy of the tape for his autograph.

SOPHIE ALDRED is to open a 'Doctor Who' exhibition in Wednesbury in the West Midlands on May 11th. Local fans have joined forces with Sandwell Council and Wednesbury Museum and Art Gallery to present a five-week display of props from the series, including several monster costumes, and clips shown from every existing episode. For further details, call Rosie Crook on (021) 556 0683.

THE BBC FILM CLUB, one of the many social clubs run within the BBC, is currently producing a short science fiction play starring Colin Baker, Nicola Bryant and Michael Wisher. Provisionally titled 'Reflections', it bears no relation to 'Doctor Who' and will be released as an amateur video production. For further details write to Bill Baggs c/o BBV, 53 South Road, Beeston, Nottingham.

EVENT

MANOPTICON 91 promised great things, and ought to have been this year's premier event - the guest list alone read like a Stateside convention: two Doctors, six companions and a host of behind-the-scenes crew. So why, at the end of it, was I left feeling slightly disappointed?

It's hard to criticize a convention when so much time and effort has been put into it, but having forked out about £100 - before the event even started! - I do feel justified in pointing out some of the negative aspects in the hope they can be improved upon next year.

Firstly, the venue was least-suited to the convention. Sacha's Hotel sold out of rooms for the weekend some six weeks before the event, although I was offered a room without a window for the Friday night at an exhorbitant price. Had the organisers provided a list of decent alternative accommodation in the area it would have made life a good deal easier. Instead, my 'convention update', suggesting an alternative hotel with a negotiated price reduction, arrived only the day before I was due to travel.

Sacha's main hall for the event was, frankly, so unsuitable that the organisers should never even have considered it. Oddly shaped to begin with, the two rows of mirrored pillars running along each side of the stage to the rear of the hall meant that many of the attendees were resigned to watching panels on the projector screen in the corner.

Another disappointment, although one which couldn't be avoided, was the number of star guests who dropped out - Lis Sladen, Debbie Watling and Sarah Sutton to name but three. To their credit Steve Lyons and co. did organize replacements, but JNT was little consolation for the loss of Lis Sladen (for me the real reason for those weeks of penny pinching).

However, not wanting to give the impression that the weekend was a write-off, there was still plenty to enjoy. Jon Pertwee was as charismatic as ever, making a brief appearance on the Saturday in an Ultimate Adventure panel with Graeme Smith and Judith Hibbert, taking to the stage proper on the Sunday morning with some thankfully new (to me anyway) anecdotes. Colin Baker was also on good form, but as always I could not equate this guy, who had the audience in the palm of his hand, with a Doctor who nearly put me off the show for good.

Jackie Lane's first convention appearance was a real coup, and her self-confessed stage fright was not in evidence as she spoke engagingly and with affection to Jeremy Bentham about her brief time with the show back in the Hartnell era - for me the highlight of the weekend.

Other people I spoke to thoroughly enjoyed the event, so perhaps my slight apprehension wasn't justified, but I was annoyed to hear two stewards discussing how smoothly the whole thing was running when the whole thing ground to a halt for at least an hour both days for the autograph session which should have taken place away from the main hall and ideally either first or last thing on each day's agenda.

During his Sunday panel JNT knew nothing of the series' future but predicted its return next year, fuelling speculation that he is in fact Russell Grant's alter-ego. Thankfully given an easy time by the fans, he appeared confident and relaxed, going so far as comparing DWB to a roll of toilet paper before going on to judge the 'Design JNT a Hawaiin Shirt' competition (though quite why I had to nip outside for a quick cigarette while he blatantly ignored the rigid no-smoking policy was a cause of some annoyance).

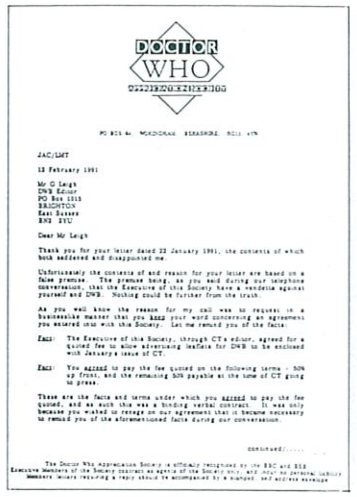
In all, ManoptiCon was certainly no failure; perhaps I just made the mistake of building it up to be something it could never achieve. But how about a change of venue for next year, guys?

GARY CLYDE

THE DECLINE OF THE DWAS (Part 1)

REPRODUCED HERE is the last correspondence, to date, between DWB editor Gary Leigh and DWAS co-ordinator John Collins. It's now well over a month since the former suggested a meeting to iron out these differences in person, but since John Collins appears to have totally ignored this invitation it can only be assumed that he does not wish to even consider such a move. Here we explain the reasons for DWB relinquishing its ties with DWAS.

Gary's letter is in direct reply to John Collins' and raises several of the points this article intends to highlight as a service to DWB's readers. Some may view the idea of such an article as petty, but DWB's genuine concern about the attitude and some of the actions of the current DWAS exec. is, we feel, too serious to pass. (Incidentally, note how they immediately distance themselves by addressing their members - of which Gary was one - by their last names in their correspondence).



JAC/LMT

12 February 1991

Mr G Leigh
DWB Editor
PO Box 1015
BRIGHTON
East Sussex
BN2 2YU

Dear Mr Leigh

Thank you for your letter dated 22 January 1991, the contents of which both saddened and disappointed me.

Unfortunately the contents of and reason for your letter are based on a false premise. The premise being, as you said during our telephone conversation, that the Executive of this Society have a vendetta against yourself and DWB. Nothing could be further from the truth.

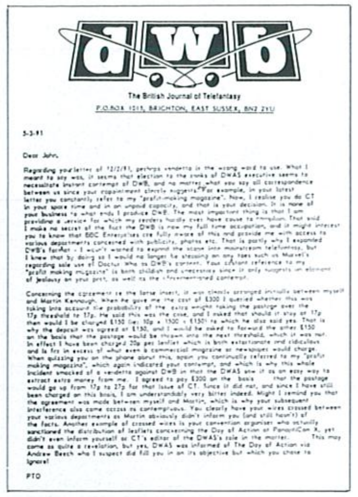
As you well know the reason for my call was to request in a businesslike manner that you keep your word concerning an agreement you entered into with this Society. Let me remind you of the facts:

Fact: The Executive of this Society, through CT's editor, agreed for a quoted fee to allow advertising leaflets for DWB to be enclosed with January's issue of CT.

Fact: You agreed to pay the fee quoted on the following terms - 50% up front, and the remaining 50% payable at the time of CT going to press.

These are the facts and terms under which you agreed to pay the fee quoted, and as such this was a binding verbal contract. It was only because you wished to renege on our agreement that it became necessary to remind you of the aforementioned facts during our conversation.

continued/.....



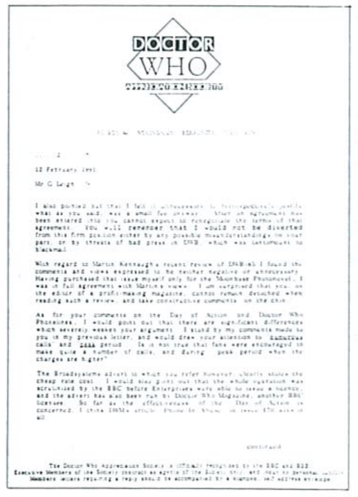
The British Journal of Telefantasy
P.O.BOX 1015, BRIGHTON, EAST SUSSEX, BN2 2YU

5-3-91

Dear John,

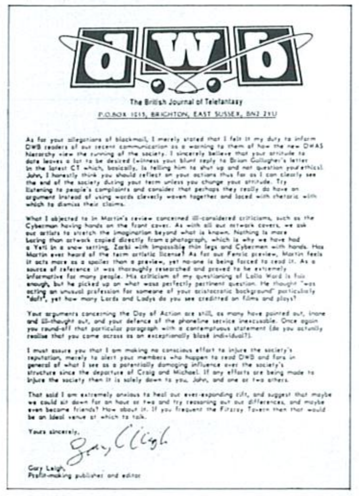
Regarding your letter of 12/2/91, perhaps vendetta is the wrong word to use. What I meant to say was, it seems that election to the ranks of DWAS executive seems to necessitate instant contempt of DWB, and no matter what you say all correspondence between us since your appointment clearly suggests. For example, in your latest letter you constantly refer to my "profit-making magazine". Now, I realise you do CT in your spare time and in an unpaid capacity, and that is your decision. It is none of your business to what ends I produce DWB. The most important thing is that I am providing a service for which my readers hardly ever have cause to complain. That said I make no secret of the fact the DWB is now my full time occupation, and it might interest you to know that BBC Enterprises are fully aware of this and provide me with access to various departments concerned with publicity, photos etc. That is partly why I expanded DWB's format - I wouldn't wanted to expand the scope into mainstream telefantasy, but I knew that by doing so I would no longer be stepping on any toes such as Marvel's regarding sole use of Doctor Who as DWB's content. Your constant reference to my "profit making magazine" is both childish and unnecessary since it only suggests an element of jealousy on your part, as well as the aforementioned contempt.

PTO



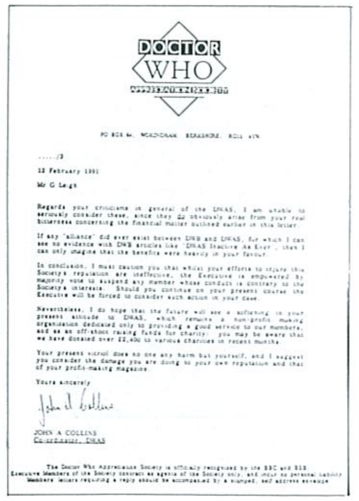
12 February 1991

Mr G Leigh



Yours sincerely,

Gary Leigh
Profit-making publisher and editor



...../3

12 February 1991

Mr G Leigh

Regards your criticisms in general of the DWAS, I am unable to seriously consider these, since they do obviously arise from your real bitterness concerning the financial matter outlined earlier in this letter.

If any 'alliance' did ever exist between DWB and DWAS, for which I can see no evidence with DWB articles like 'DWAS Inactive As Ever', then I can only imagine that the benefits were heavily in your favour.

In conclusion, I must caution you that whilst your efforts to injure this Society's reputation are ineffective, the Executive is empowered by majority vote to suspend any member whose conduct is contrary to the Society's interests. Should you continue on your present course the Executive will be forced to consider such action in your case.

Nevertheless, I do hope that the future will see a softening in your present attitude to DWAS, which remains a non-profit making organisation dedicated only to providing a good service to our members, and as an off-shoot raising funds for charity: you may be aware that we have donated over £2,400 to various charities in recent months.

Your present vitriol does no one any harm but yourself, and I suggest you consider the damage you are doing to your own reputation and that of your profit-making magazine.

Yours sincerely

John A Collins

JOHN A COLLINS
Co-ordinator, DWAS

?

The first dispute concerned the blatant contempt with which the present exec. so clearly views DWB. Of course, DWB attracted loathing from the outset when, in 1983, CT's editor Gordon Roxburgh publically denounced the new fanzine as a second-rate Doctor Who news-source. Perhaps in those days the DWAS had some justification for such snide remarks, but even as DWB grew and rapdily equalled DWAS's membership in terms of readers, this contempt was still being automatically inherited by subsequent exec. members. Many former DWAS exec. members have conceded that it was virtually a prerequisite that, on entering the DWAS's upper echelons, you would have to distance yourself from DWB which even included not reading it - even if you had contributed previously! It speaks volumes that many of our current contributors are ex-DWAS exec. members who enjoy writing for DWB! Such a loathing can only be put down to intense jealousy as DWB arrived from nowhere and, in no time at all, stole the DWAS's crown as the leading source for Who news and the most popular Who fanzine (the competition proved too much for the Society's own magazine, TARDIS).

However from the mid-eighties things started going wrong for the DWAS: PanoptiCon VI turned into a financial disaster, they were subjected to an investigation by the VAT squad, CT consistently arrived late or wasn't published at all...while DWB went from strength to strength, earning respect for its informed, and indepth coverage of Doctor Who and later the telefantasy scene, with now three readers to every DWAS member. The DWAS came to realise what it was like to be the subject of derision as stalwart members deserted the society in their droves. It seemed that the DWAS had reached the end of its natural life, but Craig Hinton and Michael Proctor arrived to attempt to breath what life they could back into it, aided by Emma Jeffrey and Peter Lovelady who performed miracles and endured many sleepless nights pulling the membership records back into shape after they had been allowed to fall into disarray. In assuming the mantles of co-ordinator and CT editor respectively, they realised that times had changed and that it would be to DWAS's advantage to co-operate with DWB and, during that tenureship, the two enjoyed a mutually beneficial relationship. That was not to last as Procter left, Hinton was more or less ousted from his post - his plans for taking the DWAS into the nineties shattered by his disinterested fellow exec. members who had other ideas, and John Collins and Martin Kennaugh arrived from nowhere to instate their own brand of "DWASnost".

The first time DWB had cause to contact the revamped DWAS was to enquire of Kennaugh why 'The Day of Action' - the phone-in campaign jointly organised by several 'leading' fans - received not even a mention in CT. His response was that he had not been informed of the campaign and knew nothing about it, which apparently is the official DWAS line, although he later stated that he felt it would not be in his members' best interests to take part and that it would create a bad impression in the eyes of the BBC. He continually side-stepped efforts to determine why he took it upon himself to withhold the information from his readers, even though the campaign appeared to have the backing of the DWAS via their convention organiser Andrew Beech who sanctioned the distribution of leaflets about the 'Day of Protest' at PanoptiCon X. Since John Collins was also aware of the campaign at PanoptiCon X, there is no doubt that Kennaugh also knew of the facts but decided, as CT's new editor, against informing his readers, a disturbingly presumptious move which some members will certainly consider when it is time to renew their memberships. Any previous editor worth his salt would have published the information as a service to his readers while pointing out that he (or the DWAS) did not lend his/their support to the campaign, thereby leaving the members to decide **for themselves** whether to participate - certainly not make their minds up for them!!

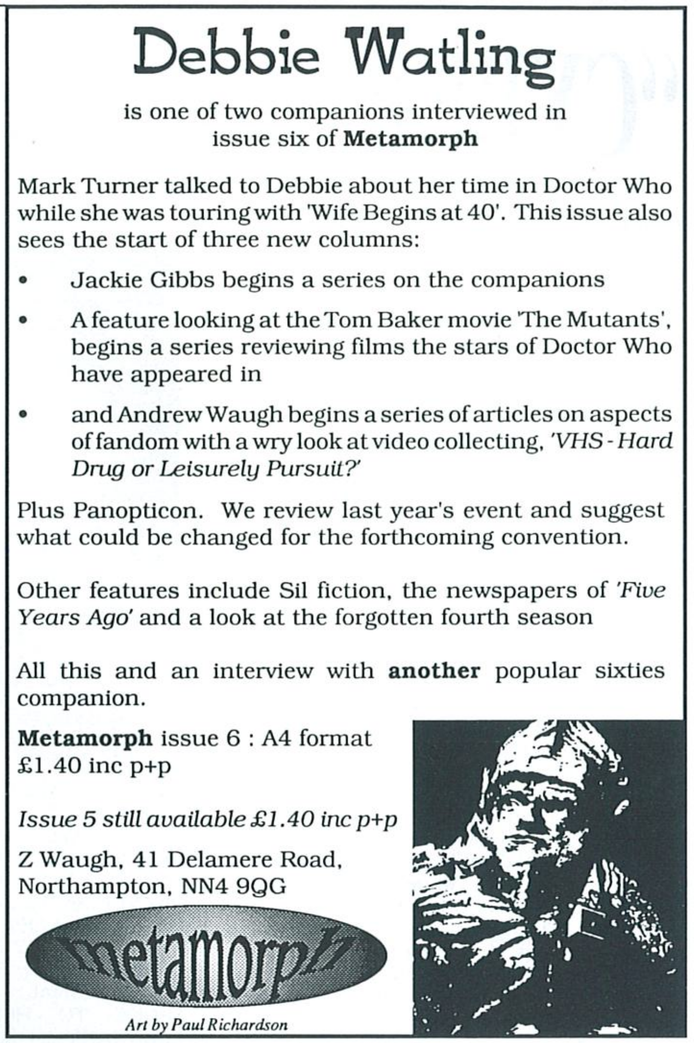
The next occasion in which Gary contacted Martin Kennaugh was to discuss the arrangements for the insertion of leaflets advertising DWB's winter promotion in the January issue of CT. As mentioned in Gary's letter above, it was agreed, in principle, that a second cheque for £150 would be forwarded **on the proviso that the leaflet would push the weight of the January CT into the next price threshold from 17p to 27p** (the additional 10p x "1,500" copies of CT). Some weeks later John Collins - whom Gary had not spoken to up to that point - telephoned him direct from an exec. meeting to explain that the leaflets were ready to be inserted and would(Gary) forward another £150? By this time it was known that the postage would not be affected, and Gary politely explained what had been agreed between himself and Kennaugh. However the tone of the conversation then changed as Collins accused him of reneging on an agreement to pay £300, regardless of the cost of the postage, and that the leaflets would **not** be inserted unless **another** £150 was sent forthwith! Since this was only Gary's first encounter with the new DWAS co-ordinator, it soon became apparent that relations would not be continuing on the same course as under Collins' predecessors. What was most annoying about the dispute was that Collins seemed to justify his demands - which he said had the full backing of all of the DWAS exec. members present - by constantly referring to DWB as "your profit-making magazine". Now, it is well known that DWB is produced on a full-time basis - no-one could possibly devote their spare time to producing a monthly magazine on a similar scale - and pays tax and is VAT registered, but why should this be an excuse for literally holding Gary to ransom? He had no choice but to pay, in grand total, £300 for having leaflets inserted in "1500" copies of CT (1500 is the figure quoted, although 1200 is thought to be the actual number of CTs sent out in January). That works out at an astonishing 25p to insert **each** leaflet - far in excess of what even an axhorbitantly commercial magazine would charge! DWAS may choose to refer to DWB as "your profit-making concern", but DWB has never set out to con any of its readers in order to make a fast buck!

John Collins was told that the details of this incident would be published, as they are here, a "threat" he construed as "blackmail", yet why shouldn't DWAS members and DWB readers have the right to know what goes on behind the scenes? DWB certainly has nothing to hide from its readers. John Collins was not present, nor was I, when details were formulated for the insertion of DWB's leaflets into CT, so why did John Collins take it on himself to make such an extortionate demand and, in the process, cause a rift at a time when fandom needs to be pulling together? Wasn't "inter-departmental interference" within the DWAS firmly a thing of the past?

These are just two of the reasons why Gary felt it necessary to write his scathing editorial in DWB#87. Since then he has learned that DWB has been banned from all DWAS-realted events, including PanoptiCon XI. At last year's event DWB's table was placed directly underneath a leaking air conditioning system for the duration of the weekend. A coincidence? One wonders what might otherwise have been in store for it this year...

Paul Clifton

Next issue a look at the DWAS itself, the 'services' it offers and the new policy which bans criticism of the society within the pages of CT...



Debbie Watling

is one of two companions interviewed in issue six of **Metamorph**

Mark Turner talked to Debbie about her time in Doctor Who while she was touring with 'Wife Begins at 40'. This issue also sees the start of three new columns:

- Jackie Gibbs begins a series on the companions
- A feature looking at the Tom Baker movie 'The Mutants', begins a series reviewing films the stars of Doctor Who have appeared in
- and Andrew Waugh begins a series of articles on aspects of fandom with a wry look at video collecting, *'VHS - Hard Drug or Leisurely Pursuit?'*

Plus Panopticon. We review last year's event and suggest what could be changed for the forthcoming convention.

Other features include Sil fiction, the newspapers of *'Five Years Ago'* and a look at the forgotten fourth season

All this and an interview with **another** popular sixties companion.

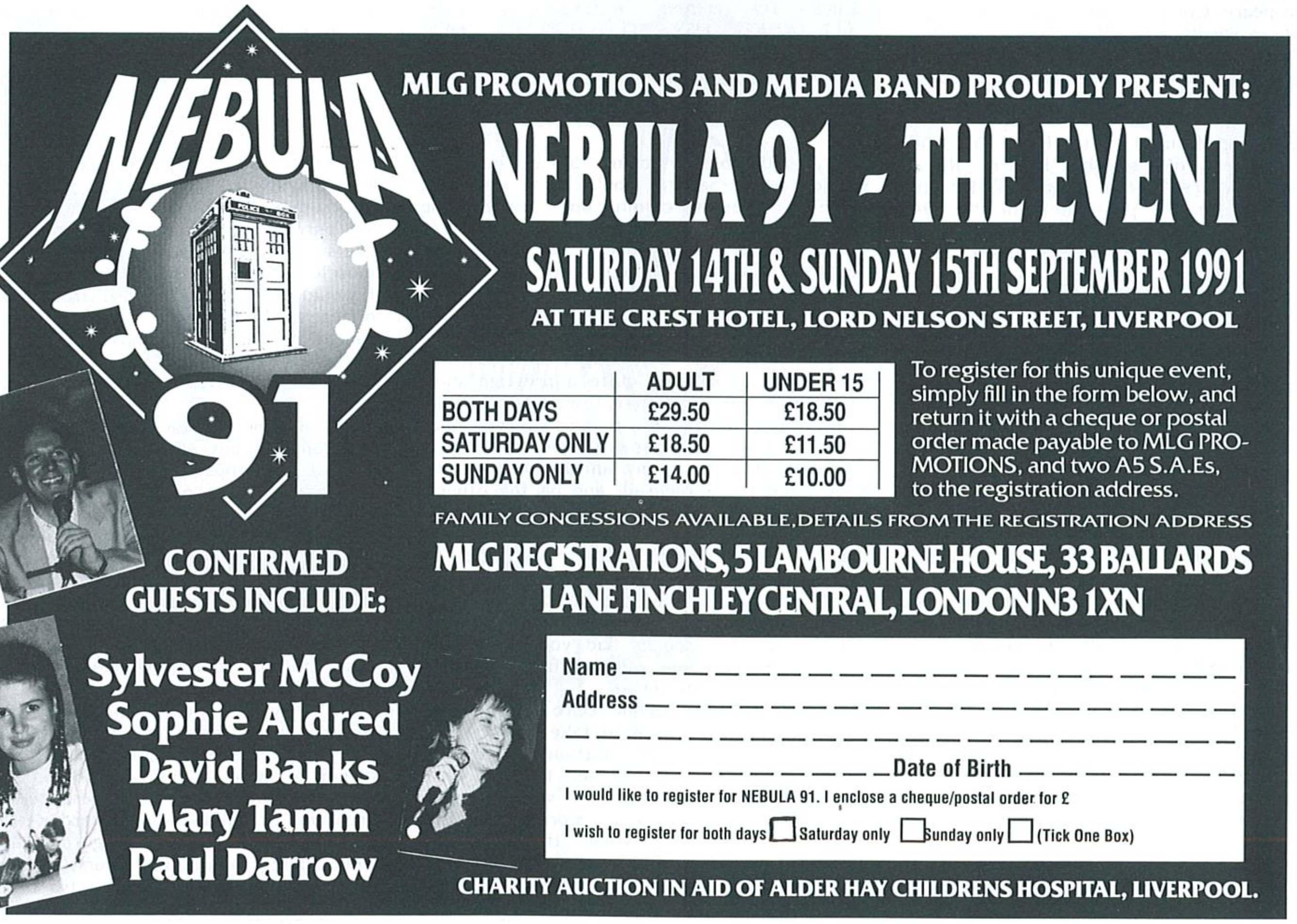
Metamorph issue 6 : A4 format
£1.40 inc p+p

Issue 5 still available £1.40 inc p+p

Z Waugh, 41 Delamere Road,
Northampton, NN4 9QG

metamorph

Art by Paul Richardson



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David Banks
Mary Tamm
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I would like to register for NEBULA 91. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £

I wish to register for both days ☐ Saturday only ☐ Sunday only ☐ (Tick One Box)

CHARITY AUCTION IN AID OF ALDER HAY CHILDRENS HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL.

"CYBER-MUM" ALEXANDRA TYNAN

'TENTH PLANET', 'THE POWER OF THE DALEKS', 'THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS', 'THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN'... STORIES ALL FONDLY-REMEMBERED BY OLDER FANS OF 'DOCTOR WHO', NOT LEAST FOR THEIR STRONG AND GRAPHIC VISUAL IMAGES. SANDRA REID -. NOW ALEXANDRA TYNAN - WAS THE COSTUME DESIGNER ON THIS MONSTER-PACKED TRANSITIONAL PERIOD AND DWB SPOKE TO HER AT THE END OF FEBRUARY IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, WHERE SHE NOW RESIDES. WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALEXANDRA FOR ALLOWING US TO PUBLISH HER ORIGINAL DESIGNS AND PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THIS TWO-PART FEATURE...

GARY LEIGH: How did your career in television costume design begin?

ALEXANDRA TYNAN: I'd always wanted to train as a fashion and textile designer. I went to art school in Belfast and did all my exams and got my bit of paper and then decided that I wanted to become a fashion journalist which involved writing as well as illustrating articles. I realised that the only way I could do that was to go to London on spec and see what happened. So in 1963 I went to London and walked around and met all sorts of people trying to find out what I had to do be a fashion journalist, and found that I'd have to do another seven years on top of the four I'd already done. At that age you don't really want to spend any more time studying.

However, while I was wandering around London I met up with an old friend from Belfast College Of Art (we'd been in the same class together). He said to me 'Why don't you come along to Central School where I'm doing costume and set design and meet some of the people there and you never know, you might get interested in that side of it?' So we went to Central, and while there I met a man and woman who were looking for staff for Chichester Festival Theatre to make costumes for their coming season. Talk about being in the right place at the right time, I got a job with them because I could sew.

I actually started my career at the Royal Shakespeare Company doing part-time work for three-weeks as a fill-in, then went to Chichester and from there came back to London and did a season working on the costumes at the Old Vic, which had just become the National Theatre (they were doing Hamlet with Peter O'Toole). Then I went off to the Theatre Royal, Windsor, where I cut costumes for the first time for the pantomime in the 1963 season. In 1964 I got a job in wardrobe at Glynborne Opera House in Sussex, again making costumes. While I was there I saw an advertisement in The Telegraph for costume designers at the BBC. They were asking for people who had a design background and who, in fact, had most of the things I already had, so I decided to apply because I'd always wanted to work for the BBC. Surprisingly enough I got a job as a costume designer - much to everyone else's surprise too I think! I started there in 1964 and worked there 'til late '68.

The very first show I did was a musical programme with a group called the Mike Sammes Singers. Before that I'd just been helping out, learning the ropes and assigned all kinds of programmes - drama, comedy, light entertainment, etc. - and then started **Doctor Who** in 1966. That came about because I was sharing an office with Daphne Dare at the time and she had been working on it more or less since inception, apart from the first story which was Maureen Heneghan. I used to hear Daphne on the phone talking about what was happening with **Doctor Who** and thought 'Ahh, I'm so glad I'll never have to do that!' And then one day Rosemary Ross, who was in charge of telling people what they had to do, came along and said 'Guess what Sandra, you've got something really interesting coming up - we're going to take Daphne off **Doctor Who** and you're going to be taking over!' So I said 'Oh really, how...nice!' (Your life was really mapped out for you in those days and you were told what you were going to do because you had no choice).

Doctor Who at that stage, however, was beginning to become quite a prestige show so I soon realised that I was quite lucky to be put on it - it also showed that the costume department had a certain amount of faith in my abilities. So on the one hand I was pleased, and on the other I was absolutely terrified! My only knowledge up to then of the series was simply listening to what was said by Daphne on the telephone and with people rushing in and out of the office.

It was a very busy programme to work on because no sooner had you started on one thing than you were actually planning something else up ahead.

Did you shadow Daphne Dare for a while and were you groomed to take over?

The only sort of preparation I had was asking Daphne 'You'd better tell me what I've got to do here', and so we chatted a bit about it. My main worry was Bill Hartnell because I knew that he was difficult and I realise now, in retrospect, why I think that was, because of his health and his age - although I thought he was a lot older than late fifties. I only worked with him for three weeks prior to the transition to Patrick Troughton, but as for being primed or trained to take over it was only what I learned through Daphne and asking questions and being primed by her.

Wouldn't it have been more logical for Daphne to see out William Hartnell before you joined?

The reason Daphne didn't see William Hartnell out was because they may possibly have had something planned for her which she had to start on. Also they thought it might be a good idea to lead me in to a new Doctor and a new series which someone had already started so I actually didn't have much to do during those three weeks - I was already planning ahead for Patrick Troughton and what was to come.

I welcomed the challenge of working on **Doctor Who.** It was science fiction and a lot of people think that, like designing for comedy, designing science fiction is easy. Neither is easy. Comedy is one of the most difficult things you can design for - science fiction even more so because you have to take certain things into consideration. For example, it must not date because five years down the line it may look old-fashioned; you have to try and see ahead so that it still looks fresh and can be interpreted in an SF sense, even ten years from the time you do it. I hadn't much interest in science fiction at that time and it was really like being thrown in at the deep end.

Were any guidelines automatically imposed on you from the start as to what you could and couldn't do?

I did have guidelines on the first show because I was introduced to Kit Pedler who had created the Cybermen. We chatted about it and he told me about Cybernetics and tried to explain what it was all about. Cybernetics at that stage was something so new - a pacemaker was the only thing that you could put in someone's body that wasn't human flesh and muscle - and I guess if I had to do it now I would have approached it from a slightly different direction experience-wise. I talked to Derek Martinus the director as well, he was terrific to work for and was most anxious too that I should speak to Kit.

In one sense the Cyber-costume was very simple, but what interests me now is that it was apparently very threatening and frightened a lot of children. I think I've got a tremendous amount of guilt on my shoulders for damaging the minds of the youngsters of the sixties! But I always operated on the basis that less is more, that simplified things can often be much more scary than something which is very involved and very high-tech in its design. Also it was something new then. Young kids today are very aware of Ninja Turtles, semi-humanoid things and androids, they're very attuned to all that and they've got a very high tolerance when it comes to being frightened, but back in the sixties it was different because here was a creature actually on a Saturday night at half past five in your living room and kids were diving behind the couch and peering over the top being scared. Also black and white was a very powerful medium and it's

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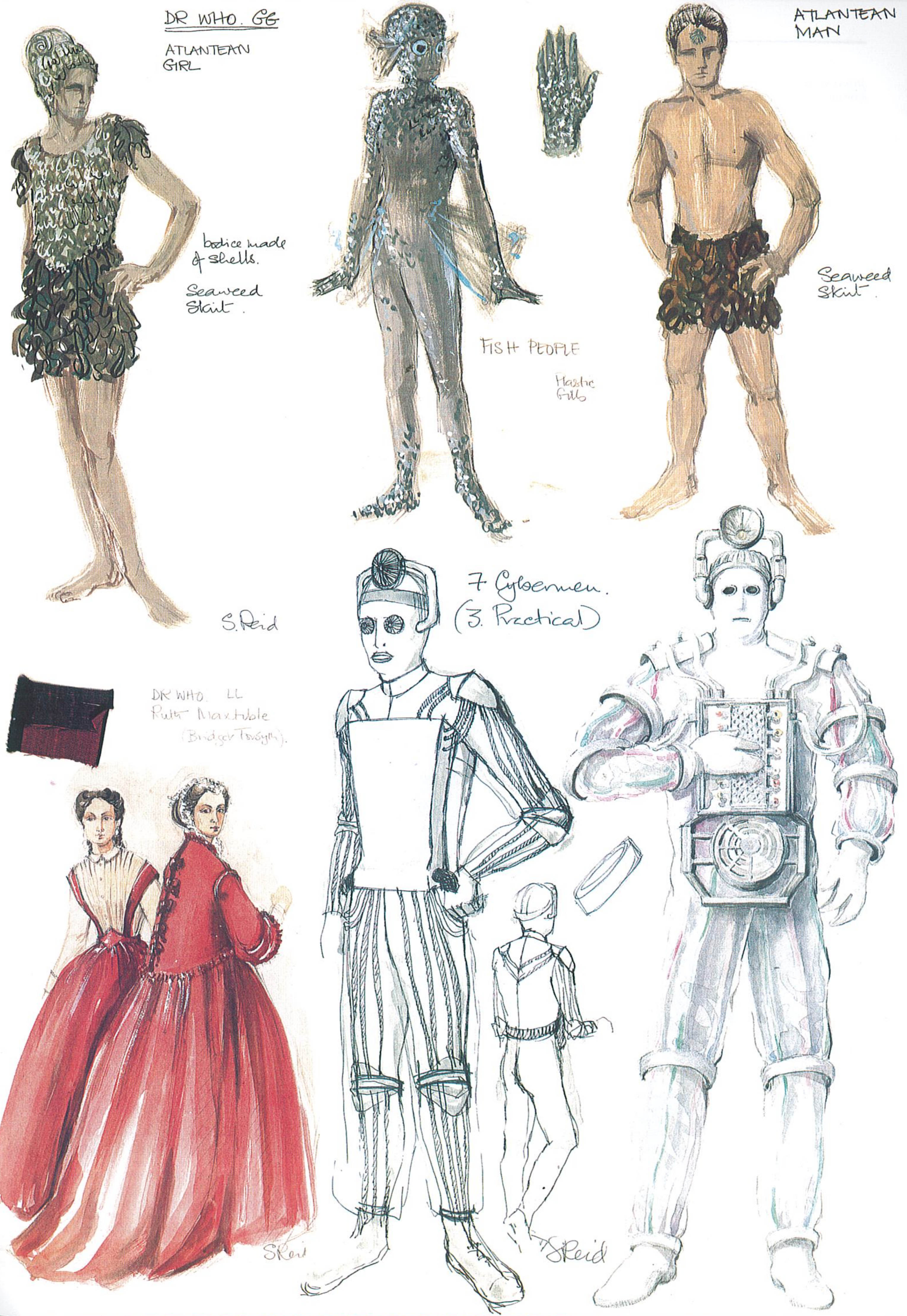


interesting to see that a lot of advertising nowadays is done in black and white, even Madonna uses a lot of black and white - it can be quite sophisticated.

How much discussion would you have with the writers over the look of the costumes?

You could only discuss up to a certain point and then you're on your own. You then had to put something down on paper and take it back and tentatively say 'Is that OK?' Again my approach now would be different, but whatever I did they liked and there were no changes that I could remember. We were on a very tight schedule and low budget so it was more or less 'Quick, let's get something together now and see how it goes'. Nobody had any idea how it would go.

I had to read the scripts through two or three times and then I had very definite visual images. If I didn't get the image straight away then I would have to take it away and think about it a lot. You have to please a variety of people like the producer and the director and also the artist who's wearing it, and I have to please myself. If I can make those four people happy and then make the viewer accept it then I reckon that I have succeeded to a certain point. A costume is usually an extension of the character's personality and I would often talk to the actor - if the actor had been cast, which quite often was not the case - and find out what their feelings were. I'd have to leave enough flexibility for the design to perhaps be just slightly altered, or I might do something to suit a particular casting and then they've cast someone else who is nowhere like we'd originally seen the character as so you'd have to keep the essence but redesign to suit the artist.

Who would give you final approval?

The director. The producer just wants to make sure you're keeping within the budget because he's got the pound signs in his eyes all the time. You have to learn to do that too which is very difficult for creative people because money and creativity just don't go hand in hand. It's very difficult to keep everybody happy and nowadays the designer is having to be mòre and more of a financial expert which is very sad. A lot of people get their jobs on the strength of being able to come within budget and not necessarily on their skill.

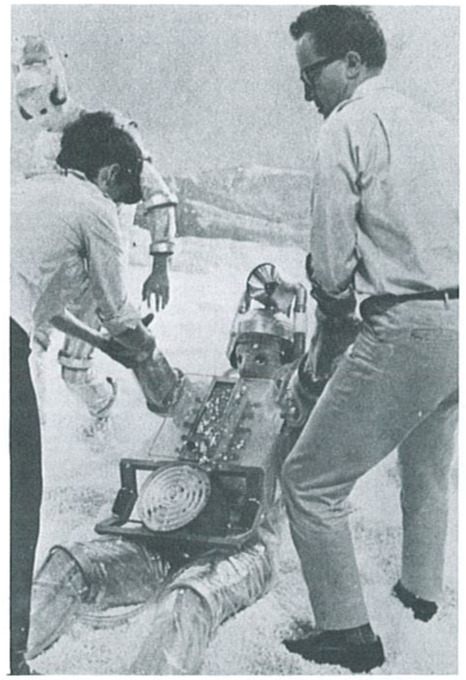
Once it got to the stage where it had been agreed by the director, I would do a working drawing of how I felt it should be put together, and here I was at an advantage over a lot of designers because I had worked as a cutter and also with textiles so I could understand a lot of the problems that arose at the cutting stage. I had to take into consideration how the costume would sit on the body, how it would hang, how comfortable or uncomfortable it would be, and it was up to me to make sure it was as comfortable as possible. I would choose the fabrics and decide whether something was going to be made, hired or bought. Now obviously, with Cybermen, you can't buy them off the peg in which case they had to be made. I have often said that I felt the first set of Cybermen were very 'Mickey Mouse' but that too relates back to what was available at the time, in the time. The head pieces for those were made by Special Effects at the BBC while Jack Lovell was in on lot two (ref: DWB#65), by which time we had that much more knowledge and expertise about how things worked, so they were redesigned from a different standpoint.

Did you find that your designs were generally well received and did they live up to your own expectations?

Yes. One always has an image of how you'd like it to be in the best of all possible worlds, but you can't because you're ruled by time and money and availability and all sorts of other things. I'd attend at least one rehearsal, which was usually to pick up with people I might have spoken to on the phone but not actually met. Naturally the Cybermen had to be fitted for their costumes because of their size and height but I was lucky, very lucky, in that the people who played those parts were very co-operative and totally professional - they weren't going to whinge about something not being comfortable or whatever went wrong. We used a lot of sticky tape for the first Cybermen and we learnt a lot. There's a photograph of me with Derek Martinus and Edwina Craze pulling a Mark 1 Cyberman up off the ground, because once they fell down they couldn't get up.

Was a point made of introducing you to the cast?

Yes, I was introduced to William Hartnell first of all and I knew that he'd probably test me out as he did most people - he did, the first day I was there. I was terribly nervous because I wasn't quite sure how it was all going to go. I was summoned to his dressing room. He said 'I can't find my **hat**, my hat's not here!' He was really stroppy and I was trembling in my boots and I said, 'Oh well, we'll just have to find it won't we', or something. I was a bit patronizing in my terror and we looked around and I said, 'Oh look, there it is!' He'd kicked up a real fuss while, all along, it was sitting on his chair under something else, so I said, 'You've got it after all, haven't you?' I think he realised I'd been tested and I hadn't flapped or got mad with him. It was fine after that, and I always greeted him in a friendly way and called him 'Mr. Hartnell'.



Was there an air of optimism that the series was about to enter a new era?

Going in as a stranger at the end of it I think that people were, in one sense, relieved that Bill was going, although nobody would voice that, naturally, and in another sense sad because he really had made that show. He had a reputation of being a very good actor and he had talent. The sad part about it was that his health and his memory were going and he had all these techniques that he used when he forgot lines. There was a certain amount of wariness because the new boy was coming in to take over; much younger and much more vital and it must have been awful for Bill. I felt sorry for him in one sense because he had to accept the fact that he had to go, although he probably realised that.

Patrick treated him very sensitively on the day of the change-over. I mean, he made little jokes - like he'd walked into the studio when we had both of them in there and he said 'Who's Who?' and that sort of thing - little funnies which poor old Bill didn't react to very positively. But Patrick, knowing, would have been very sensitive to how Bill must have been feeling and he played it very carefully and close to his chest.

How was the look of Patrick's costume decided upon?

Well actually I wasn't given much brief. Innes Lloyd, Sydney Newman, myself and Patrick of course all met together in a basement dressing room at the BBC. Innes had said to me, 'He needs a Bohemian look about him, a sort of hobo almost', I suppose in Australian terms a kind of swag-man of the universe! Patrick had some ideas about how he wanted to look so I was given a rough idea. I had brought down some stuff that he could try on but we came to the feeling that maybe he needed something else like some checked trousers. We had a second meeting where I had some other stuff organised and they were happy with what I came up with, including Patrick. That was his first fitting I suppose with just the four of us.

Did he appear nervous at taking over the mantle of one of television's most prominent rôles?

I suppose with everybody there would be a certain element of nerves, but he was a very professional man and very experienced. I think he looked on it as a lot of fun too because he was very puckish.

Did our 'Power of the Daleks Photonovel' bring back any memories of working on his first story?

Yes, particularly the bit parts and smaller rôles which you're inclined to forget more. The interesting thing I found looking at it was that some of the actors I've followed down the years and seen how they've developed and become familiar faces.

Was Patrick's tall hat, seen in his first two stories, your idea?

Well, we had a couple of hats for him at his original fitting and and that was the one that we selected. He didn't keep it for long because although people thought he wore a wig it was his own hair, and it gradually became thicker and more 'Beatle-ish'.

'The Highlanders' is, to date, the last of the traditional historically-based stories. Did this come as something of a relief having only done science fiction up to that point?

Period stories never worked very well with the customers. It had to be a very strong story and there had to be something in it which really caught the attention, otherwise people thought 'Period costume? Boring' and switch off. I liked it, it was a bit of a relief really.

Were most of the costumes from stock?

Certainly the uniforms always got hired but I think we made Hannah Gordon's costume. Polly and Ben's stuff was usually bought off the peg although occasionally I made something for them. **The Highlanders** was Frazer Hines' first story and he soon got very fed up with wearing the same old thing over and over again and eventually he ended up wearing a light-coloured polo neck sweater with his kilt to have a more contemporary look.

Had you done any historical programme previously?

I had done a couple of 1920's things at the BBC but nothing further back than that.

The next story, 'The Underwater Menace', featured the Fish People.

I rather liked that whole production, though unfortunately some of the costumes I'd designed were never used (pictured) which was a real pity. I did quite a lot of the work on the costumes myself, especially the ones that the girls wore with the shells on the bodice. For the Fish People we used a stretchy fabric and had sequins sewn on to it, but when they got into the water tank at Ealing Studios the costumes were inclined to stretch quite a lot at the crutch. Nowadays of course we'd use lycra and have no problems! The sequins also began to lose their sequinny sparkle after they'd been in the water for a long time. In order to fly them across the studio we were able to fit a harness to the body and I seem to remember a television camera shooting them through a fish tank to give the impression that they were swimming which was very simple but very effective. I really thought that was a terrific show. I was helped on that one by Juanita Waterson who had just joined the BBC. She was sent to give me a hand because it was quite a heavy show, especially with all the costumes getting wet and everything!

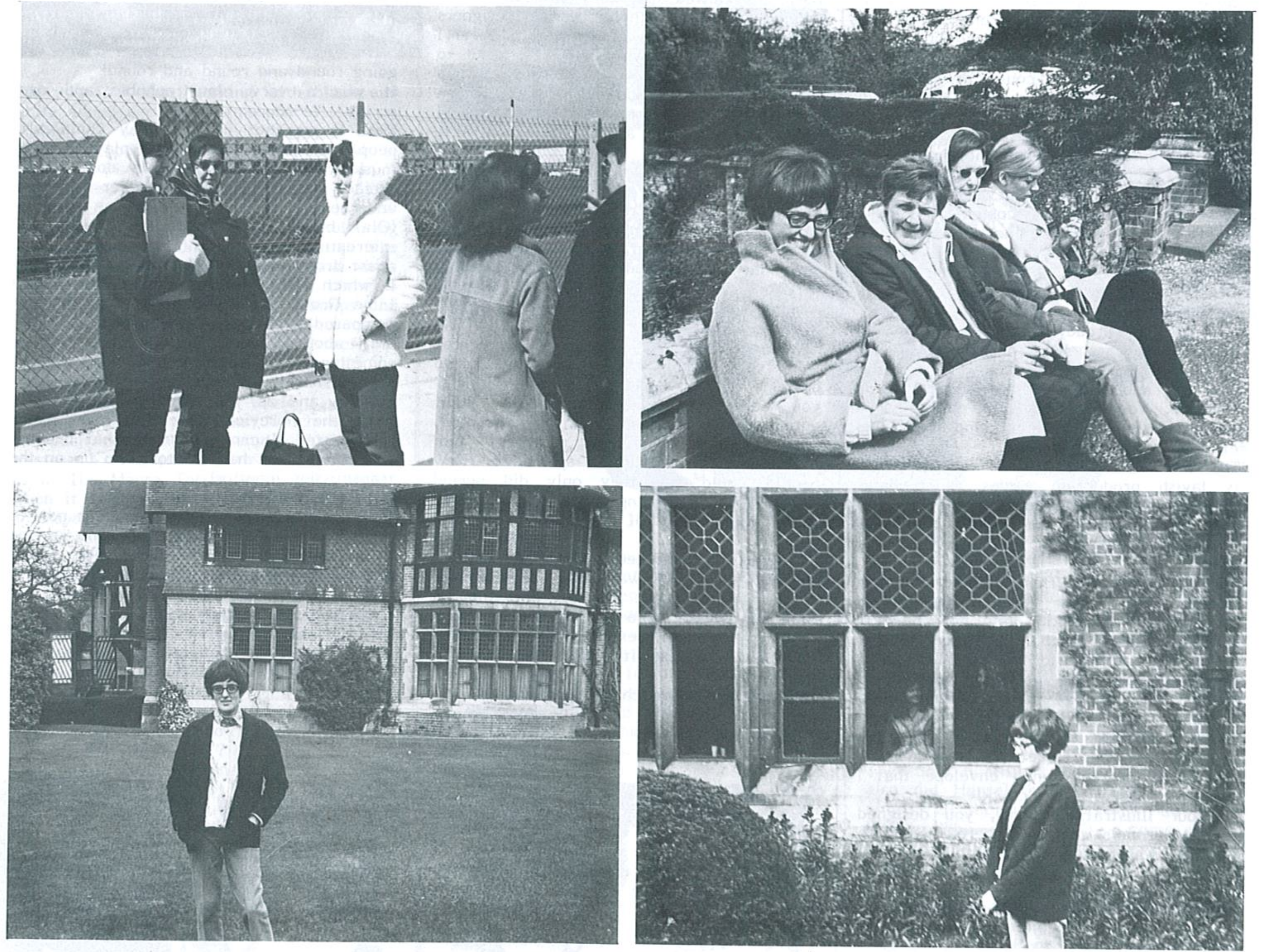
Daphne Dare is credited on the next story, 'The Moonbase'. Why was this?

Well, I'd already started on the second lot of Cybermen - having thought they'd gone forever - when I took ill. Just before I went into hospital I was lying in bed talking for hours on the phone to people trying to get the whole thing put together. Daphne Dare came in and helped to get that back together again, and there were various other people who helped her because I was off for quite a few weeks. Then I was back for a while and then I had a relapse, but I certainly got as far as designing the second lot of Cybermen but missed the rest of that story (The Moonbase) and the one after (The Macra Terror).

Why did you decide it was necessary to modify them?

It was a case of having to really because of the reasons I explained earlier. Also we had a bit more time and money which allowed us to do more of what we really wanted. They were simplified in style but they still retained the essential elements of the first lot like the piano accordian on their chests, and also their hands were covered. The short answer to why the hands on the first lot weren't covered is that I forgot! They should have had gloves, so on the first day of filming Gillian James, the make-up supervisor, came rushing into the wardrobe area and said, 'Sandra, what are you going to do about the hands - you said you were going to use gloves!' So what we had to do was to make their hands up with a silvery make-up and, in retrospect, I think that was a good thing because it showed that there was a humanoid element still there whereas with the second lot it was much more stylised and they just had the thumb, forefinger and then the rest of the hand. I noticed your ungloved Cyberman on the cover of your recent **Moonbase** Photonovel with the tubes going into the hands and I thought 'That looks rather good - why didn't I think of it?!'

I was never happy with mark one, >



PHOTOS: (Above) A F M Margaret Rushton, Make-up designer Gillian James and Sandra Reid in conference on location at R A F Northolt for episode one of 'The Evil of the Daleks' to film a reprise to the previous story, 'The Faceless Ones', which was actually recorded at Gatwick Airport; Filming for 'The Evil of the Daleks' progressed slightly north of London to Harrow and Knebworth House, formerly the home of Sir Arthur Sullivan of Gilbert and Sullivan fame. Sandra Reid, Gillian James and their assistants enjoy a break between shooting. (Below) The attractions of Knebworth House are plain to see in this photo depicting Sandra Reid - an obvious Troughton fan!; In this shot Deborah Watling can be seen with Gillian James in the house itself, preparing for the scene in which Victoria is seen feeding her feathered friends.

(All photographs (c) Alexandra Tynan, except photo on page ten taken by Jeanne Campbell)

I thought it was awful. In fact I find it embarrassing, that's why I find it very difficult to accept the first lot as being taken seriously. To me, first hand, they weren't really what I wanted, but I know a lot of the fans think they're great so maybe that's what matters!

You returned for 'The Faceless Ones' for which you are jointly credited with Daphne Dare, so presumably you returned from your illness in mid-production?

Yes, I think she'd already kicked it off and I then took over.

Working in contemporary settings must be easy compared to futuristic and historical ones?

Well, it's easier, but again it's got to be something that doesn't date too much because, quite often, I find that - particularly with contemporary mini series - it may not be shown for another eighteen months so it must not date in that time. Looking back at the '60s and what was contemporary then seems a bit dated now, but then in another sense all that '60s stuff is suddenly coming back into fashion so there's a certain attraction for that period. But it was nice to do something modern because it gave you a different type of flexibility.

Did you find it advantageous working with Daphne with her wealth of experience?

Oh yes, and we always got on terribly well and both had quite a strong sense of humour. Daphne was a bit more laid back than I was whereas I was more uptight in those days, but we could always turn something into a bit of a joke. Also she'd had a lot more experience in theatre and showbiz than I'd had.

'The Evil of the Daleks' came next, your second Dalek story. The Daleks were originally designed by set designer Ray Cusick as opposed to the costume designer. Where do you draw the line at what is a costume and what is a prop?

Nowadays I would expect to work very closely with special effects and also probably with the art director, but the Daleks were already a fait accompli so there was no argument at all. They were just there ready made and they were accepted and had nothing to do with wardrobe. You'd always work closely with the set designers to help compliment the sets and costumes though.

'The Evil of the Daleks' is renowned for its lavish production values which have afforded it the status of all-time 'Doctor Who' classic. Were you aware that you were contributing to a particularly strong story?

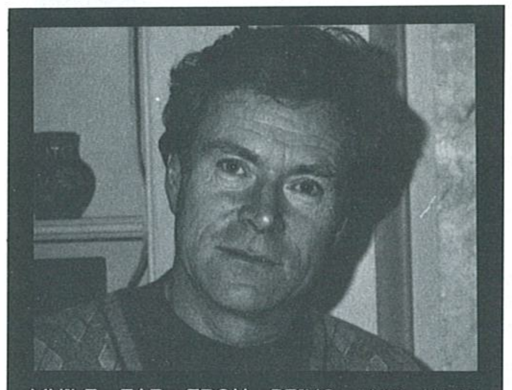
No! Not at all, no! This is something that amazes me; it's like interviewing Michelangelo and asking him how he felt about the Sistine Chapel! It always amuses me on the odd occasion where I have read something about my designs or whatever and it's suddenly blown into some incredibly sort of intellectual thing with all this glamour attached to it. If they only knew it was something slung on the back of a coffee-stained envelope that I had to get in by four o'clock!

As your illustrations show, you designed Ruth Maxtible's costume whereas Deborah Watling's was hired. Why was this?

I felt that I wanted to have some kind of an input because most of the costumes on that story were hired from Bermans or Nathans which, in those days, were two separate companies, and we made the Ruth Maxtible costume at the BBC. It was a pity Doctor Who wasn't in colour then because it was a beautiful costume.

INTERVIEW CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE...

IN AT THE SHARP END



WHILE FAR FROM BEING THE MOST PROLIFIC OF 'DOCTOR WHO'S' MANY DESIGNERS OVER THE YEARS, KENNETH SHARP IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST DURABLE HAVING WORKED ON THREE OF THE SERIES' MORE MEMORABLE FOUR-PARTERS SPANNING NO LESS THAN THREE DOCTORS. IN HIS FIRST EVER TALK ON THE SUBJECT, GARY LEIGH INTERVIEWED HIM AT HIS BRIGHTON HOME ON MARCH 12th...

DWB: What inspired your interest in set design?

Kenneth Sharp: I left art school not knowing what I was going to do and I saw an advertisement in The Stage for trainee scenic artists at Thames Television (or ABC as it was then). I wasn't entirely sure what scenic artists did or indeed whether I wanted the job, but I went for an interview and they offered it to me and I accepted, but I thought that if I didn't like it I could give it up and do something else.

So I started painting scenery for them, although I actually studied sculpture at art school, and after a while I discovered that there was somebody in television called a Designer who designed the sets, chose the props and organised the studio, and I then realised that there was something better and I would pursue that course. Unfortunately, however, ABC saw otherwise having trained me as a scenic artist so I was there for about a year getting pretty bored painting scenery. I did get the chance to make the odd prop though because they hadn't got a prop or visual effects department as such and they would approach the scenic artists.

Then, in 1964, the BBC were advertising for trainee designers for the new BBC2 but I came across that too late. Although they interviewed me, they said that they had recruited all their trainee designers for BBC2 but, however, maybe next year I could come in on what the BBC used to call holiday relief. So in 1965 I went to the BBC as a summer relief design assistant for five months, afterwhich I assumed, being such a short-term contract, I'd be thrown out, but I wasn't and I remained at the BBC for nineteen years as a Set Designer.

I started off on Crackerjack which I did for six months, and my second design project was **The Macra Terror.**

How did you feel about being offered a 'Doctor Who' for only your second assignment?

I suppose it was a challenge and you had to prove yourself. Everyone did great things on **Doctor Who** so you had to do better. You just had to do everything - you did drama one minute, light entertainment and current affairs the next. That's what television designers did, **everything,** you couldn't specialize. Few people could say they only did period drama but us fledglings had to do anything!

Were you aware of the series at that point?

Oh yes, I'd watched from the William Hartnell days. It was very popular and people talked about **Doctor Who** then. I think if **Doctor Who** was new now there wouldn't be an interest in it but back then there was because it was the first in so many things.

How did you approach the commission?

Well, the Macra weren't really specifically described in the script. We knew that they lived in underground tunnels so John Davies, the director, and I took ourselves off to the Science Museum and looked at 'things'. We saw an insect in a glass case which I think was from South America. It was like a little crab, about ¾ of an inch long with pincers in order to excavate. In the script the Macra had to dig these tunnels so we thought these pincer-like claws would be appropriate.

Ian Stuart Black, the writer, recently told us that the Macra were originally conceived as "insect men", which was also the original title for the story.

There was an element of that, yes, but finally they ended up as these coloured armoured crabs. The word Macra came from an abbreviation of the Latin name for the insect chosen. We mounted the Macra on a sort of a tricycle base and it took two people to operate it. We only had one complete one and various arms that we used to wave in front of the cameras to be the other ones. When they were supposed to be going through the tunnels we sent the complete one around in circles so it would just be the same one going round and round and round!

It was a very claustrophobic and dark script.

Yes. It was set in a holiday camp with people marching around and playing funny music which all looked hunky dory on the surface but there were darker elements underneath. I remember Gertan Klauber (Ola) being nasty and the music was interesting but I can't remember much apart from that. We did it at Lime Grove D which was a little studio at the top of Lime Grove so all the sets were very low compared to the rest of the BBC studios - only about fifteen feet to the grid or something. You certainly couldn't get a double-storey set in there. You did one episode and as you were doing the next one the previous week's was being transmitted. I can remember that because they sometimes had **Doctor Who** up on the transmission monitor!

Didn't that add to the pressure?

Yes, I suppose it did. It's different now of course because it's been made and stuffed in a can for six months, but then it was always the case that it would be billed in the Radio Times with your name stuck on it before you'd even **made** it! But don't forget that in those days of black and white you could get away with so much more because the picture quality wasn't very good.

Did you find that working with black and white added a certain atmosphere?

I think it does to some things. I don't think the poor picture quality added to anything. When **Doctor Who** went colour it made life more difficult for everybody because if you were putting a half-mask on somebody you had to get the colouring right. Apparently one of the reasons The Elephant Man was made in black and white was because it would have taken them so long to have applied all those lumps and bumps to his face and get the colour match right. I think **Doctor Who** also benefitted from colour because then we also had the Chromakey facility which of course we didn't have in black and white - you had to rely on back projection which took up so much room in the studio. You could waste a ¼ of a studio with back projection as in **The Macra Terror** (pictured) whereas when it came to Chromakey you didn't use any space behind it at all, although the image was never very good.

After 'The Macra Terror' you worked on Z Cars which must have come as light relief since many of the sets for that series were stock?

Yes. The only stock set **Doctor Who** had was the TARDIS and the TARDIS interior which actually took up a lot of space in the studio and mostly we tried to avoid it if we could. It was quite troublesome.

What else did you do before your next 'Doctor Who' in 1970/1?

I did a few Billy Cotton Band Shows and a few sit-coms. The first colour show I did was an ice skating series called Ice Cabaret and the next one was Up Pompeii and then the first Barry Humphries series which had Edna cooking indigenous Australian recipes.

Then came **The Claws of Axos** which was done almost entirely on CSO (the BBC name for Chromakey), and if I remember correctly it was done in the second phase of Chromakey on yellow, not blue, to get away from the "fringing" effect. Chromakey can be done on any primary colour except red which is too near the flesh tones and the pupils of peoples' eyes end up getting inflamation, so you have a choice between yellow, blue or green. Blue was generally favoured because it's easier to avoid anything else blue in the picture whereas yellow would clash with people who had blond hair but they improved it a bit.

What was it like returning to 'Doctor Who' and to a virtually different programme? A Feeling of here I go again perhaps?

Well, there was really, and also when I read the script I was horrified because it all happened inside this animal's brain and it was all throb and pulse. To prepare for that we went off and watched another film - The Fantastic Voyage, which was the inspiration for **The Claws of Axos.** Also I got the people who were then doing projections on Top Of The Pops called Crab Nebula in to do the amoeba-like pulsing effects.

That thing we put up on Dungeness Beach was one end of the animal's body - an antennae that people would wander into like a cavern leading inside a living creature. When we went to bury it and pile shingle around it it almost collapsed because it was only foam rubber and latex on a chicken wire base. The idea was that it needed energy and so had dug itself in there and was sucking in the energy from a local power station.

I didn't join into the spirit of it as much as on my first **Doctor Who** and so didn't get as friendly with Katy and Jon as I did with Michael Craze, Frazer, Anneke Wills and Patrick Troughton. However, the good thing then was that they had started doing two episodes in one to save putting the sets up four times which had been time consuming, so even though it was four episodes we did it in two long recording sessions.

Did you notice any other changes in the style of production?

It was starting to get more high-powered. I think people were expecting more of it whereas in the old days it was more tongue in cheek. The budgets went up but the expectations were greater too.

What were the budgets generally like to work with?

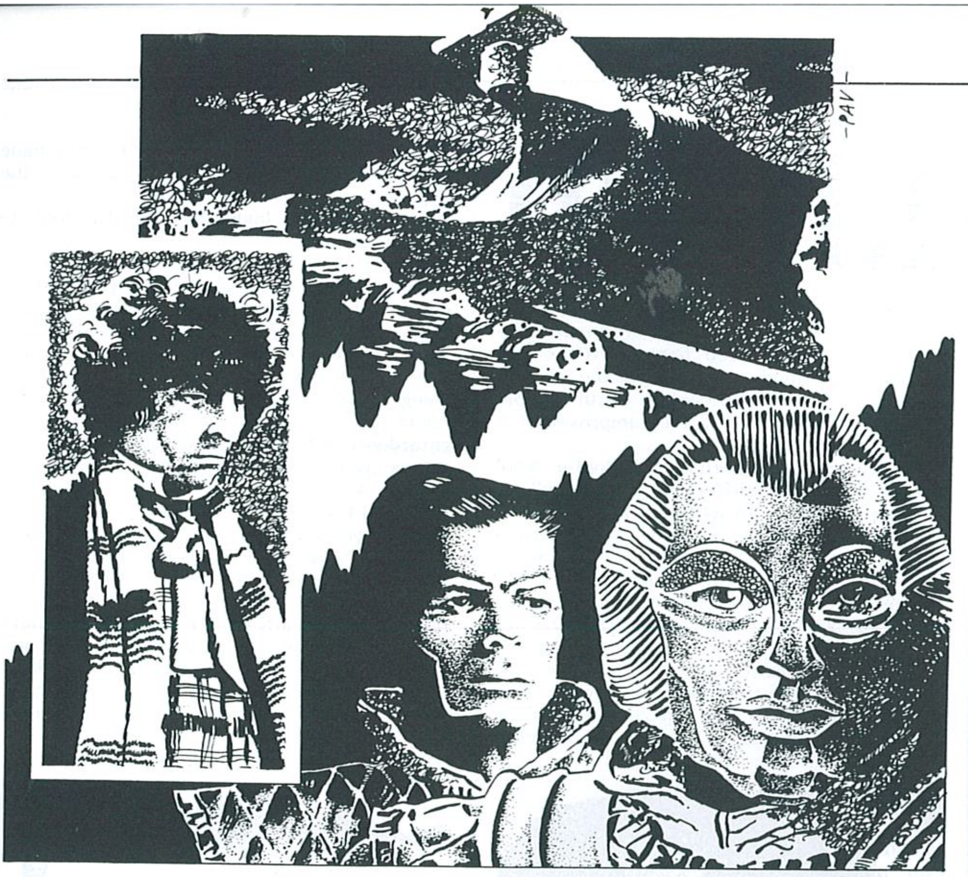
I think it honestly depended on the story. I think it had an adequate budget, but of course there were other limitations like time and also what you could make things from. For example, the BBC's fire regulations are so stringent and there are lots of things you'd like to use but couldn't. You could use metal or wood if it was fire retardent, but there were lots of expanded foams you couldn't use because the fire officer wouldn't pass them. You got bored with metal and wood and you wanted plastic materials. The Axon costumes were made of foam on Chamois leather that made them acceptable from a fire point of view but also made them more expensive. If they'd been latex on foam it would have been cheaper and probably you'd have got better results but it would have been thrown out by the fire officers. Most of the time you couldn't use any materials that you'd care to use.

What did you do up to your next 'Doctor Who' six years later?

As late as that? Gosh! I then did the BBC1 classics serial The Prince And The Pauper and I started to do some historical things and some light entertainment like The Mike Yarwood Show. I then did something called Fifty Years Of Music - the BBC's anniversary retrospective programme about light entertainment in the twenties up to the seventies and then a lot of music and arts programmes like They Sold A Million and Profile In Music. I also did Hansel & Gretal the opera, and almost all the tricks that one had used in **Doctor Who** - like CSO - came in jolly useful for that. I wish the BBC would release it on video.

How many BBC staff designers were there in those days and how were you assigned to various programmes?

About seventy. People would ask for you or sometimes you would be made to do things you didn't want to do which you probably thought was some degree of punishment, which probably leads me to the next **Doctor Who** which I didn't want >



to do at all - The Robots of Death!!

Was being allocated a 'Doctor Who' sometimes interpreted as a form of punishment then?

No, but what I felt when I was given my third **Doctor Who,** having proven myself in music and art and that sort of entertainment, was that I didn't want to have to prove again that I could be brilliant and inventive on tuppence ha'penny! It wasn't until I met Elizabeth Waller, the costume designer, that I really got interested in the project. She had done Elizabeth R and had won Oscars, Emmys and BAFTAs all around the world, and here was I allocated this **Doctor Who** with the great Lizzie Waller! I met up with her and I liked her enormously and we really sparked off each other from our earliest meeting.

One of the great things about working for the BBC were these very long run-up periods and we weren't due to start this **Doctor Who** for another couple of weeks. In fact we had nothing at all to do so we took ourselves off to Brentford where the Special Effects depertment was at that time, and that's when we started fiddling around modelling the robots' head. Michael Briant, the director, had said he didn't want masks, so we thought 'Oh well, we'll just see what we can come up with'. I modelled the robots' head because I'd done sculpture at art school - in fact I even had something in the Royal Academy when I was a student. Then Rose Garrard, a very good sculptress who had made props for me previously, came in, tidied them up and cast them and did the various treatments on them to distinguish them between their various ranks of Dums, Vocs and Super Vocs. Lizzie did the breastplates (this was to be her last production for the BBC) and Michael came over. and liked them having said he didn't want masks.

The thing about **The Robots of Death** was we never intended to do anything that was totally original - we'd all watched Jules Verne movies and decided that 'futurism' was what we were trying to achieve. It's very difficult to be totally original; it's easier to look back at something and do it in the spirit of that. It's like the recent Batman which was influenced by Metropolis. There seemed a chance to make the whole thing - the robots as well - fit that theme. Normally you have a monster - some horrible thing with arms and antennae - and you'd have architecture that really wouldn't lend itself to the same sort of treatment, but with the robots it leant itself to the whole thing having the same visual style. Art deco isn't really the word, it's futurism; futurism as of the Fritz Lang style of Hollywood science fiction movies around the thirties or even earlier, so I suppose you could say that Metropolis was the inspiration.

There did seem to be a united team effort involved in making the whole production look somehow different to the usual type of approach. Even the costumes were refreshingly original for the time.

Yes, well Michael also went along with that. We looked at these small wooden and ivory nouveau figures with these head dresses which have now become popular, so there was an element of that art nouveau futurism there. Literally this hadn't been done before - everybody else had done everything else in **Doctor Who** but it seemed to fit.

Did you soon forget about not wanting to do another 'Doctor Who'?

Yes. I felt quite keen by that stage and also because Lizzie was such fun to work with and an inspiration in a way because she was so keen. And also we genuinely liked Michael and he was enthusiastic so you get enthusiastic and it takes over.

Again had it advanced much compared to your previous story?

Yes. You improved all the time, obviously, and electronic effects were getting better. We didn't just have CSO now, we also had inlay and all sorts of other effects; people like Dave Jervis were messing around on the inlay desk doing the elctronic visual effects, which they were able to do in the gallery - putting ghosts on the picture and halos around people which had been done so crudely before, if such effects were required!

The thing about **Doctor Who** was that always, somehow, the advancements technically were greater than we could keep up with money wise. We were somewhat in the Stone Age trying to nail two bits of hardboard together, and yet the technical possibilities were limitless. We were always bogged down by a shortage of cash and these wrong inflammable materials that we had to use when we really wanted to be using inflatables or flexible materials. Also the BBC's method of operation was restricting in that you had to dismantle a set and put it back up again the following week.

What was Tom Baker like to work with?

I think he was more communicative than Jon Pertwee was. I think it was partly because we had to bury him in cork chips in the first episode and he got absolutely filthy with dirt everywhere. I went home and blew my nose and it was all this black stuff which he must have inhaled as well. I think one got to know him more because we'd shared such an unpleasant experience so early on in the story. Jon Pertwee was pleasant enough but I didn't seem to stoke up any particular friendship with him.

I used to watch **Doctor Who** and I think Tom Baker was probably the best, I don't know why. I sort of tuned out of it after that to tell you the truth because I didn't do any more. I think probably the enthusiasm started to wane after that for it. I think they were changing Doctors to put some life into it when really all they were doing was repeating what had happened before. There are only so many monsters you can encounter and so many terrible situations and so many times the Daleks can come back, and by the end of about '78 they'd run out of ideas. I did, however, watch a couple after Tom Baker actually. There was one rather good one that happened in a weird sort of circus tent in Lanzarote **(The Greatest Show in the Galaxy)**, that was very good. That seemed to me to have an element which none of the others had had. It was probably a little too sophisticated for the audience but I can remember that one whereas I can't remember so many others. It had a visual style that was memorable.

What have you done since leaving 'Doctor Who'?

God, what **haven't** I done! After **Doctor Who** I did things like The Magic Of Dance and I then stayed in the drama area and left the BBC in '84 and went to HTV for 5 years where I did things like **Robin of Sherwood** where some of my experiences in **Doctor Who** were used. I also did some Channel 4 music shows there and since then I've been freelance doing some situation comedy like Birds Of A Feather and now another drama.

Do you prefer the freelance set-up to an organisational one?

Well, I think the work's harder but I think that's the way it's going to go. The other thing is programmes like **Doctor Who** worked in a way because everybody had the experience of the one that went before. In the freelance world they almost rely on having people who are experts almost from birth. I mean, how do you **get** the experience? You watch brilliant things like Batman and somehow people have the experience to do it and anyone in their right sense doing the next Batman film would get the original crew back. I just wonder in the future where it's going to come from. Mind you, it's been freelance for some time now in America and there haven't been these stables or schools to train people and they've managed to produce programmes, but I think things like **Doctor Who** happened because it evolved within the BBC and people did return and bring other things to it and that probably wouldn't happen outside.

Kenneth Sharp, thank you very much.

WHOOPI SIGNS UP FOR 'ST:VI'

FRESH from winning an Oscar for Best Supporting Actress in Ghost, Whoopi Goldberg is to make the transition from television to the 'Star Trek' film series, for the sixth and final movie in the original cast saga, in a cameo rôle.

As well as being an obvious box office draw, Goldberg will provide the link enabling the movie series to recommence at a future date with **The Next Generation** crew. Goldberg's character, Guinan, is around 700 years old and so shouldn't pose too much of a problem in accommodating her alongside Kirk and co., but the addition of Michael Dorn to the credits of 'The Undiscovered Country' is arousing speculation that he will be playing Worf's great, great grandfather, a rumour which Dorn himself hotly denies!

Other guest cast recently confirmed include Christopher Plumber, David Warner and Jack Dalance. Production started on April 15th.

SEASON 4 NEARS CLIMAX

The fourth season of Star Trek: The Next Generation is nearing a climatic Klingon cliffhanger after all, and this time it will be Worf's future supposedly in the balance.

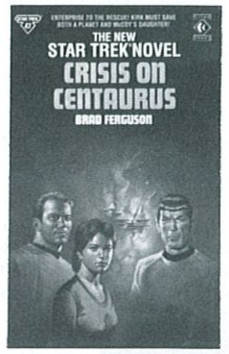
Recent episodes include **Galaxy's Child** (16th March), **Night Terrors** (23rd March), **Identity Crisis** (30th March), **The Nth Degree** (16th April) featuring the return of Barclay, **Q-Pid** (20th April) with John DeLancie as Q and Jennifer Hettrick as Varsh, **Drumhead** (4th May) with Jean Simmons, **Civil Wars** (11th May) marking the return of Lwaxana Troi and **The Host** (18th May).

The last three episodes are to include a Data romance, and Patrick Stewart has just completed directing the penultimate (99th) STTNG episode, winning accolades from just about everyone. Originally scheduled to direct the 100th story, this was changed due to his already extensive acting rôle in what is tipped to be a cliffhanger of epic proportions...

McFADDEN "PREGNANT"

Gates McFadden is apparently pregnant and will deliver in early summer and in time to be back for the start of fifth season shooting in mid-July.

Interview with Gates McFadden NEXT ISSUE...

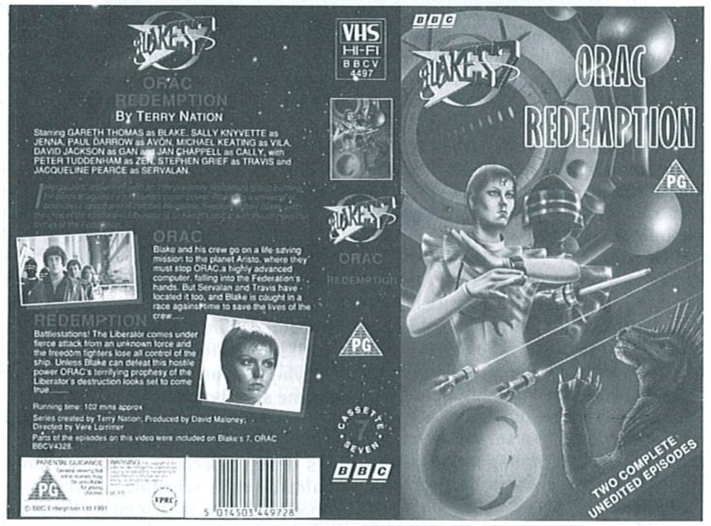


May 23rd sees the release of novel #47 in the **Star Trek** book series, **Crisis on Centaurus** by Brad Ferguson at £3.50 (256 pages).

The second **Star Trek: Next Generation** 'Giant Novel', Vendetta by Peter David, is out the same day at £4.99 (448 pages).

THE ENTERPRISE'S MOST DEADLY FOE RETURNS!
STAR TREK
THE NEXT GENERATION
VENDETTA
THE GIANT NOVEL
PETER DAVID

STOP PRESS: We have just learned that the BBC have had a change of heart over the soon-to-close drama script library. Instead of incinerating the scripts, which date back to the early '30s, they will be transferred to a new repository, probably the BFI. We hope to have further details in time for next issue...



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BRIEFLY...

THE LOTUS CAR used by Emma Peel in the colour 'Avengers' episodes is back in England! It was bought from the States by Star Cars in Keswick where it will soon be on show to members of the public. AM

MAUREEN McWILLIAMS, manager of the Ipswich Corn Exchange Film Theatre, says she was very pleased with the turnout for the Cult TV Day held there on April 6th, despite the non-appearance of guest Sally Knyvette. The next SFTV Day will be on Saturday June 15th at the Metro Cinema in Derby with a tentative line-up featuring Space Patrol, Red Dwarf, Department S, Doctor Who, and Space 1999. Tel (0332) 40170 for details.

SLEEPERS, a Cinema Verity production recent shown on the BBC, featured the Adam Adamant Lives! titles being screened on a TV set inside a sealed room in the Kremlin wherein time had stood still for 25 years. The writers were John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch, while Verity Lambert was the producer of 'Adam Adamant' a quarter of a century ago!

SYLVIA ANDERSON was a guest on Going Live! recently mainly to plug the 'Thunderbirds' range of video releases. AP

CHANNEL 4 have commenced "a complete run" of 'The Time Tunnel' on Thursdays at 6pm. Time will tell whether this is a genuine claim - including the damaged and missing 'Raiders From Outer Space'/'Idol of Death' respectively - or indeed whether they will be the same film prints which recently did the rounds on various ITV stations, cuts and all ('Time Tunnel' feature: DWB#81).

THE FORTHCOMING 'Avengers' season on Channel 4 has been amended slightly to include the penultimate Season Three adventure 'Espirit De Corps' instead of 'The Nutshell'.

BIRMINGHAM's BPSU SF and Fantasy Society have published details of a raffle featuring items and signed photographs from many television series including Blake's 7, Doctor Who and The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy. Proceeds will be donated to this year's Children In Need Appeal. For full details of everything on offer, send an SAE to: Polylot, SF & Fantasy Society, c/o BPSU, Franchise Street, Perry Barr, Birmingham B42 2SU before April 30th!

W.H.ALLEN have just published a reprint of Tony Attwood's 'Blake's 7' Programme Guide, now retailing at £2.99. No corrections have been made.

GALAXY II over the weekend of July 6-7th is billed as a tribute to Douglas Camfield, and includes many of the actors who worked with him on 'Doctor Who' including John Woodnutt, Angus Lennie, Bernard Kaye, John (Scorby in Seeds Of Doom) Chalice, Derek (Tribe Of Gum, Inferno) Newark and Ian Fairburn, who appeared in Inferno and also The Talons Of Weng-Chiang as Henry Gordon Jago. Also appearing will be Camfield's wife Sheila Dunn, writer Robert Banks Stewart and Philip Madoc who appeared in Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150 AD and several 'Whos including The Brain of Morbius. For registration details, costing £22 for the weekend, send an SAE to: David Bickerstaff, 2 Elizabethan Way, Renfrew, Scotland PA4 ULX.

A CLUB has been set up focusing primarily on the STTNG work of Patrick Stewart. Write to 'Fans of Patrick Stewart', PO Box 7032, San Jose, CA 95150, USA. If you're more interested in the actor himself and his versatile career, then write to IAAPS (The International Audience Alliance for Patrick Stewart, c/o Kate Maynard, 1411 Colonial Avenue #B5, Norfolk, VA 23517, USA.

NIGHT OF THE TWO CAPTAINS

IF A Paramount Pictures executive was enthralled to have been present when Patrick Stewart and William Shatner briefly met for the first time in the studio cafeteria a couple of years ago, how much more momentous would a joint convention appearance be? A packed auditorium clearly found it to be a highly exhilarating as well as unique experience when the two captains of the Starship Enterprise were actually persuaded to make one appearance together on the evening of February 16th in New York City. They were originally scheduled to only make separate appearances at the weekend event, but when the Saturday schedule quickly sold out the organisers managed the coup of getting the two actors to add an evening session on stage together.

Shatner set the tone with his usual irreverence at his solo appearance earlier in the day by saying he had only just seen some episodes of The Next Generation for the first time since he figured he had better find out something about it if he was going to meet Patrick — followed by a highly unconvincing imitation of Patrick's British accent. Shatner is, of course, famous or perhaps infamous for his flippant approach to fandom. Several years ago he hosted Saturday Night Live and did a sketch poking fun at the sort of detailed questions about old episodes that fans ask at conventions, ending with the notorious advice that these people should "get a life". He remains unflappable in the face of references to that from the audience and is just as likely to fire a question back at a fan as to answer one. He clearly enjoys stirring things up and seems to pick up energy the more chaotic a session becomes. He was particularly lively this weekend as official approval had only come just the day before from Paramount to go ahead with production of Star Trek VI, after the project had appeared in danger of being shelved for the second time only weeks before.

The contrast with Patrick Stewart's approach to convention audiences could hardly be greater. Stewart is a good deal less formal than anyone expects of Captain Picard, but has a definite sense of decorum that usually rules the day. And rather than rapid fire responses, he is more prone to long serious reflections on whatever subjects come up in a panel session and always concludes his appearance with the performance of some lines from Shakespeare or a bit of poetry. It is very clear that part of the appeal of the conventions for him is as a substitute for live performance in the theatre, which he misses while tied up filming ten months of the year, as well as a chance to sound out how fans are perceiving things about the show.

How two such divergent personalities could converge on one stage was as problematic to contemplate as any alliance between Captains Kirk and Picard. The end result was a bit of a compromise — the majority of the questions were for Stewart, but the free-wheeling Shatner served as unofficial MC and commentator, with occasional banter back and forth on the merits and habits of the two crews.

They both began by noting that neither had ever seen any of their fellows perform on stage at one of these affairs and they were not sure what anyone else did. Shatner added that "I think of them as children, I keep it simple. We all grew up together." One of the first questions asked concerned whether there was any jealousy between the captains. Patrick Stewart immediately replied that "the only jealousy between us" is when the women in Kirk's life are mentioned. Shatner said "That's his answer. I think Patrick Stewart is a great actor and he has only brought a small portion of his talents to bear on Captain Gerrard!"

That exchange was inevitably followed by the question of who has the better crew. Shatner, who is a decade older that Patrick Stewart, observed that if older is wiser, "ours is far superior". But, Stewart added, if the world belongs to the young ... Stewart also said no one knows if there will be Next Generation films, but Shatner said he was sure there would be. However, he was equally definite that Star Trek VI would be the last outing for the old crew, although he denied that any of them are killed in the film (a persistent rumour). About the only other information he was willing to give was that Kirk's love interest has been dropped because the script had to be cut by $3 million. Of course, he added, it had always been suggested that Spock was his love interest, but that's not true.

Patrick Stewart said he was willing to discuss the next episode to be filmed for The Next Generation, which was to guest-star Jean Simmons as a Starfleet admiral convinced that Picard is at the heart of a conspiracy. (This will air the first week in May.) He also noted that the episode would be directed by Jonathan Frakes and praised his previous directorial work on the series. He then announced that he himself would for the first time direct the last episode of the season and asked Shatner for words of advice. Shatner, much criticised for his direction of Star Trek V, immediately replied, "don't take any shit".

More opportunities to compare the two captains came when Patrick Stewart was asked (to Shatner's great amusement) when did he realise that Jean-Luc Picard had emerged as the show's sex symbol, and did he feel demeaned as an artist to be looked upon merely as a sex object? Stewart responded : "Yes, I do feel demeaned as an artist, but very much improved as a man." Shatner announced "I wish I had said that, and I will." Stewart was also asked who had designed the captain's night-time attire, seen a number of times on The Next Generation. Shatner was puzzled by this subject and Stewart had to enlighten him to the fact that Picard wears "jim-jams" that he had in fact designed himself. Shatner asked if that was an English expression — "Captain Kirk says 'jammies'." Stewart suggested that they had hit upon the one ultimate definition of the difference between them, but Shatner added "except Captain Kirk doesn't wear them".

But despite all this levity, there were serious — or at least, semi-serious — discussions of approaches to acting and the theatre, and of the pitfalls of acting as a career. One thing that the two actors rather than the two captains have in common is that both have daughters who want to be actors, despite their best efforts to deter them from that hazardous undertaking. Both agreed that they are always surprised when people talk about getting breaks. "I didn't have breaks as such," says Stewart, "I kind of wore people down." Shatner said that even when something good comes along it is often followed by nothing. Both said it was always impossible to tell if they were harmed by being associated with Star Trek in terms of what other work they were offered. Stewart observed that this was more of a future problem for him and he was at least encouraged by the fact that clearly his stage work in A Christmas Carol had been helped by his visibility on the show — every performance was selling out this year. He was also pleased to have been asked to do a cameo in L.A. Story because it was funny. "Despite the fact I keep asking our writers for jokes, they don't do that." A good deal of Shatner's energy these days is directed towards writing. A sequel to his novel, Tech Wars, is due in May, and a third novel is planned. He would also like to write the screenplay for the novel.

Another common factor was training in Shakespeare, although Shatner has certainly been removed from that area of acting for quite some time. They were asked if it prepared them at all for the adventurous role of a ship's captain. Patrick Stewart attacked that one with relish, recalling that when the show first started and they were doing lots of promotional work, he was forever being asked that by journalists, "with the implication that what I was doing now was slumming, that I had gone down-market; that I had left the RSC and now I was doing an American TV series ... Finally I was so pissed off I said listen, all those years with the Royal Shakespeare Company, all that blank verse, all those days wearing tights, all of that sitting in thrones was nothing but preparation for sitting in the captain's chair." As he continued he apologised to Shatner — "The problem with me is that I get serious at these things; you're going to have to put up with me being serious for a while, I'll be you're straight man"— but he now believes what he said was true. "The similarities between what both of us have done at one time in our careers and what we went on to do is very, very close. We're dealing with epic drama, we're dealing with heroic characters, we are dealing with language that is not everyday, commonplace language. Nobody talks like Star Trek, at least, not in my world they don't!" Shatner agreed, saying that as far as he was concerned there is no difference. "The energy is the same and the intensity of the reality is the same."

When asked about the most difficult scene they had done on the series, Shatner recalled the problems created by the fast pace at which television work is done, especially as the season goes on and you inevitably get behind the already tight schedule. "Everybody becomes hysterical and frequently you are handed pages as you go on the set as to what you are going to play. There was a time when I walked onto the stage and I quickly glanced at what this script was about and I read 'a woman enters your body'." He was stunned: how do you play that, but the cameras are grinding "and so you take a leap of faith." Stewart was complimented all weekend for the way he handled the difficult 'mind-meld' scene in *Sarek* in which he had to move through a series of emotional outbursts. He confessed that he had yet to see the finished product and complained to Richard Arnold that he had twice asked the production office to see the tape of the episode and had been told that it was missing! Of course, he had to ask for the tape because it is an open joke in fandom that Patrick cannot master programming his VCR.

Despite the jibes back and forth, there were moments of camaraderie. When a woman asked Stewart if there were any more car commercials in his future, he looked horrified and said "I don't know what this woman is talking about, she's clearly crazed." Perhaps mindful of all those residuals he didn't get for Star Trek, Shatner observed that Patrick's voice "is sonorous and beautiful and he's spent his life making $30 a week — he should make money anywhere he can." For his part, Stewart claimed to have picked up his catchphrase "make it so" from Shatner in one of the films, although Captain Kirk could not remember having used it.

Whether this sort of event will be duplicated during the upcoming year of 25th anniversary celebrations remains to be seen, but it probably won't unless the studio decides it is needed to drum up interest in Star Trek VI. That film is to begin shooting on April 15th, with an outside prospect of release in time for Christmas. The Next Generation will finish filming for the fourth series at the end of April and begin work on the fifth in mid-July.

KATHLEEN TOTH

FROM VENUS, WITH LOVE

ON APRIL 5th DWB TRACKED DOWN ACTRESS JULIE STEVENS WHO STARRED AS VENUS SMITH, COMPANION TO JOHN STEED DURING SEVERAL 'AVENGERS' EPISODES OF THE SECOND SEASON. JULIE HAD NEVER SPOKEN TO THE FAN PRESS BEFORE, SO ANDREW STOCKER AND PAUL TIPTON BEGAN BY PUTTING HER AT EASE BY ASKING HER HOW SHE BECAME INVOLVED IN ACTING...

Aha! Being a bit of a lunatic I always fancied myself as a singer. I used to write off for interviews and auditions but I never got anywhere. Then ITV were opening up in the north and they wanted semi-professional performers for an Opportunity Knocks-type programme, and as I was in Manchester at the time I wrote a letter and eventually got a printed letter back asking me to audition. So along I went in a big frock looking like something out of Grease, sang a song way too high and out of key and they were gobsmacked. They said "Thank you, dear, we'll let you know..."

Some weeks later I got another letter from the station asking me to audition again so I went back in my frock and sang far too high once again and eventually ended up dancing around the audition room with the producer singing "Que Sera, Sera"! When we'd finished he said "Why didn't you tell me you were a comedian?" and, to cut a long story short, I got a job on Dickie Henderson's show doing an act like Tommy Cooper's where everything just goes wrong, and I got through to the quarter finals with my very bad impressions of Hilda Baker and the like!

Was Venus Smith your first acting part on television?

No, I did all sorts of different things. The only thing I didn't do was newscasting but I did do a wide variety of small television rôles.

Cathy Gale was clearly defined as a character, but were you given an idea of who Venus Smith was and what she did?

No, not really. Honor Blackman sort of mutated into Cathy Gale and my first two episodes were fairly straight. Then there was a gap and I did four more episodes and we had a new producer by then so the hair was cut short by Vidal Sassoon and the clothes were all Beatles-type gear. We did an opening scene in one episode in which Venus was doing Teach Yourself Swahili to try and establish an identity to the character.

You first appeared in the third episode of Season Two...

The Decapod! It's the only one I remember the name of from the **Avengers** episode guides. I was actually a fan of the series before I appeared in it, I really enjoyed it, and I was in love with Ian Hendry!

Do you think there was a deliberate move to inject more glamour into the show and to broaden its appeal for the second series?

I think they were a bit devastated when Ian Hendry left because they thought he'd stay on and make a lot of money out of it, but of course he wanted to move on and do other things. They replaced him with another chap (John Rollason as Martin King) but then they decided to try a couple of women. They were just trying to keep it going, basically, and didn't really know how the changes would work out.

What was the production schedule like?

Each episode had two weeks which meant that Patrick MacNee was up and down the staircase between the 2nd and 3rd floor at Teddington Studios. It was done virtually live in those days and recorded on video tape which, at that time, couldn't be edited, so if there was one slight hiccup it would be back to the start of the scene and everybody would be moaning.

Did you meet Honor Blackman at all?

Only in the canteen. We'd say to each other "How's it going this week?" and "Are you looking after Patrick?" She was always charming and very nice. Patrick was lovely too, a real gentleman. He would speak up for you if he could see you were having difficulty with something. He was a **star**, though, and I looked up to him.

Steed was an agent presumably for some Government department whereas Venus was a complete amateur...

She wasn't involved with anything and just met up with Steed who, at some point in Venus's career, saw her in a nightclub and said "I can get you work" - and used her as a lure for his enemies who thought I was an agent also! As a result I was always at death's door, which I think Patrick liked because the other weeks he was teamed up with Honor who would be doing her karate. I think Venus gave Steed opportunities to rescue the damsel in distress.

Basically they were trying a few things out after Ian Hendry's departure and chose 2 very different female partners - they weren't assistants - and Honor's character was definitely on a level with Steed. I don't think there was ever any intention that Steed would go on permanently with two partners. They were all foils for each other, really. Venus just added another dimension to the story, but I used to get quite cross because they would stop the action to listen to all of a song that Venus would be singing!

Were you disappointed that you had to move on after only six episodes?

I was at the time, but because I'd fallen into the business by accident I always thought I'd be rumbled eventually and someone would say "Out! What are you doing here?"! So I accepted it rather better than very serious thespians who would die if they didn't work.

Were you aware that 'The Avengers' had attracted such a cult following?

I knew that the filmed ones had but I'd no idea mine had too. I thought they'd snuffed it in a tin can somewhere!

What did you do in between 'The Avengers' and presenting Playschool?

Lots of things; situation comedy with Denise Coffey, several episodes of Z Cars when I was pregnant, and I had my interview for Playschool when I was vastly pregnant! They said that presenting Playschool was a question of being yourself, but you can't when millions are watching you so it becomes another acting job.

What do people tend to remember you most for?

They don't remember me from **The Avengers**. Occasionally I meet someone who does and I fall flat on the floor, but I'm usually one of those trick questions in quizzes, i.e. how many **Avengers** ladies were there - which is not fair as I only did six episodes!

Whatever happened to Big Ted?

He's in the archives somewhere, I think. We don't talk about Little Ted and Big Ted, it was disgusting what was happening really. We had to shut the cupboard door right away on those two...!

What are you doing these days?

I'm Harry Secombe's personal manager so I'm still in the business. I do the occasional bit of performing still with Derek Griffiths for a BBC schools programme called Look And Read, which is always an experience when we get together - we manage to get the programmes recorded inbetween exchanging all the gossip. It's all very different from Avenging...

Julie Stevens, thank you very much.

JOURNEY INTO SPACE – A Tale of the future . . .

Andrew Pixley looks back at a landmark in British science-fiction, recently repeated on Radio 2

MAN FIRST set foot on the Moon on 22nd October 1965. After almost a four day flight from the launch pad in the wilds of Australia, the rocketship *Luna* touched down in the Bay of Rainbows and the craft's designer, Australian engineer Stephen Mitchell, stepped out onto the lunar surface. Across the void of space, families huddled by their radio sets, hanging on every word uttered by the mission's commander, Captain Andrew 'Jet' Morgan. Back on Earth, the year was 1953 …

1953 saw the conquest of Everest and the coronation of our current monarch. It also saw steps forward for British science-fiction in the media of television and radio. After various children's serials touching on SF, Nigel Kneale brought a touch of outer space to adults with his "thriller in six parts" when the first episode of The Quatermass Experiment debuted on BBC Television on July 18th. Just over two months later, the immortal words 'Journey into Space' were uttered in a uniquely haunting manner for the first time on the BBC's Light Programme (the equivalent of the present Radio 2).

Journey into Space was a landmark of science-fiction adventure and still highly respected and well remembered to this day. The serial has a place in history as the final radio programme ever to get a larger audience than the television show on against it, at a time when commercial television's birth was about to seal the fate of the wireless as a primary entertainment medium. It was also the creation of one man, Charles Chilton, who wrote and produced all the episodes during the three season run — thus ensuring good continuity of characters and story and giving Chilton the notable position of being one of the only BBC producers to be totally in control of his own product.

Joining Auntie as a messenger boy in 1933 and then a light entertainment producer since 1938, Chilton had a varied career, including work with Alastair Cooke and producing comedy shows with Michael Bentine, but his most notable creation to date had been a western serial called Riders of the Range, which ran for six seasons. The British radio listeners thrilled to the cowboy heroics of Jeff Arnold and his men, but by 1953 Chilton had decided he wanted to do something a bit different. For some years he had been a keen amateur astronomer and member of the British Astronomical Association. He had even built a small observatory in the gardens of his home in Kent (with the help of a Riders cast member) so he could study the fascinating beauty of space.

Having decided that his new twelve-part radio serial should be a space adventure aimed at a family audience, Chilton set about writing the scripts and attempted to include as much factual information about the possibilities of space travel as the story would allow. The very first episodes of the first season were broadcast live (despite what the Radio Times said) and told the story of Sir William Morgan and his desire to perfect a rocket that could carry men into space, with the help of his son, nicknamed 'Jet' due to his duties as pilot of the Morgan stratoship. The actor cast to play Sir William, Wilfrid Walter, had recently undergone a serious operation — and in addition to this, the first three episodes were very earthbound. Chilton decided that the series needed a major revamp to justify its title. Out went the characters of Sir William and Mackenzie, and in came Doc Matthews and Stephen Mitchell. The true birth of the series as it was best remembered came with the fourth episode.

Andrew Faulds in the shared spacesuit

7.30 News Summary
'JOURNEY INTO SPACE'
presents
'Operation Luna'
Episode 1
Jet Morgan..........Andrew Faulds
Lemmy Barnet..........Alfie Bass
Doc. Mathews ..Guy Kingsley Poynter
Stephen Mitchell........David Williams
Other parts played by
John Cazabon
Music composed and conducted
by Van Phillips
Written and produced
by Charles Chilton
(BBC recording)
(A new production of the series originally broadcast in 1953)
See page 5

Jet Morgan
sets out again at 7.30 on his
'JOURNEY INTO SPACE'

The first serial — extended to eighteen episodes — told of the first manned rocket to reach the Moon and what happened afterwards to its four man crew. Leading the team was Jet Morgan, a level-headed hero who commanded the respect of his crew. With a stern and decisive voice, Jet was portrayed in truly heroic style by Andrew Faulds. Born in East Africa, Faulds had been a navigator in the Fleet Air Arm and started acting whilst at Glasgow University. Although his acting career was to take him into many fields, his ultimate destination was to be politics and he is currently the Labour MP for Warley in the midlands.

The second member of the original team was Lemmy Barnet, Jet's radio operator on the stratoship flights who was brought on board the *Luna* at short notice when the original crew member fell ill. A cheerful cockney Jew, Lemmy was less qualified for spaceflight than his companions and frequently cracked jokes or bemoaned their bad luck which, in the cramped confines of the rocket's cabin, at times began to grind on the nerves of his fellows … particularly when he played his mouth organ. Although Lemmy could have been used purely for comic relief, Chilton never allowed the character to turn into a buffoon. When it came down to it, Lemmy Barnet was the most 'human' member of the crew and as brave as the others. His heart belonged back in London with Becky, his girlfriend, of whom he often spoke. Lemmy was brought to life by David Kossoff, a well known artiste even at the time who also had his own BBC television show of Jewish folk humour.

Caution and concern were the hallmarks of Doc Matthews, the American expert on space medicine who made full scientific notes of the journeys in his diary — a key factor in the plot of the first season and also a clever means of narrative used by Chilton to convey some fine dialogue many years before James T. Kirk made his first log entry. The soft-spoken statesider found it easy to talk to any member of the crew when tempers were fraught, and also proved essential in solving many of the mysteries the quartet encountered. Doc was played by the late Guy Kingsley Poynter, an actor and playwright.

The temperamental opposite of Doc was Mitch, the Australian designer of the *Luna* whose fiery temper and scientific curiosity frequently threatened to endanger the mission. Often sceptical of views held by the lesser qualified Lemmy, his outspoken words often had to be brought into line by a firm command from Jet, most notably when he is affected psychologically shortly after *Luna*'s take-off. Jet ultimately represented a balance between the two extremes of Doc and Mitch. Mitch was played initially by Bruce Beeby, but after a few episodes Don Sharp, an Australian actor who went on to direct Hammer House of Horror and QED, took over when Beeby was offered a chance to work on a feature film.

Together the four characters may have seemed like commonwealth stereotypes to the casual listener, but after only a single episode their camaraderie is totally believable as they are flung into ever more dramatic and nightmarish situations. Chilton's plots were epic in proportion — stretching up to twenty episodes in length, nearly every instalment ending on a cliffhanger far more chilling than anything served up by the more tongue-in-cheek chapter serials on a Saturday morning at the flicks.

The *Luna* crew find themselves abandoned on the Moon without power, hurtling through space to an unknown destination, and then touch down on a planet where they must make the choice of stepping out into an atmosphere that may be poisonous or remaining on board with only days of air left to breathe. Finally they find themselves marooned far adrift from their own time and at the mercy of aliens who are not friendly and yet not hostile either. Drama at its very best, it made compulsive listening for families everywhere. The atmosphere was enhanced by both the strange sound effects (many of them space recordings emanating from the National Physics Laboratory) and the haunting music of Van Phillips, whose beautiful and memorable scores were obtained often by using instruments in an unconventional way.

Response to the series was good. On the night of the first live transmission, Chilton was congratulated by his superior Alan Stranks (later episodes were usually recorded a week or so in advance of transmission, but Chilton was still often writing the end of his scripts on the day of recording). The Radio Times page of listener's letters discussed previous SF plays and the possibilities of travelling at the speed of light. Chilton found himself wearing a spacesuit at the Schoolboys Own Exhibition in Westminster during January 1954, meeting many of his show's younger fans. One listener even sent in his artistic impression of Jet's team with *Luna* on the Moon, which the Radio Times printed. Around Christmas though, the rescheduling of the BBC Light Programme caused the programme to change from Mondays to Thursdays and not to go out until 8pm. Howls of protest from children, robbed of a thrilling serial by their bedtime, forced rapid placing of a repeat at the more accessible time of 6pm the following Sunday.

During 1954, Chilton novelised the series and largely discarded the early episodes to give a slightly abridged version of Jet's first adventure. Entitled 'Journey into Space', it was published in hardback by Herbert Jenkins Ltd and sold extremely well.

A follow-up was inevitable, and it arrived in the form of a twenty episode season subtitled *The Red Planet* in the Radio Times. Faulds, Kossoff and Poynter resumed their roles, and Bruce Beeby rejoined the team as Mitch. David Jacobs, a BBC announcer and a friend of Chilton's, joined the cast as an actor to provide a whole array of voices, principally the mild mannered and pleasant Frank Rogers, the agreeable pilot of Freighter No. 2. Publicity shots for the second season revolved around the hiring of an experimental spacesuit which the cast, including David Jacobs, took it in turns to wear for the cameras (group shots were later edited together).

The new serial was set in 1971, and as it opened the entry in Doc's diary was already spelling disaster for the Mars Space Fleet. Six years after the Moon landing, a lunar colony had been set up and a fleet of ships assembled to blast off on course for Mars. Each freighter carried two men, but the flagship — *Discovery* — was crewed by the four men who had made it all possible: Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy. Whilst throughout the first serial the four characters had spent most of their time confined together, this new adventure split them up by various devices. Also during the initial season, it seemed unlikely that any would actually perish. Now the listener had another eight ships in the fleet — and another sixteen lives that hung in the balance as menace after menace seemed to be hurled at the convoy from the black unknown of space.

One of the most chilling characters in the new season was James Edward Whitaker (Chilton inspired by the copy of Whitaker's Almanac on his desk), a construction engineer aboard Freighter No.2 of the Mars Fleet. Played by Anthony Marriott (later to turn writer as co-creator of ABC's Public Eye), Whitaker's spooky voice was delivered in a hypnotic monotone agreeing that *"Orders must be obeyed without question at all times …"*. His effect on other astronauts was un-nerving, inducing horrific nightmares in their minds. Here the radio worked to Chilton's full advantage as in one episode, Jet falls asleep and finds himself in a nightmarish London of the past to encounter Whitaker. The use of sound and narrative blurs the boundary of reality and dream in a way that television could never manage. Whitaker also seems to be aware of what others are saying about him when he is asleep, and shortly before falling unconscious in the weightlessness of his cabin claims that he was born in 1893 … yet only looks like a man of 31.

One masterful point of the serial which makes it even more compulsive than its predecessor is Chilton's clever use of the radio communications link to put the listener in the same position as the heroes. The sheer excitement and apprehension as Jet listens to Frank's description of the strange goings on at the crashed Freighter on Mars is superbly conveyed. Just like us, Jet is unable to see what is going on for himself, and only has the sound of Frank's voice to inform him. With twenty episodes over which to unfold, the story is an epic. Not for many, many years has this reviewer waited so eagerly for Friday evenings to come round so that the resolution to a bizarre situation could be unveiled. From Mitch drifting helplessly out into space to the possessed McLean suddenly announcing *"Hello Lemmy. You didn't expect me … did you?"*, each episode left the listener thirsty for the next. And indeed the whole season was to end on a cliffhanger — the threat of invasion by the unseen force of the Martians themselves.

In 1956, David Kossoff landed a role in the film A Kid for Two Farthings and was unable to continue as Lemmy. A replacement was found in the late and much-missed Alfie Bass, a noted young character actor who could handle comedy well and hailed from a similar background to Kossoff. The original Lemmy even went as far as to announce "Alfie Bass is a born Lemmy. He even looks like him, which is more than I do." With Bruce Beeby again unavailable, Don Sharp found himself again assuming the part of Mitch, with American Alan Tilvern as the Controller. Also on the new season was Pat Campbell — one of the four ramblers whom Chilton had cast in Riders of the Ranger alongside a hopeful young actor called Val Doonican. Campbell was to provide the Martian voice emanating from the centre of the alien craft Jet and his crew found themselves on during the twenty weeks of *The World in Peril*.

1955:
A publicity shot of Andrew Faulds as Jet Morgan (right) and the cast in action (above, from left): Don Sharp, Faulds, Alfie Bass and Guy Kingsley Poynter

Radio Times printed an article by Charles Chilton to remind the listeners of events in *The Red Planet* and how only five men in three ships were limping back to the Moon alongside *Discovery* — all that was left of the 1971 expedition. Articles in December 1955 and January 1956 respectively also covered the backgrounds and work of Alfie Bass and David Jacobs. Bass, then aged 34, had actually been a member of the East End Boy's Club like Lemmy, and before the war had got into entertainment via documentary films. David Jacobs, then 29, returned to deliver Martian voices in the new season, having played 25 different characters to date (in other words, nearly all the Mars Fleet). It was also revealed that he was an ex-Petty officer who had met Chilton in Ceylon on Radio SEAC whilst Chilton had been with the RAF. Jacobs had joined the BBC as an announcer in 1946 and was to find fame as a disc jockey and presenter of television shows such as Juke Box Jury and What's My Line?

Arriving back on Earth, the story starts off in almost espionage style when the crew realise that other conditioned humans — like Whitaker — have been planted on the planet for years awaiting the invasion, and in fact have even infiltrated the space project. When it appears that the Martians have advanced their plans for conquest, Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy realise that the information they need to repell the attack can only be found in one place — back on Mars. Blasting off from the Luna Colony on the Moon shortly before it is taken over by the Martian influence, they head back towards the Red Planet.

Naturally Earth was saved, and for the time being there were no new adventures on the radio for Jet and his friends. Another form of the show was already planned however. The only time that Jet Morgan and his crew were to move to the visual media was in the pages of Express Weekly, Beaverbrook's rival to The Eagle. Starting with #84 (28th April 1956), the comic strip version of Journey into Space began a short run. Written by Chilton himself, the pictures were drawn in Milan by Ferdinando Tacconi who worked form photographic likenesses of the cast; thus Jet actually looked like Andrew Faulds. Even Charles Chilton himself turned up as other characters. The strip also appeared in Express Annual No.1 in late 1956. A sequel called *Planet of Fear*, set in 1976, concerned the crew of the *Discovery* leaving the lunar base and heading back to Mars, and was presented as a full-colour centre-spread in Express Weekly. Continuing in the printed form, The Red Planet, an adaptation by Chilton of the second season, was issued by Herbert Jenkins as a hardback during 1956.

By 1958, the BBC Transcription Services (who sold programmes abroad) realised that if only the first season of the series existed in its entirety, then all three seasons could be marketed abroad as a trilogy. Chilton, now producing landmark surrealist comedy with The Goon Show, readapted the first season as a thirteen part serial, deleting the instalments with Sir William and the original format with which he had never been pleased. With Don Sharp becoming more involved in writing and directing of film products (later to include The Avengers and The Champions and to make quite a name in the industry), Australian actor David Williams took over as Mitch. Deryck Guyler recreated his role as the Time Traveller, using his noted vocal presence in a suitably different manner from that in the comedy series for which his name is better known. The recordings were made under the subtitle *Operation Luna*, to be transmitted from Spring 1958. Williams returned to his native land a few years ago.

Jet's adventures were all but over for a while. Pan Books picked up the paperback releases for the first two books and released them in 1958 and 1960 respectively — the Pan edition of The Red Planet being very rare in comparison with its later reissue from a different publisher. The trilogy was completed in 1960 when Herbert Jenkins published The World in Peril for the first time, with a Great Pan paperback to follow in 1962.

In 1981, realising their past neglect for SF (and made acutely aware of its potential by a little show from Douglas Adams), BBC Radio 4 decided to devote several of its Saturday Night Theatre productions that year to the theme, including adaptations of Wells' First Men in the Moon, Arthur C. Clarke's A Fall of Moondust, Harry Harrison's The Technicolour Time Machine and John Wyndham's The Chrysalids. Chilton found himself contacted by the producers and persuaded to write a 90 minute sequel entitled *The Return from Mars*, with which

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JOURNEY INTO SPACE Episode Guide

For the following guides, the cast listings are as accurate as possible, although in many cases the Radio Times was published in advance of the episode actually being recorded. wherever possible, cast details are taken from the broadcasts, but it is unusual for any artiste other than the four regulars to be given a credited role.

Season One
(18 episodes)

JET MORGAN	Andrew Faulds
LEMMY	David Kossoff
SIR WILLIAM MORGAN	Wilfrid Walter (# 1-3)
MACKENZIE	Robert Percival (# 1-3)
MITCHELL	Bruce Beeby (# 4-6)
	Don Sharp (# 7-18)
DOC	Guy Kingsley Poynter (# 4-18)

with
Guy Kingsley Poynter (# 1-3)
Bruce Beeby (# 1-3)
Mark Baker (# 1-2)
Errol McKinnon (# 1-2)

music composed and conducted by Van Phillips
written and produced by Charles Chilton

All episodes first broadcast on the BBC Light Programme: 7.30pm to 8.00pm on Mondays from 21st September 1953 to 21st December 1953 (# 1-14); 8.00pm to 8.30pm on Tuesdays from 29th December 1953 to 19th January 1954 (# 15-18). Episodes 17 and 18 repeated on the BBC Light Programme the following Sunday, 6.00pm to 6.30pm.

The year is 1965 and rocket research scientist Sir William Morgan launches an experimental manned space rocket from New Mexico. The rocket crashes on Las Vegas — and as a result of the disaster the Anglo-American Space Research Committee halts operations. Morgan's son Jet — a super stratoship pilot — is contacted in London by Steve Mitchell, an Australian engineer who has developed an atomic motor and is building a moonship, *Luna*, in Australia. When Smith, Mitchell's director of space medicine, is found dead and Newcombe, the radio operator, falls ill, new crew members for the *Luna* have to be found. Doc Matthews joins the team from America, as does Jet's colleague Lemmy Barnet. Shortly after take-off, *Luna* loses contact with Earth and when venturing outside to inspect meteor damage Lemmy hears strange sounds in his helmet. After a five day flight, *Luna* lands on the Moon. Jet, exploring the lunar surface, vanishes for two hours and Doc sees a dome-like structure on the televiewer. Attempting to take off thirteen days later and return to Earth, they find that all power is lost and they are stranded. Mitch investigates the dome to find it is uninhabited, and when power returns to *Luna*, the ship takes off to photograph the far side of the Moon. A fleet of the strange domed craft seem to attack the Luna and the crew pass out. When they come round they have travelled millions of miles at an unimaginable speed, and manage to land on a planet with an atmosphere. A stone knife found by Jet indicates that this is the Earth, thousands of years into either the past or the future. Strange sounds are heard from a nearby forest and soon the circular ships come to land by the *Luna*. Contacted by a voice on the radio, the crew are invited into one of the craft and taken to a domed city — beneath which they encounter an alien time traveller in a vast underground dwelling. The traveller explains that his people are being forced to leave Earth by the forest creatures — the humans' ancestors. Jet and his crew are offered a chance to travel to Venus with the aliens, but Jet determines that he would rather the *Luna* tried to reach the twentieth century again ...

Season Two : The Red Planet
(20 episodes)

JET MORGAN	Andrew Faulds
LEMMY	David Kossoff
DOC MATTHEWS	Guy Kingsley Poynter
STEPHEN MITCHELL	Bruce Beeby
FRANK	David Jacobs (# 12 and others)

with
David Jacobs (# 1-20)
Anthony Marriott (# 1-7, 10)
Miriam Karlin (# 13)
John Cazabon (# 14, 17-20)
Madi Hedd (# 15-16)

music composed and conducted by Van Phillips
sound control and special effects by Brian Willey and Joe Young
written and produced by Charles Chilton

All episodes first broadcast on the BBC Light Programme: 7.30pm to 8.00pm on Mondays from 6th September 1954 to 17th January 1955. Repeated the following Sunday on the Light Programme, 6.00pm to 6.30pm. Rerun on BBC Radio 2 from 27th July 1990 to 28th September 1990 and 28th December 1990 to 1st March 1991 on Fridays, 7.00pm to 7.30pm.

In 1971 the planets Mars and Earth pass close enough to each other in their orbits, and Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy man the *Discovery* — the flagship of the Martian Space Fleet. The journey will take six months. Two days out from the lunar launching base, problems arise with a construction worker on Freighter No.2, a man called James Whitaker who has an un-nerving effect on his crewmates. An object 6000 miles in diameter is encountered on the radar, and when the fleet tries to manoeuvre around it, it shifts to block their path. Freighter No.7 is hit and destroyed by a meteor. The fleet passes through a cloud of ionised gas which blocks them from contact with Earth and loses Freighter No.6, to which Whitaker had been transferred. A signal supposedly from Earth control is determined to come from nearby, and the fleet find the drifting hulk of Freighter No.6: on board Whitaker is dead — transformed into an old man. A strange noise affecting the *Discovery* crew causes a bad landing on Mars and soon after this Mitch and Jet get lost in a thick mist and fall asleep. Freighter No.1 lands safely, but Freighter No.2 crashes sixty miles north of camp. By the time Jet and his team reach the ship, the crew have been removed on board a strange spherical craft. Following the craft, the land trucks carrying Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy arrive at a stepped pyramid in a Martian canal, where Lemmy is attacked by McLean, one of Freighter No.2's crew — who now seems able to breathe in the Martian atmosphere — and Mitch goes missing. When the crew find Mitch, he is being looked after in a derelict building by a farmer and his wife, believing he is back on Earth on an Australian sheep farm. His colleagues are captured by a man who arrives in a sphere claiming to be the 'Flying Doctor', but Jet escapes and later Doc and Lemmy manage to gain control of the sphere and take Mitch with them away from a Martian city. Jet meets a man brought from Earth who has escaped the Martian influence and who warns him that the Martians are planning to invade Earth in 1986 — and the *Discovery* crew must get back and warn humanity ...

Season Three : The World in Peril
(20 episodes)

JET MORGAN	Andrew Faulds
LEMMY BARNET	Alfie Bass
DOC MATTHEWS	Guy Kingsley Poynter
STEPHEN MITCHELL	Don Sharp

with
David Jacobs (# 1-7, 10-20)
Alan Tilvern (#1, 4, 13-15)
Pat Campbell (# 10-13)

music composed and conducted by Van Phillips
written and produced by Charles Chilton

All episodes first broadcast on the BBC Light Programme; 7.30pm to 8.00pm on Mondays from 26th September 1955 to 6th February 1956. Repeated the following Sunday on the BBC Light Programme, 6.30pm to 7.00pm.

By 1972, the remains of the Mars Space Fleet gets back to the lunar base and Jet and his crew are taken back to Earth for debriefing about the invasion. They learn that spherical objects have been entering Earth's orbit, which Jet and Lemmy investigate in a rocket ship. Hearing McLean's voice they black out, but return safely — and after a kidnap attempt it is realised that Martian-controlled humans are already infiltrated into the space programme. Not knowing who to trust, Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy agree to return to Mars to discover more information that can be used to defend Earth, and leave the Moon in *Discovery* shortly before the lunar base falls under the influence of Martian spheres. Arriving on Mars, they meet up with Frank Rogers — left from the previous expedition — and soon all are captured and taken on board a Martian sphere. Inside they are met by an unconditioned man, Paddy Flynn, who supervises the hypnotised human workforce and who takes orders from the unseen Martian at the heart of the vessel. They soon learn the identity of the Martian-controlled member of the space team, and they plan to invade Earth using the Martians' only real weapon, hypnosis. The Martians can relay their hypnotic signal to the world via television to bring everyone under their control — and thus stop all wars and conflict for humanity's own good ...

Season One remake : Operation Luna
(13 episodes)

JET MORGAN	Andrew Faulds
LEMMY BARNET	Alfie Bass
DOC MATTHEWS	Guy Kingsley Poynter
STEPHEN MITCHELL	David Williams
TIME TRAVELLER	Deryck Guyler (# 9-13)

with
John Cazabon (# 1-2)
David Jacobs (# 3-8, 11-13)
Alan Keith (# 2)
Duncan McIntyre (# 3)

music composed and conducted by Van Phillips
written and produced by Charles Chilton

All episodes first broadcast on the BBC Light Programme; 7.30pm to 8.00pm on Wednesdays from 26th March 1958 to 18th June 1958. Re-run on BBC Radio 2 from 19th May 1989 to 11th August 1989 on Fridays, 10.00pm to 10.30pm.

This serial is a remake with a few changes of Season One, episodes 5 to 18, starting with Luna blasting off from Australia.

The Return from Mars
(90 minutes)

JET MORGAN	John Pullen
LEMMY	Anthony Hall
DOC	Ed Bishop
MITCH	Nigel Graham
CASIA	Elizabeth Proud
PILOT	Graham Faulkner
CONTROL	Siôn Probert
SUPERVISOR	John Webb
NICHOLS	Patrick Barr
VIDEOPHONE	John MacAndrew
COUNCILLOR	Stephen Garlick
WRIST RADIO	David Bradshawe
SOTTEER	Christopher Scott

written by Charles Chilton
directed by Glyn Dearman

Broadcast on BBC Radio 4 in Saturday Night Theatre, 8.30pm to 9.58pm on Saturday 7th March 1981. Repeated on BBC Radio 4 in Afternoon Theatre, 3.02pm to 4.35pm on Monday 9th March 1981.

In 2026, Air Traffic Control picks up a message which claims to be from the *Discovery* of the Martian Space Fleet. The world is astonished, but when the craft lands, Jet, Mitch, Doc and Lemmy are able to tell the story of how, after leaving Mars, the *Discovery* was snatched through time and came to crash on a desert world. Attacked by savages, they were rescued by Cassia, a girl in a flying saucer who took them to the city of Talia. Her advanced civilisation accidentally brought back *Discovery* from the past instead of one of their own time ships — and now they will help repair it for Jet and his crew. Lemmy learns from the savages, the Sotteers, that the planet is Earth in the far future after a holocaust — and that the Talians have no intention of letting the *Discovery* crew make the journey back to the twentieth century ...

DOOMWATCH made its appearance on our screens in early 1970, providing the science-fiction genre with one of its purest manifestations through its predictions of the effects of unhindered technological advances on the environment and society. Although it was to regress into environmental tub-thumping by the end of its third series after the departure of the series' creators, Kit Pedler and Gerry Davis, the new BBC video releases, taken from seasons one and two, definitely display the series at its best.

The Plastic Eaters introduces us to Doomwatch through the eyes of would-be new recruit Toby Wren. His initial confusion and dislike for this unappealing team of misfit scientists is also shared by the viewer, whose first look at the principal characters shows them off in a poor light. The bluff no-nonsense computer expert Colin Bradley, the sexist and cynical Dr John Ridge, and the self-obsessed head of Doomwatch, Dr Spencer Quist. Quist is at first so wrapped up in his work that he ignores Wren until abruptly throwing the new recruit in at the deep end. Wren is promptly despatched to America to investigate the cause of the San Pedro air disaster, witnessed by the viewer in a blaze of stock footage just before the opening titles.

But what exactly *is* Doomwatch? Quist's superior, the coldly calculating Minister of National Security (John Barron) informs us that it is the codename for the Department of Measurement of Scientific Work, whilst Quist himself tells us his departmental brief: to investigate scientific research, whether public or private, that could be harmful to man.

With the series' premise established, the viewer is drawn into the action as Wren, having collected a sample from the crash site, inadvertently puts himself and his fellow passengers in jeopardy as he flies home to Blighty. The sample contains a virus, Variant 14, developed as a biological solvent designed to wipe out plastic waste and somehow leaked from its source laboratories at Beeston. The virus devours all forms of plastic and is so contagious "it could go through a city like a bushfire". Can Wren's aircraft reach safety before the plastic eater destroys it? Can Quist and co. discover the link in the chain of events that led to Variant 14's escape?

This introductory episode establishes the main themes of the series. The two main characters are Ridge and Quist (Wren and Bradley do very little). Ridge makes use of his own MI6 background to engage in a spot of skullduggery at Beeston; he bullies the Minister's secretary Miss Wills into giving him information, and he brutally delves into Quist's psyche when he suggests that his superior's conscience is dictated by his shame of helping to create the Bomb.

Quist ends up risking his career in pursuit of the truth, and it is through his actions that the series spells out its main concerns — moral responsibility must be linked with technological developments; the irresponsibility of political power and the notion that all aspects of our civilisation are intertwined — unthread any aspect without thought for the consequences and disaster beckons. In many respects Quist is the embodiment of the spirit of Doomwatch, and Ridge is his unlikely ally.

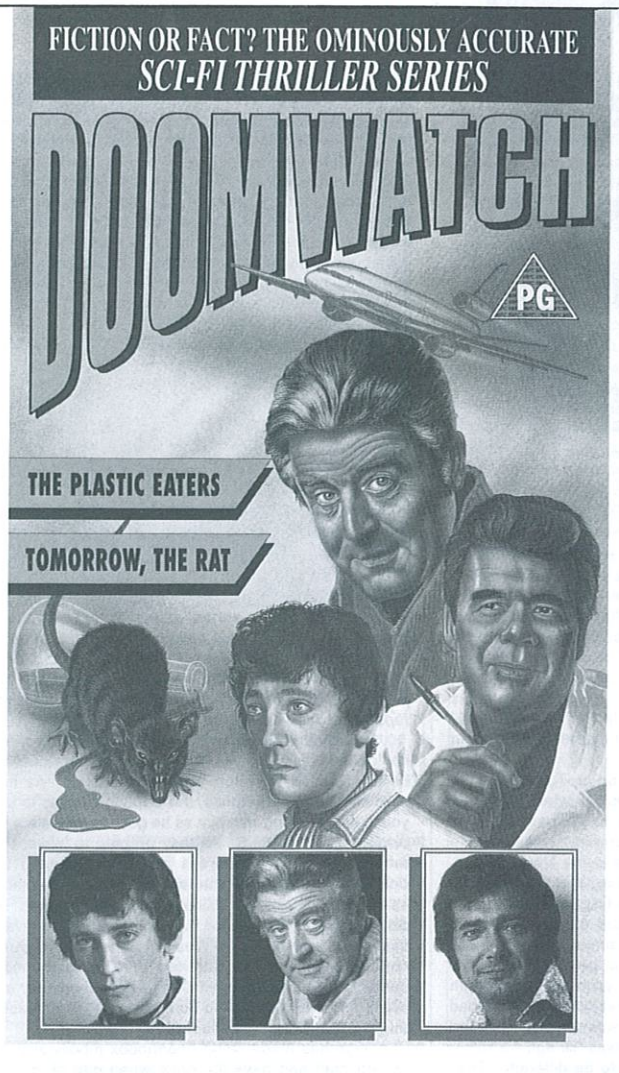
The Plastic Eaters provides an ideal combination of the Doomwatch creators' different talents: Gerry Davis's deceptively simple but tension-packed plotline, Terence Dudley's obsession with backroom political scheming and Kit Pedler's plausible, scientific premise. In terms of performances no one stands out – everyone is excellent, with a superb guest cast including John Barron, Kevin Stoney and John Lee.

There's some discreet humour, totally in context and carefully character-based, which balances out the tension. All in all, *The Plastic Eaters* is a splendidly dramatic opener for the series, transcending the garish set (for the aircraft interior) and Ridge and Wren's crazy cravats.

If the pilot episode presented a scenario for a disaster movie then *Tomorrow, the Rat* provides a first-rate horror script.

The government is quite willing to subsidise eminent geneticist Dr Mary Bryant with her experiments on rats at her Brentford home, but when she loses control of her pet project and some of her rats escape, she finds herself forsaken by her boss, Dr Preston.

"Rats aren't dangerous — they don't attack unless they're threatened, unless they're at bay." Unfortunately, Bryant's rats don't know this; they are now a colony of flesh-eating *rattus sapiens*, 'reasoning, carnivorous animals' and 'embryonic Nazis on four legs'.



May sees the release of two new BBC videos for which the archives have been raided to present us with four examples of the most talked about and controversial series of its day.

The ethical links between science and society are explored when Ridge, sent to charm Bryant for information, suggests that her visions of genetic control and 'consultation before procreation' are neo-Nazi. But Bryant, superbly portrayed by Penelope Lee, is no 'Frau Doktor' but an uptight, too-sensitive genius who, like Ridge, conceals her warmth beneath a veneer of disdain. The verbal sparring between the two not only serves to spell out the basic moral battle ground, it also defines the pivotal relationship between Bryant and Ridge. Their initial confrontation is a joy to watch as the sexist Ridge meets his match : "Before you offer to buy me a drink, I'd like to point out that I'm not a whore, neither am I an easy lay ... so push off!"

Quist is seen as others see him; Preston summarises the opposition when he terms him "at best a professional busybody, at worst the head of a science gestapo that calls itself Doomwatch." Quist's relationship with the media is also displayed; when asked by the press if it's the first time he's been down a sewer he laconically replies, "except for Fleet Street."

The script is one of Dudley's best, a continuous torrent of sophisticated dialogue, convincingly blending moral debate with realistic characterisation, and directed with short, sharp scenes that given the narrative considerable pace. If you ignore the rubber rats perched on the legs of Powell and Blanshard and the obligatory unsympathetic incidental music, *Tomorrow, the Rat* is sensational stuff.

The Red Sky begins, quite literally, with a cliffhanger. The story remains one of Gerry Davis's favourite scripts for the series and it boasts some of the best material for Quist, including an excellent scene in which he manoeuvres his colleagues into demanding that he take a holiday, something which his conscience could not allow without a little push.

Quist, accused of "megalomania brought on by overwork" retires to the Kent coast for a few days to stay with an old friend, Bernard Celley, in a converted lighthouse. However Celley dies in mysterious circumstances after having witnessed "the flames of hell" and hearing "a terrible noise from the earth".

His death appears very similar to that of the last tenant of the lighthouse and Quist believes that the deaths are in some way connected to the near-by test launches of a new liquid fuel rocket. Ridge and Wren are called in to start some investigations, but when Quist also suffers hallucinations his sanity is called into question. Over-work or something more sinister?

Once again, characterisation is concise and believable. In the minimum of words Gerry Davis succeeds in giving that extra insight into the relationship between Quist and Celley with one unfinished reflection : "He was a splendid man, you known. When my wife died ..."

Quist himself is called "insufferable", to which Ridge replies "Yes, he is, isn't he? Unfortunately, he's usually right."

John Paul as Quist gives a first class performance using a script which never wastes a word, and his final summing up is as pertinent today as it was twenty years ago : "Why can't our so-called leaders face the truth ...? They lie, they push, they sell the future down the river for immediate advantage and to hell with the long-term consequences!"

You Killed Toby Wren commenced the second series of Doomwatch in December 1970. Before the opening credits there is a reprise of the knife-edge tension of the first season's sensational finale, *Survival Code*, in which Toby Wren is killed whilst attempting to defuse a potential nuclear device.

The Minister, ever anxious to bring Doomwatch to heel, sees the opportunity to remove his biggest obstacle, Quist, himself blamed by Ridge for Wren's death. The emotional and political inquest is interwoven with a more traditional Doomwatch story about genetic engineering, and the two threads merge to form a tale which wins my vote as the finest Doomwatch of all.

We are re-introduced to an unchanged team with the exception of the new temporary secretary Barbara Mason. She arrives to find an angry Quist at loggerheads with a hostile Ridge, who finallyz loses control over Quist's apparent insensitivity at the speed at which he intends to replace Wren : "Wanted: young, brilliantly qualified nutcase dedicated to the proposition that man shall not destroy himself." In a dramatic scene, Ridge confronts his boss and accuses him of "wallowing in guilt over the Bomb", of being "an emotional hypocrite" and a "self-confessed bloody murderer".

Sacked by Quist (yet tantalisingly offered his job by the Minister), Ridge storms off on a trail laid by biologist Geoff Hardcastle (later a recruit to Doomwatch) who wants Quist's department to dissuade a valued mentor of his from continuing with his dubious experiments on an animal-human hybrid — "in this case a chicken with a human head!"

Meanwhile, as the inquest progresses, Quist is urged by psychiatrist Dr Anne Tarrant to examine his motives. Was the bomb that killed Wren a nuclear threat? Was he over-compensating for his part in the Manhattan Project? Was he 'unbalanced' as some suggest? Who really killed Toby Wren?

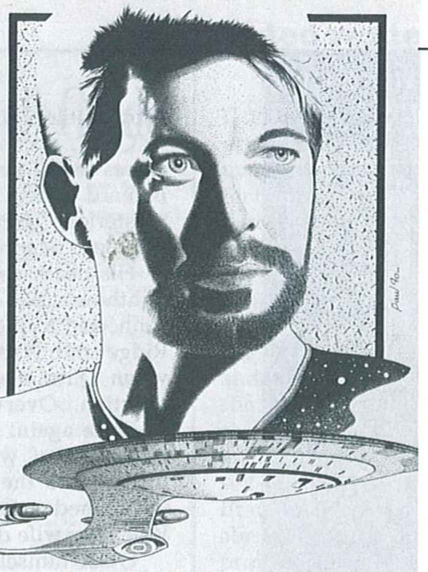
Dudley turns in another concise script that avoids the obvious pitfall of sentimentality, even when Quist dissolves into tears with the realisation that "the most important thing in life is life; not science, technology, politics, religions, riches, power ... only life." Ridge is also brought face to face with his own shortcomings in a sequence which, coming so soon after a truly horrific glimpse of animal mutation, is simply devastating in dramatic terms.

As in all four stories, there are no specific scapegoats. Everyone, being human, has vices and virtues, and Doomwatch is too sophisticated a series not to recognise this. Add good scripts and performances, backed up by the thought-provoking ideas of Kit Pedler, and you have a drama of unparalleled power and maturity. Its real strength is that many of the subjects it chose to tackle are still relevant today, and the emergence of Green politics gives Doomwatch a new and contemporary lease of life. Both tapes are indispensable examples of what television can produce at its inspired best.

MARK WARD
and ANTHONY CLARK

STAR TREK
THE NEXT GENERATION

KATHLEEN TOTH continues her look at the fourth season of The Next Generation



8) FUTURE IMPERFECT

17TH NOVEMBER 1990

WRITTEN BY J. LARRY CARROLL & DAVID BENNETT CARREN; DIRECTED BY LES LANDAU; MUSIC BY DENNIS MCCARTHY; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAN CURRY

This episode sounded very promising, seeming to offer another alternative timeline story like last year's highly successful YESTERDAY'S ENTERPRISE *or at least the season's first glimpse of the Romulans, who have thus far been only hinted at as plotting behind the scenes. Instead, its deception-within-a-deception plot was a disappointment, chiefly serving to give Riker his chance to experience the traumas of fatherhood. Also in keeping with this season's themes, there are key references to earlier episodes in the series.*

The Enterprise is conducting a security survey near the Neutral Zone. However, it is Riker's birthday and much of the crew is gathered in Ten Forward for a party featuring the Commander's trombone playing (a talent last displayed in 11001001). But before Picard can join the celebration the bridge is swept by a probe of unknown origin. The beam is traced to a supposedly uninhabited planet, which causes the Captain to wonder if rumours of a secret Romulan base may be true. He breaks up the party to have Riker, Worf and Geordi beam down to investigate a subterranean cavern. They find nothing, but start to be overcome by a sudden build-up of gases, including methane. As Riker collapses he knows that O'Brien is having difficulty beaming them out.

Riker awakens in sick bay, but Beverly Crusher looks different, and so does he. When he looks in a mirror he finds his hair streaked with grey and Dr Crusher keeps calling him "Captain". She says that it is understandable if he feels confused and asks him what is the last thing he remembers clearly. When he describes transporting down to investigate the cause of the probe, she tells him that happened 16 years ago! The doctor says that he has been suffering from the effects of an Altarian virus for days and that they were expecting this result — when he beamed down to the cavern many years ago he was infected with a retro-virus which can lie dormant for many years. It became active ten days ago. One of the known effects of this virus is the disruption of memory patterns, inevitably causing loss of memory back to the moment of original infection. Riker is astonished, but has all the evidence of an altered Enterprise all around him, and altered people too. He has been Captain for the last nine years, Data is now in command red as his first officer, and Worf, complete with a new scar on his face, mans Data's old position. Most stunning of all, Geordi now has eyes, the result of cloned implants. The doctor says that she is hoping that returning to his normal activities on the ship will stimulate a memory return but warns him that in many cases the damage is permanent.

Captain Riker is trying to adjust to shocks like having a Ferengi ensign aboard when a Romulan Warbird uncloaks directly in front of the Enterprise. Riker orders Red Alert, but everyone looks at him in surprise. Admiral Picard and Deanna Troi are on board the Romulan ship, which also bears the Romulan ambassador sent to conclude treaty negotiations with the Federation. Picard, now sporting a beard and longer hair, beams over with Troi to check on Riker's condition before they greet the ambassador. He is concerned to learn that Riker remembers nothing of the last 16 years. It is Riker who had initiated the peace process and he is crucial to the completion of the four years of talks. He objects that he is not fit to participate, but the Admiral assures him that they will get through this somehow. Riker's disquiet is magnified when he meets the Ambassador. He is none other than Tomalak, the Romulan commander who has twice threatened the Enterprise with destruction (in THE ENEMY and THE DEFECTOR). Riker finds it very hard to believe that Tomalak is eager for peace, but Troi assures him that she detects nothing but sincerity in Tomalak.

But the biggest jolt is yet to come. When Troi leads him to his quarters, Captain Riker discovers that he has a son named Jean-Luc. He feels Troi should have warned him, but Dr Crusher had hoped that the unexpected meeting might affect his memory. Still remembering nothing, he anxiously asks Troi about the boy's mother. He is told that his wife, Min, died in an accident two years ago. He still has no memory of her, but Deanna describes his wife as beautiful, strong and intelligent. She also mentions that she had been the ship's counsellor — leading Riker back to her own decision to leave the Enterprise, something he says he never would have thought she would do. She merely says that Picard offered her a position at Starfleet Command that she couldn't refuse. Riker tries to call up the details of his service record on the computer, but finds that there is still an unexplained lag in the system that Geordi has not been able to trace.

Riker remains uneasy about escorting Toma'ak to the bridge, but he becomes highly suspicious when he learns that they are to take the Romulan to Outpost 23. He protests to Picard that this is surely unwise since this base is the key to all Federation defences in the Neutral Zone. Picard dismisses his concern by claiming that the Outpost's importance has been outdated. The Captain's attention is distracted for the moment when he is called to sick-bay where his son has been taken with a broken wrist. He tells Beverly that he finds it difficult to be a father. His reluctance is partly based on his own poor relationship with his father (as explored in THE ICARUS FACTOR). The idea had always scared him, which is why the time never seemed right. He tells the boy that when he was his age his father wasn't there for him and he intends to be different. They talk about a fishing program Riker remembers having on the holodeck — the boy describes the program and remembers going there with his father and mother. Riker becomes curious about his wife and tries to have the computer display visuals of Min. The boy says he just needs to give a specific date and finds a birthday party where the whole family appears. Riker suddenly realises that "Min" was short for Minuete.

Riker rushes to the bridge and confronts his crew. He points out that Geordi should have been able to solve the computer problem hours ago, Worf can't explain where or how he got his scar, and Data cannot perform split-second calculations — but he can use contractions. He tops off his tirade by telling Admiral Picard to shut up and end this charade. Tomalak agrees and the bridge dissolves into a holodeck. The Romulan explains that he had created the whole future Enterprise with a neural scanner that took information from Riker's brain and created images. The computer lag was caused by scanner response times. He is puzzled as to how Riker discovered the deception given that the information was coming from his own brain and is told that the key error was his wife. Tomalak still does not understand — they had chosen a woman from his past to whom he was extremely attracted and still had passionate thoughts about. The problem is (as everyone who remembers 11001001 knows) that Minuete was a holodeck creation, not a real person. The Romulans are trying to find out the location of Outpost 23 but claim that the neural scanner is not really well enough suited to human brains to just allow them to pluck the information out of his mind. Riker is very sceptical about that as they seemed to have no trouble in getting anything they needed to produce the false Enterprise.

Tomalak imprisons him in a room with another prisoner — a young boy who was the model for the holodeck son. The boy is frightened of him at first but reveals that he has been here for some time and had escaped once to a safe place but was recaptured when he had to come out to find food. Riker manages to release them from their cell and the boy takes him to his hiding place, but as he tries to plot their escape from the planet he realises that "Jean-Luc" is deceiving him too. Riker announces that he is not going to play any more and demands to know who the boy is. The Romulan base dissolves just as the Enterprise had, and he finds himself back in the underground cavern where the away team had transported. He contacts the ship and learns that he has been missing for over an hour after the others beamed back to the Enterprise. He demands an explanation from the boy. The neural scanners are real enough — they give him everything that he wants. He was brought here by his mother after his home world was invaded and its people killed. She knew his enemies would never find him here, but she also knew they would never stop looking for her so she led them away and he had been alone ever since. He had kept Riker because he wanted somebody real and thought he could be happy in the future he had created for him from his own brain. Riker tells the boy, who is not really human at all, that he no longer needs to be alone and takes him back to the ship.

Andreas Katsulas returns for a third time as Tomalak. Katsulas is a particular favourite of Patrick Stewart's due to his stage training and excellent diction.

9) FINAL MISSION

24TH NOVEMBER 1990

WRITTEN BY KACEY ARNOLD-NGE AND JERI TAYLOR; STORY BY KACEY ARNOLD-NGE; DIRECTED BY COREY ALLEN; MUSIC BY RON JONES; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR ROBERT LEGATO

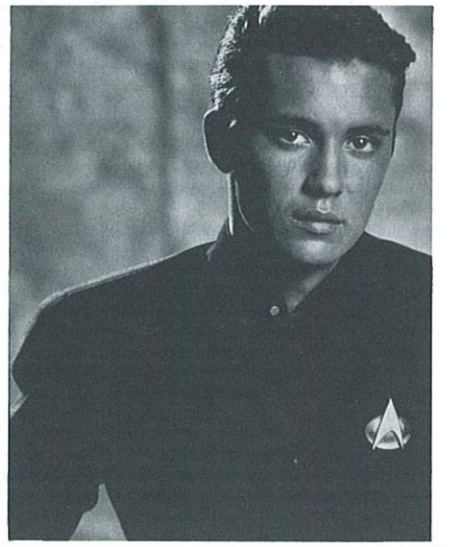
Wil Wheaton bids farewell to the series with this episode, although he remains open to possible future guest appearances and is certainly interested in the prospect of Next Generation films. He felt that he was not getting enough to do on the series, especially in the wake of fan complaints about Wesley saving the ship too often during the first season, and decided it was time to pursue a film career. There are no plans to replace Wesley with another permanent character, although several new ensigns may be repeatedly seen working at his old bridge station.

Picard surprises Wesley with the news that a position has opened up in this year's class at Starfleet Academy and he is expected to report within two weeks. As his final mission with the Enterprise, the Captain decides to take the young ensign along with him as he goes to mediate a miners' dispute on Pentarus 5. As they prepare to leave, the ship receives a general distress call from Gamilon 5. An unidentified vessel has entered orbit around the planet and its radiation levels are rising to the danger point. Picard dispatches the ship, under Riker's command, to investigate this problem while he and Wesley journey to Pentarus 5 in a miners' shuttle. The battered craft is captained by a cantankerous fellow named Dirgo who immediately arouses Wesley's ire by suggesting that Captain Picard doesn't look tough enough to handle the miners.

Dirgo has made some unorthodox modifications in his ageing craft and pays the price when one of the thruster pods breaks off, shearing away communications and other vital equipment with it. Picard pilots them to an emergency landing on a barely inhabitable desert moon circling Pentarus 3. The shuttle is damaged beyond repair and Picard is outraged to discover than Dirgo has carried no emergency water or rations. He decides that their only option to escape the broiling sun is to strike out for some distant mountains, leaving markers for any rescuers who find the shuttle. Dirgo is obstinate and none too pleased with Picard's assumption of leadership — again angering Wesley — but the Captain is able to handle the miner with a combination of tact and firmness. To Wesley's delight Dirgo is hard pressed to keep pace with the man he thought was too soft as they trek through the wasteland. The ensign also detects some vague energy readings in the mountains, but Picard decides that they have no choice but to press on regardless of what might be waiting for them.

The Enterprise reaches Gamilon 5 and finds that the planet is not really under hostile attack, although the danger is real enough. An unmanned freighter carrying radioactive waste has run out of fuel and has then been pulled into their gravitational field. The high levels of radiation that it is starting to leak are potentially fatal, not just to the planet's population, but to the Enterprise's crew if they stray too close for too long. Riker decides that they must push the freighter into the nearest sun but must ponder how to get it through an asteroid belt that lies in the path. While the crew is working on this problem word comes from the miners that the shuttle has not arrived. Riker asks them to start a search operation as the Enterprise cannot come until the radiation danger is eliminated. Beverly Crusher throws herself into the two medical emergencies facing her staff — providing needed medicines to treat radiation sickness on the planet and protecting the crew from the harmful doses now bombarding the ship as they move to pull the freighter through the asteroid belt with a tractor beam. Troi comes to comfort her but she insists that she is all right.

The shuttle party reach the mountains and find a cave with a bubbling fountain of water, but a force field descends around the water when anyone tries to approach. This mechanism is the source of the energy readings Wesley has been tracking. The impetuous Dirgo immediately attacks the barrier with his phaser, unleashing a protective beam that ricochets around the cave then strips the weapon from his hand. The force of the sentry's beam starts a rock slide. Picard leaps to shove Wesley out of its path and is buried himself. The Captain is knocked unconscious from a blow to the head and other injuries. Using the emergency medical kit, Wesley is able to determine that Picard has a broken leg and several other fractures as well. He is also having trouble breathing, which Dirgo says is a sure sign of internal bleeding and insists the Captain is done for. Picard puts him in his place for perhaps the last time by muttering that he would appreciate it if he didn't bury him before he's gone.



But once Dirgo moves away Picard warns Wesley that his condition will only get worse, and it will be up to the ensign to keep a rein on Dirgo, whose wilfulness makes him dangerous. Wesley is daunted by the idea of assuming command of the miner, and rightly so. Dirgo is already plotting another attack on the fountain, convinced that using two phasers will solve the problem, despite the fact that the first weapon he turned on the force field was encased in fibres. Wesley argues that they need to study the defence mechanism before doing anything more, but Dirgo tells him his Captain has to have water and will die if he waits; "with wounds like that most men would be dead already." Dirgo snatches the initiative by opening fire first so Wesley sets the second phaser and takes cover, coming out only after the miner has been suffocated by a coating of fibres.

Meanwhile, the Enterprise is finding that it cannot drag the freighter along nearly as rapidly as it would like and faces the danger of lethal radiation penetrating the hull. They have only minutes to clear the asteroid belt. They have also determined that no other Starfleet ships could join the search for the missing shuttle in less than a week.

Picard has grown cold as the sun sets on the moon and Wesley heats rocks with his phaser to warm the cave. Wesley asks the Captain if he remembers the trip they took alone together once before (in SAMARITAN SNARE). A trip he had been dreading turned out to be wonderful as Picard opened up to him and they got to know each other better. But Picard has this journey very much on his mind. He says it is his fault that Wesley is here. He was being selfish — "I felt I wouldn't see you again" — and tells Wesley he is sorry. The boy says that he was honoured to be asked to come along and that he thinks he is lucky, no matter what happens. After all, how many people get to serve with Jean-Luc Picard? As the Captain weakens, Wesley insists that he will find a way to save him. He is not sure that Picard is still conscious but he tells him that all the things he has worked for he has done because he wants Picard to be proud of him. He knows the Captain never quits and he won't give up either until he gets to the water.

The Enterprise finally is in position to disengage from the freighter, hurling it into the sun. They immediately set course for the shuttle's last known flight path. They find debris floating in space and a numb-looking Beverly mumbles "then they're gone".

Picard's mind begins to wander. He sings snatches of the French song he shared with his brother on Earth (in FAMILY) and asks Wesley where they are. The boy patiently recounts how they have come to be in this predicament and Picard remembers that there was much that he had wanted to tell Wesley. The boy tries to quieten him but he says he may not make it and goes on to tell him that there is someone at the Academy who meant a great deal to him, someone that Wesley must get to know. "Tell him you and I are friends, he helped me, listen to him." When Wesley asks what this great man teaches, Picard tells him he is the groundskeeper and "one of the wisest men I ever knew."

Wesley tells Picard that he believes he has found a way to get through the force-field at the fountain. As he leaves to make his attempt the Captain says, "You remember I was *always* proud of you." Wesley has indeed found a way to render the defence beam harmless and returns with water, but the Captain has difficulty even swallowing it.

Data and Geordi determine that the debris is not enough to account for the entire shuttle and speculate that it may have been damaged but still viable enough to land somewhere. The only Class M planets in the system have been searched but they head for the nearest inhabitable moon.

Wesley awakens to find his mother standing in front of him. They had found the wreckage and followed the markers to the cave. Picard is being carried out on a stretcher but awakens enough to demand a report from the doctor. She tells him that his vital signs have been stabilised long enough to get him back to the ship. He makes them wait long enough to tease Wesley about his filthy uniform and to tell him he will be missed. Wesley holds his hand for the journey back to the Enterprise.

Nick Tate of Space 1999 is unrecognisable as the unkempt Dirgo. Obviously he was an expert at crash-landing small ships on a moon. Just as everything else about his ship was obsolete, it was fitting that the phasers he provided for himself and the others from it are the type seen in the Star Trek films (antiques by the time of the Next Generation), but these were not Paramount props. The phasers were built by fans and bought for use because they looked so good.

10) THE LOSS

5TH JANUARY 1991

TELEPLAY BY HILARY J. BADER AND ALAN J. ADLER & VANESSA GREENE; STORY BY HILARY J. BADER; DIRECTED BY CHIP CHALMERS; MUSIC BY DENNIS MCCARTHY; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAN CURRY

*It seems that every cast member is fated to be featured in at least one episode this season. Now it is Troi's turn and, since she already experienced motherhood in the ill-conceived second season opener (*THE CHILD*), it appears that the writers asked themselves "what does Troi never do?" The answer was that she is never mean or bitchy, and she never gets to talk to Guinan. Both occur here, and that is about all that can be said to distinguish this chapter of The Next Generation — in fact, she is so nasty and non-adaptive to losing her empathic ability that it is a wonder that everyone is so forgiving at the end.*

Troi is busy doing something we seldom see, counselling a crew member who has suffered an emotional trauma. Ensign Brooks' husband was recently killed in an accident and she is insisting to Troi that she has adjusted just fine to this unexpected loss. But the counsellor, guided by her ability to feel the emotional states of others, does not believe her. She tells her that the transition cannot be so easy, that recovery from a great loss can involve a great deal of pain.

Picard is returning to the bridge after enjoying a holodeck ride along a trail in the Himalayas, and trying to persuade a reluctant Riker to give it a try when Worf and then Data report sensing objects that seem to appear and then disappear from the ship's scanners. At the same time Troi experiences dizziness and pain in her head. The ship is shaken as though it has hit a barrier but nothing is reported on the screens. Minor injuries are being reported from all over the ship when Deanna calls Beverly Crusher to report that she is experiencing some disorientation. Beverly says that she will come to her cabin as soon as she can. When she does arrive Troi merely says she felt dizzy and denies having hit her head in the collision. They are called to a staff meeting before any further tests are run.

The warp field has collapsed in the engine room and the ship is being pulled along by some force too powerful for them to escape, yet there is no sign of another ship or tractor beam. Picard asks Troi if she senses anything out there and the counsellor realises that she senses nothing at all — her friends are suddenly all blank to her. A visit to sick bay shows a pattern of unresponsive neural cells but there is no known cause or obvious treatment at this point. While Beverly says she will have to do research on Betazoids to look for possible answers, she also wants Troi to see a therapist for help. Troi rejects that idea angrily, denying that any of the people on board with psychology degrees would be competent to help her despite the doctor's attempt to make an analogy to a human suddenly going blind. She also angrily rejects sympathy from Riker when he comes to her cabin.

She insists that she can deal with her own problems and even goes on seeing her patient, but now lacks confidence when the ensign insists that the counsellor is mistaken about how she feels. Data's investigations into the disappearing objects bring him to the conclusion that they are dealing with virtually flat or two-dimensional entities. They can only see them from above or below; when looked at along the edge they simply cannot be seen. Picard is naturally intrigued by such a discovery and would like to investigate these creatures once the Enterprise is freed from their wake. They attempt to break free with a controlled overloading of the warp drive but this fails. They begin to wonder if there is any way to communicate with the creatures. Deanna takes this to be a criticism of her new inability to function as an empath and responds with an outburst at Geordi. She goes to Dr Crusher and insists that she must do something. "How do you people live like this?" she asks, and then suggests that if Beverly had not busied herself treating skinned knees all over the ship she might have gotten to her in time to prevent all this from happening.

Troi finally goes to Captain Picard and asks to resign, saying she cannot do her job. Picard points out to her that most starship captains have to make do with human counsellors and sees no need for her to take such a drastic step, even though she insists that she lacks the ability to perform her duties without her lost faculty.

Her disposition is not improved by another visit form Will Riker, who refuses to be sent away. Their argument turns serious. She says that all she sees now are surfaces without depths — that he now has no more substance than a character from the holodeck. For his part, he reveals feelings that may say something about his inability to commit himself to her. He does not seem too displeased by her loss, arguing that it puts them on an equal footing whereas before she always had an advantage, an extra bit of control. He goes so far as to say that there was always a hint of the aristocrat about her, as though her human side wasn't good enough.

While more attempts to free the ship fail, Troi finds her way to Ten Forward and the resident sage, Guinan. As usual Guinan approaches the problem from an unusual direction, asking Troi if she is really getting used to being like this and then going on to suggest that she might apply for her job if she's really quitting. She says that she is tired of people coming into the lounge with their problems and now there is going to be a very long line at the bar waiting for a word with her. Troi is a bit offended and hastily denies that what she does and what Guinan does in the bar are the same, but then she looks at the alien and says "you're not serious". Guinan wants to know how she knows that and Troi sees that this is a lesson in using human instincts to guide her, but she says that such instincts take a lifetime to develop. She also rejects as unproven Picard's assumption that humans deprived of one sense develop greater sensitivity in the others to compensate.

The crisis facing the ship becomes much more serious when it becomes apparent that the two-dimensional entities are heading straight towards a cosmic string, a band of accelerated interstellar gases containing lethal gravitational forces. Picard reluctantly agrees to Worf's request to fire photon torpedoes to try to warn the entities away from this peril, but it has no effect.

Troi experiences a small victory when Ensign Brooks comes to her and admits that she has been right all along about how deceptive the widow has been about her feelings. But she still feels unprepared when Picard summons her again. He explains that time is running out and all that remains is the hope of finding some way to communicate with the entities. Every technical means has been tried without success, leaving her. He thinks she is the most

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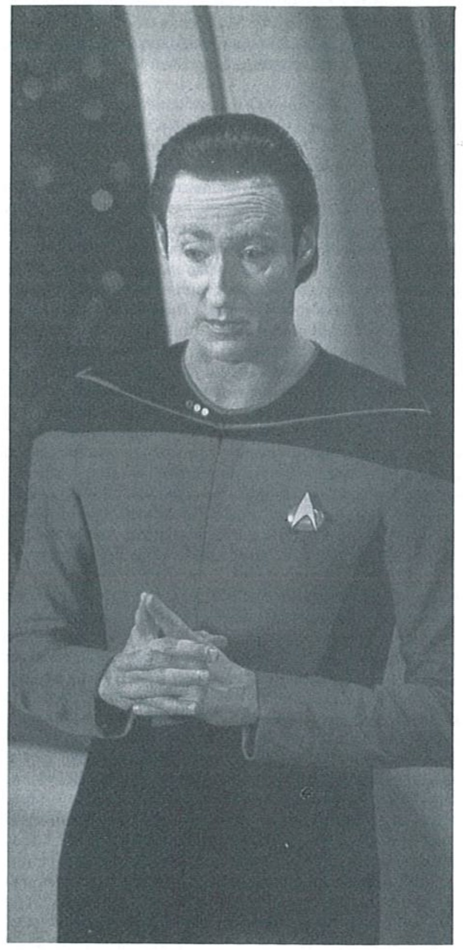
qualified to work with Data, even in her present condition. While she bemoans the inadequacy of human instinct, Data points out that he does not have that. Somehow Troi finds her way to the idea that the entities are not oblivious to the string but that they are actually seeking it out. Data imitates the subspace frequencies produced by the string and finds that the entities move towards the source, giving the Enterprise an opportunity to break free of their wake. The two-dimensional creatures then continue on into the string which, Deanna says, is in fact their home. Once they are within it her empathic powers return. She decides that the overwhelming intensity of emotions coming from the entities had overwhelmed her ability, much as one can be deafened by loud noises.

She apologises to Beverly in Ten Forward, but her friend merely says that therapists are always the worst patients — except for doctors, of course. On the other hand, she warns Will Riker never to apply the word "aristocratic" to her again ...

11) DATA'S DAY

12TH JANUARY 1991



TELEPLAY BY HAROLD APTER AND RONALD MOORE; STORY BY HAROLD APTER; DIRECTED BY ROBERT WIEMER; MUSIC BY RON JONES; VISUAL SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR ROBERT LEGATO

A number of vignettes of life aboard the Enterprise are woven together by Data's running commentary as he describes a day in his life with humans for Bruce Maddox, the cybernetics expert who wanted to dismantle him in the memorable episode MEASURE OF A MAN. This contributes to the 'family' theme of the season to date by showing the Enterprise to be a complete community of many different lives where babies are born and marriages are undertaken — even with the assistance of androids — in the shadow of the changing watches on the bridge. Yet there is a serious undercurrent supplied by the mysterious mission of a Vulcan emissary to the Romulans that is a reminder of the danger inherent in the ship's duties and the burdens of command.

Data has apparently been receiving letters for some time from Commander Maddox of the Davstrom Institute. His latest inquiries prompt Data to offer information on his programming and operation with particular reference to friendship by recording a log of an "ordinary" day for him on the Enterprise. When Riker arrives to relieve Data on the bridge it already seems to be a special day because Riker teases him about getting ready to be father of the bride. Chief O'Brien is to marry Keiko, a Japanese botanist who works on board the ship, today and Data is giving the bride away. In his narrative for Maddox, Data remarks that he found establishing friendships difficult at first because human emotion is puzzling for him, but he has developed a program to predict responses to particular actions. His program fails him, however, when he goes to escort the bride to a wedding rehearsal. Keiko has changed her mind and wants Data, the friend who introduced them, to go to O'Brien with the news. Data concludes that this will be good news for O'Brien since Keiko says this will make her happy, and announces it as such. He reports for Maddox's benefit that it appears that his program for predicting emotional responses needs adjustment.

He next meets a distinguished Vulcan, Federation Ambassador T'Pel, as she transports aboard on a mysterious mission. As he takes her to Picard he notes that although he should be closer to Vulcans because of their shared lack of emotional response, he finds their stark philosophy somewhat limited. T'Pel bluntly dismisses both Data and Riker in order to meet alone with the Captain. Riker's remarks on the woman's "charm" prompt further reflections on irony — something Data has not been able to master. But he believes he is making progress on friendly insults and tries one on his "best friend" Geordi in the barber shop. Geordi suggests that he not try his new skill on the Captain, and also predicts that the wedding will go on, regardless of what bride and groom are saying now. That sends Data on a search of a present and advice from Worf, whom he considers to be a kindred spirit as both are orphans and outsiders in human society. Worf fills him in on what he has learnt about human weddings and mentions that they include dancing. Data does not know how to dance and goes in search of Doctor Crusher, who is attending a Lieutenant who has gone into labour. Data tells Maddox that while he seldom needs the doctor's medical treatment, he has learnt a great deal about human interaction from observing her with her patients. However, he has something more specific in mind now. He remembers from his scan of her service record that she won first prize in a jazz and tap dancing competition years ago. She hastily agrees to teach him to dance as long as it is their secret. She doesn't want to be known as "the Dancing Doctor" again.

Captain Picard asks Data to study all information on Romulan developments and strategy along the Neutral Zone and report to him and T'Pel. He concludes that the Romulans have followed a policy of confrontation to test Federation defences and that there is no indication of any change in their strategy. T'Pel tells the Captain that caution is called for but their mission must continue and she will not consent to any form of escort. Their course is altered for the Neutral Zone, which Data says would make him nervous if he were capable of it.

Data returns to his quarters to feed his pet cat and is visited by O'Brien, who wants him to talk to Keiko about the wedding because she respects his opinion. Data assumes that this is a matter of assessing the situation logically and gets the opposite reaction from the botanist. He decides it is time to seek guidance from Troi, whom he frankly tells Maddox is the friend he understands least because of her deep involvement in emotions. He suspects that she must find him as much of a mystery as he finds her. He tells her that he has been studying all the available texts on marriage to help his friends by attempting to calculate all the variables involved, but has made little headway. Deanna suggests that it may be best to leave the couple alone to work things out themselves. She is surprised to find that Data has been thinking about the possibility of one day marrying himself although he cannot grow old with anyone.

He is called to Ambassador T'Pel's quarters, where she tells him that she requires information on the ship's defence mechanism and supplies the proper high level security code to access the data. However, Data replies that he has the same security programming as the ship's computer and must report such an inquiry to the Captain. She tells him that she is not really interested in the information but is testing his security safeguards. Data notes for Maddox that since Vulcans are incapable of lying he must assume that what she said is true, but he wishes he had a gut reaction to her behaviour.

He meets Beverly Crusher in a holodeck simulation of a dance studio and proves he can master tap dancing with amazing speed. But when she learns that what he wants to do is dance at the wedding she must hastily explain that a different type of dancing is called for. He has more difficulty mastering the complexities of leading a partner and smiling. Returning to duty, he finds Riker entertaining the bridge crew with a humorous story and he reflects on the way in which the Commander's easygoing manner and sense of humour have led to success in matters of love. He decides that more research into this correlation of humour and sex is indicated.

The ship arrives at a designated spot in the Neutral Zone, only to be met by a Romulan Warbird commanded by Admiral Mendek. T'Pel has come at the specific request of the Romulans to begin secret treaty negotiations and prepares to transport to their ship. Picard still objects that this is too dangerous for her and that it would be more sensible to accommodate the Romulans on board the Enterprise, but she is firm in her orders to be transported.

The bridge is shocked to hear from O'Brien that an accident has occurred and the pattern was lost before he could retrieve the Ambassador, who was killed. The doctor finds organic residue, but not enough of a body to conduct an autopsy. Picard refuses to accept that one of the Federation's most honoured diplomats could have met with such an unlikely accident. Meanwhile, Mendek demands to know the reason for transporting the Ambassador. He has no trouble in understanding her death — he asserts that the Federation was not really serious about the negotiation and that Starfleet opposes normalisation of relations. He congratulates Picard for a well-contrived accident, knowing that T'Pel was the only Ambassador acceptable to the Romulans. He warns Picard to leave the Neutral Zone at once. As they begin their return journey, Picard puts Data in charge of an investigation into the accident, allowing the android to explain his interest in Sherlock Holmes to Maddox.

He is led back to sickbay and Doctor Crusher. He has her compare the organic residue from the accident with T'Pel's records and the doctor discovers that the material does not quite match. Data finds further evidence that a second transporter beam played a role and Picard concludes that the Romulans managed to kidnap T'Pel while making it look like she was killed.

Data correctly predicts that Picard will not follow the safe path of informing Starfleet and awaiting orders — he turns back and intercepts Mendek, demanding the return of the Ambassador. Mendek says no one is being held captive on his ship and a second Warbird uncloaks to confront the Enterprise. Picard stands his ground and Data compares the moment to the point in a game of poker where a decision must be made about who is bluffing. Mendek finally says he is not ready to start a war today and invites his passenger to come on screen. T'Pel is now attired in Romulan uniform and introduces herself as a commander — a spy according to Picard, and a patriot returning home according to Mendek. When Worf reports three more Warbirds approaching, the Enterprise has no choice but to accept the chance to leave peacefully.

Keiko announces to Data that he needs to get dressed for the wedding after all and Picard presides at the ceremony. Data records for Maddox that while he finds emotions like hate and revenge difficult to comprehend, he is not mystified by the desire to be loved, or the need for friendship. When he looks for Doctor Crusher later he unexpectedly finds Captain Picard in the nursery, welcoming aboard the ship's newest life. He tells Data that at the same time they were facing destruction, "this small miracle was taking place". As Data takes command of the bridge from Worf at the end of his watch he concludes for Maddox that if being human is a way of thinking, acting and feeling, he is hopeful that one day he will discover his own humanity.

Rosalind Chao plays O'Brien's bride, which is expected to be a recurring role. Sierra Pechuer is the devious T'Pel. One has to wonder how long she has been a top Federation diplomat and how her true heritage could be hidden, unless she is actually a Vulcan who has chosen to give allegiance to the Romulan philosophy. In any case, the Romulans seem to be having great success in penetrating the highest circles of both Federation and Klingon society, but to what purpose?

Gates McFadden choreographed the dance sequence and does her own dancing. Her partner is not actually Brent Spiner but a professional tap dancer named Chance who was recommended by her friend Maurice Hines. McFadden would like to see further development of a comedic relationship with Data that is suggested by this story.

12) THE WOUNDED

2ND FEBRUARY 1991

WRITTEN BY JERI TAYLOR; STORY BY STUART CHARNO & SARA CHARNO AND CY CHERMAK; DIRECTED BY CHIP CHALMERS; MUSIC BY DENNIS MCCARTHY; SPECIAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAN CURRY

Advance word on this episode had been as promising as that for FUTURE IMPERFECT and the result was equally disappointing. The premise of a renegade Starfleet Captain ending up in a confrontation with Picard certainly sounded provocative, but the result was a curiously static episode notable not for action sequences but for the complete absence of several regular cast members while featuring the newly-married O'Brien in an expanded role. A new adversarial race, the Cardassians, are introduced but more attention seems to have been paid to their make-up than to their cultural characteristics.

The Enterprise is warily conducting a mapping survey on the edge of Cardassian space. It is not quite a year yet since a peace treaty ended a long conflict between the Federation and the Cardassians. They expect to be hailed by a Cardassian ship at any time. Picard recalls that the last time he was in this sector he was in command of the Stargazer and forced to run from a Cardassian warship when the peace overtures he was sent to deliver were met by deadly fire. Worf observes that the Cardassians have no honour and he therefore does not trust them.

Chief O'Brien is finding that one of the difficulties of married life is dealing with Keiko's idea of healthy food. She is serving up kelp and plankton loaf for breakfast while he dreams of muffins and oatmeal like mother used to make. He is persuading her to let him introduce her to the food he grew up with when the room shakes from the impact of phaser fire. A Cardassian ship has appeared as expected but has attacked the Enterprise without warning. Picard orders to return fire, but only to disable the other ship's engines and shields. Worf succeeds in disabling the attackers and the Cardassian Captain is forced to answer their hail. He tells them that his action was prompted by the fact that a Federation starship destroyed an unarmed science station two days ago. Picard warns that they have struggled too hard for peace to abandon it so easily and asks for an opportunity to contact his superiors for more information.

Admiral Haydon confirms that one of Starfleet's most renowned officers, Captain Benjamin Maxwell, has indeed used his ship, the Phoenix, to destroy the station. No one knows why he took this action and he is not answering Starfleet's communiques. The Admiral orders Picard to find the Phoenix and take a delegation of Cardassians along with him as proof of good faith. Picard is told that he must preserve the peace no matter what the cost — the Federation simply cannot afford another conflict at this time. Picard warns his reluctant bridge crew that they are to be open with their guests, but Worf and Riker both object to letting the Cardassians into sensitive areas. It will be Worf's job to keep an eye on the Cardassian commander, Gul Macet, and his two aides. Picard also learns that O'Brien served with Maxwell for sometime when he captained the Routledge, and Troi senses strong emotions from the chief when he beams the Cardassian observers aboard. Picard questions O'Brien about his former captain in from of the Cardassians to prove that nothing is being edited or withheld.

O'Brien is sure that Maxwell would never take an unprovoked action but acknowledges that Maxwell lost his family when the Cardassians raided a Federation outpost years ago. He hotly denies that the captain could be motivated by revenge. When one of Macet's aides later asks him about transporter technology and invites him to Ten Forward, the chief says he will give him any information that he is ordered to share, but he will socialise with whom he chooses. But when he introduces Keiko to potato casserole later they talk about the war and O'Brien claims to be surprised that there are obviously people on board who still do not like the Cardassians. He denies he harbours any ill will himself, although he finds himself recalling a song about war that a bunch of friends used to sing on the Routledge.

The Enterprise finally locates the Phoenix but is too far away to intervene when it approaches a Cardassian supply ship. Macet implores Picard to give them the Phoenix's transponder code so a nearby Cardassian ship can intercept the Federation vessel. Picard reluctantly agrees and has to overcome Worf's distaste for this sharing of information to dispatch the code to the waiting cruiser. However, it is not enough. The Phoenix is damaged, but still destroys the warship and the freighter, killing 700 Cardassians. As the Enterprise speeds at maximum warp to intercept the Phoenix, Picard goes to see O'Brien alone. The chief says he considers himself lucky to have served with the two finest captains in Starfleet and again insists that Maxwell would never have acted out of vengeance. Picard is far less certain. O'Brien later meets one of the Cardassians in Ten Forward and apologises for his earlier comments. He tells the man that he too had been on the outpost that was attacked and had incinerated a Cardassian with a phaser to protect some women and children — the first time that he had ever killed anything. He says that he does not hate the Cardassians : "I hate what I became because of you."

Worf is also experiencing some strong emotions — he has found one of Macet's aides trying to use the ship's computer to access information on weapons systems. Macet reprimands the man and tells Picard he will be disciplined. Picard says that no one man can be allowed to undermine efforts to keep the peace.

The Phoenix is finally intercepted and Maxwell beams over to meet with Picard after a warm reunion with O'Brien in the transporter room. He tells Picard that he was grateful to learn that it was he who was sent out after the Phoenix — someone who knows what it is like out here. Picard responds icily that he knows nothing to justify the loss of life that has occurred. Maxwell claims that the Cardassians have been arming again, that the science station was actually a military transport station strategically located close to Federation sectors. He will not explain how he knows this. He did not notify Starfleet because he did not want to wait six months for bureaucrats to make a decision. When Picard asks why he abandoned the principles that have guided his whole career, and suggests that it was because of the deaths of his family, Maxwell calls him a fool that history will judge harshly. Picard says that he will accept the judgement of history but what the Cardassians have or have not done is irrelevant. He orders Maxwell to return to his bridge and follow the Enterprise to the nearest starbase. He will permit him the dignity of retaining command for the journey back but the only alternative is the brig.

The Phoenix appears to comply for a time, but then suddenly breaks away in pursuit of another Cardassian supply ship. Maxwell threatens to destroy the ship unless Picard boards it to hunt for the weapons he is convinced that it carries. Scans from the Enterprise reveal nothing about the freighter because it is running a subspace field that blocks sensors. Picard refuses to board the Cardassian ship and prepares to fire on the Phoenix if Maxwell does not relent. O'Brien finds a way to beam himself through the Phoenix's shields to make a last attempt to persuade Maxwell to break off the attack. They recall a friend of O'Brien's from the Routledge who was also killed by the Cardassians and sing the song — The Minstrel Boy — that he had loved. O'Brien insists that Picard will in fact fire on another Federation ship if that is the only way to stop the impending war and Maxwell realises that he is not going to win this fight. He surrenders himself and is confined for the journey back.

O'Brien makes a report to Picard in the presence of Gul Macet. He says that he knows Maxwell was wrong but he is still proud to have served with him. After he leaves, Macet comments on his "misplaced" loyalty. Picard responds sharply, telling Macet that he has much to learn about humans. The loyalty Maxwell received was earned by his valour under fire and "if he could not find a role for himself in peace we will pity him, but we will not dismiss him." He tells the Cardassian that he knows Maxwell was right — the science station was not a science station and the freighters are carrying weapons. Macet asks why, if he believes this, did he not board the ship as Maxwell asked? Picard replies that he was here to protect the peace, a peace he firmly believes to be in the interest of both their peoples. But he tells Macet to take the message back to his leaders that "we'll be watching" and contemptuously dismisses him.

Mark Alaimo is Gul Macet. The Cardassians are not well defined in this episode, although they seem to be drawn more towards Romulan style plotting than Klingon bravado in their antagonism with the Federation. No real explanation for the earlier conflict is ever given and the massacre which figures so prominently in the story is described in almost the same terms as the similar action attributed to the Talarians in SUDDENLY HUMAN. Bob Gunton's Maxwell is not very convincing as a great Starfleet Captain. He lacks the stature to be compared to Picard and does not measure up well against Walter Keel (CONSPIRACY) or Rachel Garrett (YESTERDAY'S ENTERPRISE), the only other memorable captains the Enterprise has encountered. The problem may in part stem from the emphasis placed upon his link to O'Brien, the cast's one enlisted man and ersatz representative of the common man. Maxwell's reminiscences with the chief seem by turns patronising and maudlin.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!

Wil Wheaton
Denise Crosby
Brent Spiner

All the cast on Day 1 in June '80

he was never entirely happy, preferring to totally create his own material. The one-off could never hope to capture the epic nature of the original 1950s tales and the flavour was further lost with a new cast in the parts of the Fab Four. Comments in the Radio Times were nostalgic, but the play was not to find favour with the old fans.

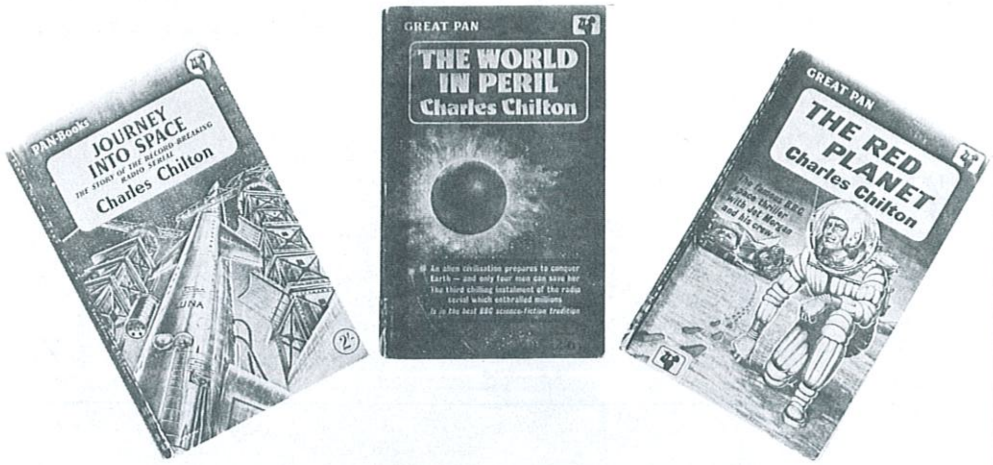
In a highly revised form, the Journey into Space format reappeared on Radio 2 in 1984 when Charles Chilton wrote his six-part SF serial Space Force. With state of the art technical tricks and all the episodes recorded in advance, the essential adventure structure remained the same. The four crewmen of a moon spaceship were Barry Foster as heroic Captain Saxon Bury, the late Nigel Stock as scientist Magnus, Tony Osoba as engineer Lauderic and Nicky Henson as cheerful radio operator Chipper. Jet, Doc, Mitch and Lemmy lived on in new forms ... The serial could not hope to emulate the success of its predecessor due to the restriction of only three hours of story time. Borrowing heavily on aspects from the 50s serials, it was however popular enough to get a second season the following year.

The show of which David Lean had once expressed an interest in adapting for the cinema resurfaced on Radio 2 one Friday night in 1989 — in an age where serials of over six parts on television or radio were almost unheard of. Journey into Space was back on the air, and the Transcription Service recordings of *Operation Luna* found a whole new legion of followers. The episodes were also slightly re-edited and released as a boxed cassette set in the BBC Radio Collection in May 1989 — superb value at £14.95 for the 13 episodes. The Red Planet followed in 1990, although Radio 2 felt that twenty weeks of adventure would be too much for anyone to take in one go, and so broadcast in two ten-week seasons. Plans to issue this second season on cassette come to fruition this June ... as the rest of us wait by our radios for the next season, *The World in Peril*, just as listeners did in 1955.

Can Jet, Doc, Mitch and Lemmy make it back to Earth in time to avert the Martian invasion? I can't wait to find out.

ANDREW PIXLEY

My thanks to Charles Chilton for his kind help in the preparation of this article, and also for many hours of thrilling wireless entertainment. 'Journey into Space : Operation Luna' is available at £14.95 as a four-tape set on BBC Radio Collection, with 'Journey into Space : The Red Planet' to follow in June 1991.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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Unmasking the Banned Episode

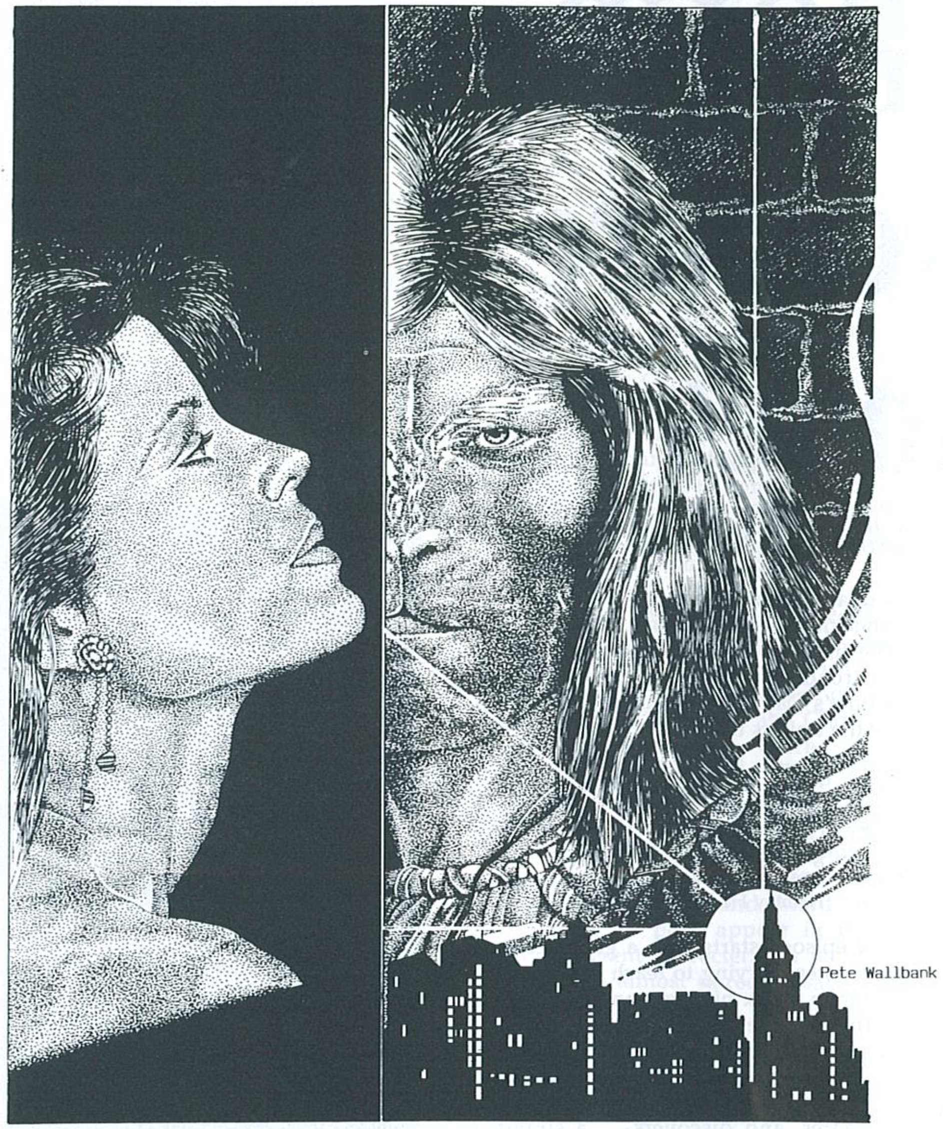
WHEN BEAUTY AND THE BEAST reached British screens in October '88 it quickly became obvious that something was wrong. The second episode scheduled in TV Times (*Beast Within*) was pulled from transmission, while others, shown complete in prime-time in the USA, were cut by ITV. In the pilot (called *Once Upon a Time ... In the City of New York* on the video release) the omission of a scene immediately following Cathy's kidnap has led to a myth that she was raped, while other cuts were merely annoying. Nine episodes were judged unsuitable even for editing, with a further ten banned the following year.

Unfortunately this has had more serious effects than just shortening the seasons. Particularly in the second season, where the British run was horrendously misordered so as to screen exceptionally innocuous episodes in the original 7.30 slot, the series depends on a carefully worked-out order to maintain minor continuity, a varied mix of styles (very necessary in a series which ranges from Mills and Boon slush to Clive Barker horror) and a subtle development of major plot lines. Throughout the second season Vincent becomes more and more concerned by the violence he exhibits when rescuing Cathy, until he loses control in the final episode, *The Rest is Silence*. You try spotting that in the ITV run — like major characters it just appears from nowhere. In the States the ratings never recovered from a run of episodes in which Vincent and Cathy were peripheral at the start of season two; in Britain half the potential audience was driven away by the unremitting slush deemed suitable for eight o'clock.

Still, TV Times did eventually announce that the remaining nineteen episodes would be shown, and over the first half of last year they were, in random orders, on late night regional ITV. Some were *still* cut — some violence from *To Reign in Hell*, a scene from *Terrible Saviour* which shows it's actually the second episode — but they have been shown. Except for one.

Masques, the fifth episode was deemed "unfit for transmission" even in a late night slot, apparently on political grounds, by London Weekend Television, though the decision apparently applies to all regions. *Masques*, one of the best episodes, binds together poetry, romance and thrills perfectly, but is concerned with the Northern Irish troubles, a subject controversial even before Shoot to Kill, the docudrama on the Stalker affair, drew fresh government fire.

Although the plot of *Masques* is a trifle cliched, centring on the traditional circle of revenge, and tends to suggest that all of Ulster is dominated by the troubles (the accents are also dodgy), these are common failings of TV series and *Masques* is far less offensive than, say, Harry's Game or Confessional, both screened by ITV. The decision to ban this episode seems to have been a knee-jerk reaction by more of those executives with little interest in their viewers and no willingness to risk, or indeed take, any trouble over an imported schedule filler. Only if we are more vociferous when a series is mistreated can we prevent this sort of thing happening again ...



MASQUES

by George R.R. Martin
directed by Alan Cooke

AFTER A HARD DAY at the office Cathy Chandler is late for a fancy dress party, becoming even more so when trick-or-treaters interrupt her shower. Her father, still trying to persuade her to return to the family law firm, arrives to take her to the party, at which the guest of honour is Irish peace campaigner and author Brigit O'Donnell.

Down in the tunnel world Father is busy telling the children a ghost story. He's worried by Vincent's intention to take advantage of Hallowe'en to attend a party above. Vincent replies by quoting from a favourite author, whom he hopes to meet there : "Sometimes we must leave our safe places, Father, and walk empty handed amongst our enemies".

Meanwhile in New York an Irish-accented man, Michael McPhee, forces his way into a costumiers as it closes. Angrily rejecting a British redcoat's uniform, he takes a clown's costume, transferring a gun into its pockets.

Arriving at the party, the Chandlers encounter old friends, Jeff and Marie. Jeff is clearly impressed by Brigit O'Donnell, of whose work Marie is jealously contemptuous, dismissing her novel 'Three Hundred Days' as "Romeo and Juliet with Irish accents". Others are more impressed by her work for the peace movement, which has earned her death threats from both sides of the Irish divide. Cleared by Brigit's security, Cathy is introduced to a tomboyish beauty of about thirty, dressed, like Cathy, as an owl-woman, the central figure of one of Brigit's rare fairy tales — rare because "there are darker things in Ireland now than ghosts, and you can't hear the fairy music for gunfire." Glancing towards the balcony Cathy catches sight of Vincent as he enters and, amazed, excuses herself from Brigit's company. When she catches up with Vincent, however, she finds herself facing a hooded Dracula — Vincent is by the buffet, wondering at the world-ranging choice of food. Brigit is intrigued by him, and takes his hand just as Cathy spots the couple.

Seeking an escape from the smoke Brigit and Vincent move on to the balcony, just as Cathy is approached by a pirate, Donald Pratt, who's been told of the guest of honour's costume and mistakes her for Brigit. Despite his mistake he leads Cathy to the dance floor.

"In the old religion they called this night Samheim — the night when the walls between the worlds became thin, and the spirits of the underworld walked the earth," Brigit remarks to Vincent, as the conversation turns to her late husband, Ian, of whom she wrote in 'Three Hundred Days'. They were born six weeks apart, but in different worlds, and the tale of how their love overcame this division has become an inspiration to Vincent. Within the party Michael has arrived, entering in the disturbance caused by a large group. Brigit, meanwhile, has recalled how her father always promised to bring her to New York on one of his trips to raise funds for the widows and orphans, "and for the weapons to make more of them", only to cast her out when she married an Orangeman. Now she wants to see more of the city, and Vincent, hearing the words he quoted at Father thrown back at him, reluctantly agrees to lend her his cloak. Wearing it she slips through the party un-noticed and past her security into the lift. Cathy, however, recognises the cloak and follows, as does Michael — who takes her for Brigit — and Donald.

Vincent and Brigit meet in the park below where she realises that her writings strike a special chord in Vincent, and advises him to forget "the lady who's been breaking your heart". Vincent reminds her that though "the price of your love has been high," she'd "pay it willingly until the end of your days", unfairly, in Brigit's view, quoting her own words back at her. Then Michael approaches, gun in hand, only to be struck down by Vincent.

Vincent leaves as Cathy and Donald arrive. Donald admits to being an Interpol man sent to protect Brigit, who identifies Michael as a friend of her father's, "a good ... good IRA man." Cathy decides to accompany the others to the police station while Vincent becomes trapped by a mime, until a snarl causes him to trip, earning Vincent a round of applause from the watching crowd.

As Michael comes to in Donald's car he claims to have been sent by Brigit's father, Sean O'Reilly, to bring her to a death bed reunion. He drew his gun only in fear that Vincent was a loyalist assassin trying to find Sean through his daughter. Cathy realises they are not going to the police as Donald drops his American accent and draws a gun ...

Obtaining a hotel key from Michael, Donald explains that his brother was killed by Michael, ambushed as he left a pub drunk. Killing Michael, he forces the women to accompany him as he leaves to give the last of his brother's killers, Sean O'Reilly, a visit from his daughter.

Returned to the tunnels Vincent is talking with Father, who wonders whether he might have become obsessed by revenging the wrongs that forced him underground had he stayed up top. When Vincent senses Cathy's danger he lets him go without protest.

In a seedy hotel room Sean O'Reilly lies consumed by fever and kept alive by whisky. Seeing that Sean is as good as dead already, Donald decides to make him watch his daughter die. Cathy knocks the gun from his hand, only to have it caught by Sean who determines to kill one more of the "murdering Orangemen" who murdered Brigit's mother. Brigit, telling him that it was his sort who murdered her husband, steps in front of the gun, hurling back at him the words he called her at her wedding — "traitor, Orangeman's whore". Sean can't do it, but in the distraction Donald draws a knife from his pirate's costume and takes Brigit hostage. As he tries to leave, Vincent, crashing through the window, frees her and throws Donald back through the window.

Brigit encourages Vincent and Cathy to make use of the night, reminding them to use all the time they have together, be it "three hundred days or a single night". While the spirit of the underworld can walk the world they tour New York, and at dawn by the Brooklyn Bridge they almost kiss, until a startled jogger interrupts them, reminding them that "Hallowe'en was last night."

ANTHONY BROWN

NB: For those interested, clips from this episode have been seen in two other episodes : in THE OUTSIDERS Vincent is seen crashing through the window, rather like Batman, while in A DISTANT SHORE he and Cathy are seen to almost kiss.

RED DWARF SERIES FOUR: The Adventure Continues

The story so far ... whilst on a routine run between Mimas and Earth, the Jupiter Mining Ship 'Red Dwarf' suffers a freak accident that leaves the entire crew dead except for Dave Lister, who was suspended in stasis at the time as a punishment for smuggling a pregnant cat on board. Revived some 3 million years later, Lister's only companions are: Holly, the ship's computer (who, after 3 million years, has gone computer senile); Arnold Rimmer, a hologram of Lister's former bunkmate and the technician responsible for the accident; and a creature that has evolved from Lister's pregnant cat. During the time that follows, amongst other things, they discover Kryten, a series 4000 servo-mechanoid and sole survivor of the 'Nova 5', meet female versions of themselves in a parallel universe (a liason that results in Lister giving birth to twin sons Jim and Bexley), and Holly changes sex to become a female computer ...

And now the adventure continues ...

Alone in a godless universe, and out of shake 'n' vac...

ANYONE WHO tuned in to the fourth series of Red Dwarf that had only seen the original series way back in 1987 might be forgiven for thinking that they were watching an entirely different programme. Over the series' history, the many gradual changes that have occurred have been mainly imperceptible in themselves, but, viewed holistically, add up to a great deal. For instance, the original series centred around Lister, with the other characters (Cat especially) taking second place. The distribution is much fairer these days, although I do tend to notice some bias towards Kryten — but maybe since he's the newest character, this is forgivable.

Regular readers of DWB may remember my review of the latest Red Dwarf book, 'Better than Life', in the January issue [#85]. I wondered if any elements from that book would appear in the (then forthcoming) fourth series. As it turns out, some did ...

The first episode of the series, *Camille*, was broadcast on 14th February, St Valentine's Day, a fact that was picked up on by the trailers that went out that week.

CAT: What is it?

LISTER: "Tales of the Riverbank — The Next Generation".

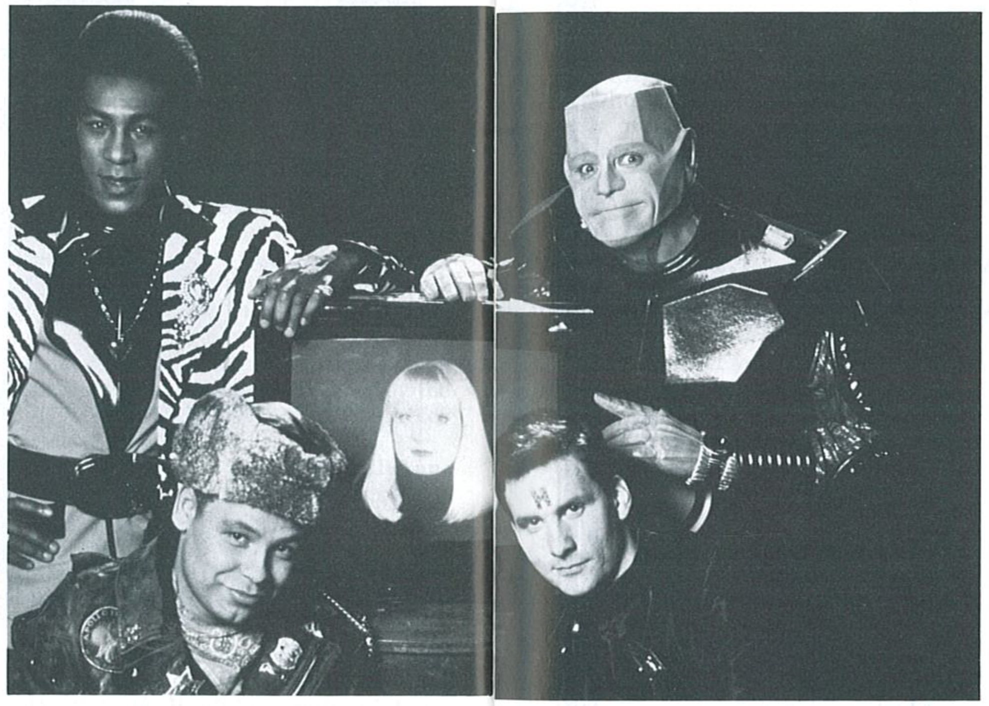
CAT: Oh right, I've seen this ... It's not as good as the original.

LISTER: Well, they never found anyone to replace Hammy Hamster, did they?

The episode starts with a great scene in which Lister is trying to teach Kryten to lie in order to break his programming and to let him become his own man. Whilst taking Rimmer out on an asteroid-spotting jaunt in Starbug (Red Dwarf's shuttlecraft), Kryten picks up a distress signal. He investigates, and discovers ... a stranded female series 4000 mechanoid who just happens to have a very high mutual compatability rating with Kryten. As the planet is just about to conveniently blow up, Kryten takes her back to Red Dwarf. But things are never as they first appear, especially when the thing in question is a Pleasure-Gelf (Genetically Engineered Life Form) — basically a creature designed to appear to whoever views it as the person that they would most desire. Rimmer meets a devastatingly attractive female hologram who is just as interested in the same boring things as Rimmer himself (20th century telegraph poles, that sort of thing ...), whilst Lister sees someone who is meant to resemble Kristine Kochanski, but who bears little resemblance to Claire Grogan. Cat, of course, sees only ... himself. Camille eventually shows her true form as a slightly unconvincing one-eyed green blob and the episode comes to a rapid and generally unsatisfactory conclusion. After 20 minutes of great promise, the plot is resolved by having Camille's "boyfriend" turn up to whisk her away — pretty daft when you consider that no mention was made of "him" until this point.

RIMMER: Oh smeg, that's all we need — Glen Miller on board ... Go away. You took him — you can keep the smegger.

The following episode, *DNA*, was better. Finding an alien spacecraft adrift in space, the crew of Red Dwarf link up with it and explore. Cat tries his hand with a complex control panel and manages to transmogrify Lister into first a chicken, then a mouse. Of course, this is only a plot device to give Robert Llewellyn the chance to play Kryten as a human — which is what happens when Kryten gets caught in the DNA-altering beam. A classic scene follows, with Kryten going over each new facet of being mortal with Lister. Most of it you could probably guess, but the inclusion of some very near-the-knuckle humour over the "double polaroid" is bound to make this a controversial episode.



(left to right) Danny John-Jules as Cat, Craig Charles as Lister, Hattie Hayridge as Holly, Chris Barrie as Rimmer and Robert Llewellyn as Kryten. Photo © BBC. >

Kryten decides to revert to being a mechanoid, and Holly patches into the alien system to try to achieve this. To test the system, the crew try the transmogrifier beam on Lister's (organic) curry. The result — the Curry Monster ... I could have done without the diminutive Robocop rip-off, though! Good use was made of the lighting to build up the atmosphere on the alien ship. This coupled with a pretty revolting three-headed corpse (very reminscent of John Carpenter's "The Thing") leaves the viewer wondering just what was in store for our heroes.

In the third episode, *Justice*, Lister has a bad attack of space-mumps which horribly disfigure his head and subsequently burst, showering Cat with yellow gloop. The crew come across a space pod, and Rimmer discovers that it contains either a female prison ship officer or a homicidal android. They take the pod to its planned destination, Justice World, a great space station where justice is meted out. Rimmer is tried by the Justice Computer and found guilty of murdering the entire crew of 1,167 of Red Dwarf. As Kryten appeals against the decision, the pod reactivates and the occupant gets loose ... guess who was inside? Lister has to do combat with the homicidal android in the justice zone. A good performance here from Nicholas Ball as the android. A nice episode, with a none-too-obvious way of reminding new viewers of how the remaining crew of Red Dwarf came to be in their present situation.

RIMMER: ... the chance to march across Europe with the greatest General of all time, and kill Belgians.

White Hole followed, and was something of a disappointment as it was almost entirely made up of incidents from the 'Better Than Life' book. An attempt to restore Holly to full working order goes wrong, giving her just over three minutes of run-time to live. To make matters worse, Red Dwarf is just about to be sucked into a white hole. Lister has to play intergalactic pool, using planets as balls, to "plug" the white hole. Although the actual material in this episode was pretty good, the fact that it wasn't "new" left me feeling slightly robbed.

HOLLY: There's this big wibbly-wobbly swirly thing and it's heading straight towards us ...

The fifth episode, *Dimension Jump*, was, in my opinion, the best of the series. The opening scene saw Simon Gaffney and Kalli Greenwood reprising their roles as young Rimmer and his mother respectively (both appeared separately in the third series episodes *Polymorph* and *Timeslides*). We jump forward in time and into another dimension to discover that here, Rimmer is a nice guy who just happens to be the best pilot in the space corps. Using a new revolutionary type of craft, "Ace" Rimmer sets off to cross the dimensions and encounter his other selves. Back in "our" universe, the crew of Red Dwarf are in trouble, after their shuttle has crashed on a nearby ocean planet. Things seem pretty desperate until ... "Ace" Rimmer appears to save the day. What a guy ... Chris Barrie gives his best performance of the season, which, until this point, was looking very unfairly biased away from him.

The final episode, *Meltdown*, finds Kryten experimenting with a newly discovered transmat device. Using this, the crew zap down to a distant planet to discover "waxdroid" copies of famous people waging war on one another. Rimmer and Kryten are captured by Elvis Presley, whilst Cat and Lister witness the execution of Winnie the Pooh by Adolf Hitler's army. Rimmer decides to put his amateur battlegame skills to good use, and helps the good guys to win ... at a cost. A very average episode, using Grant and Naylor's seemingly favourite plot device — meeting (dead) famous people.

AS A SEASON the stories were very well balanced, with the occasional weaker moments well countered with good material. The performances of Craig Charles, Danny John-Jules and Chris Barrie were all excellent, with special commendations going to Craig Charles who has come a long way since his appearances on Saturday Night Live. The character acting of both Barrie and John-Jules can be best appreciated after watching The Brittas Empire and Maid Marian respectively — both appear in these as totally different characters (in fact Danny John-Jules is almost unrecognisable in his role as Barrington).

Robert Llewellyn and Hattie Hayridge both joined the crew at the beginning of the third season. Both had the unenviable task of reprising roles that had previously been portrayed by other actors — although Kryten had only appeared in a single episode in the second season. Llewellyn has since made Kryten his own character, with his performances in *Camille* and *DNA* being particularly impressive.

Hattie Hayridge — another refugee from Saturday Night Live — has more of a problem. The character of Holly was a lynch-pin of the first two series, with many of the stories revolving around the computer (eg. *Queeg* in series two). Notice how, in the first two series, Holly's summary of the situation, complete with his own brilliant "additional" monologues somehow added to the programme and the character. With the advent of Hayridge's interpretation Holly has taken more of a back seat in the last two series, although *White Hole* did redress the balance somewhat. Sorry Hattie, but Norman Lovett's presence is much missed. (Whatever did happen to his own TV show that he left Red Dwarf to appear in?)

The only other main gripe that I have with the series as it now stands is the opening credits. Again, for the first two years this was an impressive sweeping shot of Red Dwarf itself, with a slow, solemn rendition of the theme music. This I find more palatable than the current jolly rendition of the theme and the mish-mash of clips now used. At least last year's choice of clips was more impressive than the ones used in this year's title sequence.

For something that is seemingly thrown into BBC 2's schedules at random, and with no major publicity (although this year was better than most), quite a lot of money is apparently spent on the FX — reputedly six episodes of Red Dwarf eats up more budget than a 14 episode season of Doctor Who. At times this shows, especially in the space scenes. However, some scenes are just plain embarrassing; the rubber dinosaurs in *Meltdown* were particularly ludicrous. Haven't the BBC learnt anything since *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* in 1974? (To be fair to the BBC, it appears that these scenes are actually very bad stock footage from an old Godzilla film — something I didn't pick up on originally.) Other unmemorable scenes included the collision of the planets in *White Hole* and the destruction of the curry monster in *DNA*. Oddly enough, all three of these scenes somehow made it into the opening credits ... These points aside though, there are few complaints.

There were some nice continuity references in the new batch of stories. I've already mentioned the appearance of young Rimmer and his mother in the fifth story. Others include Lister mentioning their encounter with the Polymorph during their escape from the curry monster, and the mention that in the parallel dimension that "Ace" Rimmer comes from, Lister is married to Kristine Kochanski and has two sons, Jim and Bexley. Considering the dearth of references last year, little touches like this help add to the texture of the programme.

The main point about Red Dwarf is that it's a comedy series first and foremost, with the science fiction element merely an original plot device. It's not really designed to stand up to close scrutiny (as would Doctor Who or Star Trek). It is designed simply for the viewer to sit and watch and enjoy.

Ideas for a fifth series? Well, we could find out what has happened to Lister's twin sons that he left in the parallel universe between series two and three. It's about time that Lister found out exactly how his future self manages to slip back in time and finally marry Kochanski (see *Stasis Leak*, series two). And how about Red Dwarf finally reaching Earth and discovering ... whatever remains of the planet or the human race (it has been three million years, remember)? The possibilities for continuation are many, and I hope the BBC realise the possibility and commision another series.

RICHARD MOLESWORTH

LISTER: How can the same smeg happen to the same guy twice?

CAT: Last time it was hors d'oeuvres. This time it's lunch ...

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"FOOLS AND CHILDREN SHOULDN'T SEE UNFINISHED WORK"

*Virgin Publishing's **Peter Darvill-Evans** corrects the errors published in last issue's article by Anthony Clark about* TIMEWYRM: GENESYS.

WHEN I was a child I would sometimes stand in the kitchen and watch my mother preparing the dinner. Things like raw liver and uncooked pastry never failed to elicit from me loud expressions of childish disgust. "Fools and children shouldn't see unfinished work," my mother would say.

How right she was. The truth of her maxim was demonstrated by Anthony Clark's article, in DWB #88, which purports to be a review of *Timewyrm: Genesys*, the first in the *New Adventures* range of Doctor Who novels.

I use the word 'purports' because as editor of the *New Adventures* I — and only I — am in a position to know what stage the first book has reached and what material has been made available for reviewers.

Thus I know that on the day that DWB #88 arrived on my desk, final changes were still being made to the camera-ready copy of the text pages of *Timewyrm: Genesys*. DWB #88 contained a review of a book that didn't yet exist. As I write this there is still only one copy of the finished text in existence, and nothing has yet been sent out for review.

The article itself admits — in its last paragraph — that it is based on a reading of a 'draft copy'. Even this grudging admission is inadequate, however, and comes nowhere near to revealing the outrageous truth. The two short extracts are indeed taken from John Peel's first draft of the early chapters; the story synopsis, on the other hand, comes from an even earlier source: it is based on an outline that John sent to me in July 1990, before he started writing the text, while he and I were still discussing the plot of the story.

Some months later I put together this early outline and the first draft of the first few chapters, and sent copies to the other three authors writing books in the *Timewyrm* series. These copies were sent as private correspondence, and were intended only to give the other *Timewyrm* authors some much-needed information about the first book in the series; they were not intended for publication or review.

It is clear that at some stage one of these copies, or a copy of one, has fallen into the hands of Anthony Clark. It must have been obvious that it was not a book, nor even a copy of the page proofs, nor even a copy of the author's typescript, and it is not easy to understand why Anthony Clark decided to write an article about it, or why DWB decided to publish the article.

The antiquity and irrelevance of this early version of the plot is shown by the fact that in it Ishtar is referred to as 'half-woman, half-spider'. As is now widely known, Ishtar is in fact half woman and half snake (and nothing like the creature depicted in the illustration that accompanied the article). The fact that the article has no opinion of Sophie Aldred's introduction is another clear indication that it is based on very early material. Anthony Clark has not read Sophie's introduction — because he has not read any of the book.

It would be a waste of time to refute every single one of the article's assertions about the plot. The fact is that although the setting and overall shape of the story are still as John Peel originally envisaged, virtually every detail is different in the finished text. The result is that nearly all of Anthony Clark's article is taken up with criticisms of things that are not in the final version of the book.

The cover of *Timewyrm: Genesys* comes in for its share of vitriol. Again, it is impossible for anyone to write a review of the cover: it has not yet been printed. Anthony Clark's remarks are presumably based upon his viewing of one of the proofs that have been made up — proofs are made so that errors and unsightly colour balances can be corrected before the book is printed. The final version of the Genesys cover will be very similar to the proofs — but not quite the same.

In sum it seems that in its desperation to publish a scoop, DWB has succeeded only in demonstrating incompetence and irresponsibility. Anthony Clark's article purports to be an objective review of a forthcoming novel; in fact it is an attack on a novelist's early version of a plot proposal, a few sample pages from the first draft of the typescript, and a proof copy of the cover.

The article should never have been written. It should never have been published. I can only hope that fair-minded readers of DWB will ignore it and reserve their judgement until the novel and reviews of the novel are available.

I must emphasise that I am not asking that *Genesys*, or the *Timewyrm* series, or the *New Adventures* range, should be treated with kid gloves. Every author and editor knows that it is impossible to please all the people all the time, and although we would like to receive nothing but praise for our efforts to maintain Doctor Who in the absence of new TV stories, we realize that there will be brickbats too.

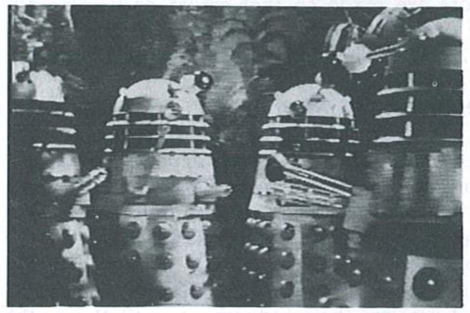
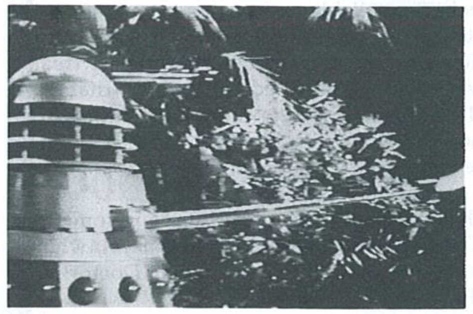
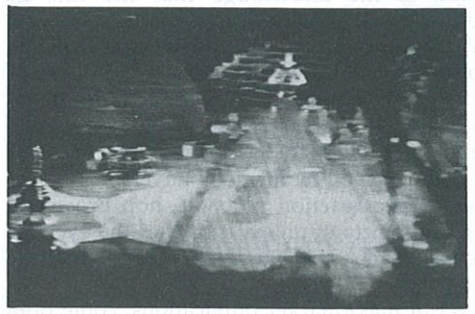
All I would ask is that the critics wait until there is something for them to criticize. *Timewyrm: Genesys* doesn't exist yet; when it does, we will send review copies to all the usual Doctor Who media and further afield.

Our only consolation is the knowledge that the fate of *Timewyrm: Genesys* and of the *New Adventures* will not depend on the verdict of DWB and Anthony Clark. In the first instance the success or failure of the book and of the entire range depends on the opinion of our larger customers in the book trade: if the books prove difficult to sell in to the shops, they won't even have a chance to sell out. I'm happy to say that the *Genesys* cover, even in proof form, has been well received by the book buyers.

The second test will be the reaction of book-shop browsers. Once again the cover is all-important: unless it catches the eye and then intrigues, the potential reader will never get as far as reading the blurb or the first few pages.

Reviews, even reviews in mass-market publications, come only third in importance — for which we can only be thankful given that this magazine, at least, seems to think it reasonable to condemn a novel without reading it first.

The Editor of DWB apologises to Peter Darvill-Evans, John Peel and W.H. Allen for our pre-emptive review of TIMEWYRM: GENESYS *in DWB #88. We should point out that Anthony Clark wrote the article from a purely objective viewpoint and gave his own personal opinion of what he had read, although we accept that it was too early to make a fair opinion of the book at such an embryonic stage. DWB looks forward to receiving the official and authorised proof copy for review at the appropriate time.*

Although many Doctor Who episodes remain lost, several are represented by clips that were used in other programmes which survived the BBC's mass junking. Listed below are all the known clips, although it is very possible that other footage resides in the BBC archive that has yet to be unearthed.

THE CLIPS

GALAXY FOUR (episode 1) : This short (30 seconds) clip was used in the Whose Doctor Who documentary (TX 03/04/77) which was re-shown by BSB as part of their Doctor Who weekend. It was lifted from the episode just before it was junked and was chosen from a longer sequence of 4 minutes that was duplicated for the purpose of selecting the most suitable scene. This longer extract now resides in a well-known telefantasy magazine editor's private collection.

DALEK MASTERPLAN (episode 2) : Silent 16mm effects footage of the Daleks burning down the forest on Kembel, Mavic Chen's space-craft in the Dalek city, and a smoke overlay. The quality of the footage is very good as the sequences are the filmed inserts rather than telecined clips from the episode. (19 seconds)

DALEK MASTERPLAN (episode 4) : Two scenes exist from this episode. Both were used in Blue Peter (TX 05/11/73) which failed to return the episode to the archive after the clips had been used. The first sequence (28 seconds) features Katarina being held at knife-point, and the second is the interior of the Dalek ship, with a partly re-dubbed soundtrack.

TENTH PLANET (episode 4) : The Hartnell/ Troughton regeneration exists in a Blue Peter (TX 05/11/73) and, like *Masterplan* 4, the master print was never returned after use. (27 seconds)

POWER OF THE DALEKS (episode 4) : The Dalek production line sequence exists in a documentary called C for Computer which resides in the ABC archive in Australia.

POWER OF THE DALEKS (episode 5) : The closing scenes (21 seconds) from this episode exists in two forms. The first is in a Blue Peter (TX 05/11/73) and the second in a 1968 Whicker's World called 'I Don't Like My Monsters to Have Oedipus Complexes'. The Whicker's World also features an interview with Terry Nation and ends with Alan Whicker being chased by an *Abominable Snowmen* Yeti through Highgate cemetery.

EVIL OF THE DALEKS (episode 7) : A very short silent 16mm sequence survives from the model shots used in the battle. The hands of one of the technical crew make a very clear guest appearance at the start of the clip.

FURY FROM THE DEEP (episode 1) : The TARDIS landing on the sea is re-used in *The War Games.*

Additional location footage from *Highlanders* 1 and *Abominable Snowmen* 2 also exists. The former is very brief and features Patrick Troughton coming out of the TARDIS, cued by a clapperboard, while the latter contains the only known blooper from the Troughton years. In the final frame of Travers, Jamie and Victoria running down the hill to un-tie the Doctor, Deborah Watling slips and drops out of frame with a high-pitched yelp. All the 16mm location footage from this episode exists along with its separate magnetic soundtrack. Because it is not a telerecording, the picture quality is excellent and many of the scenes over-run from the versions finally used in the story.

Apart from the "official" footage, other more personal records have made it down through the years. Colour home movie footage exists of the location work for *The Smugglers, Abominable Snowmen* and *Shada,* along with some similar format footage shot from a TV of *Power of the Daleks* episode 1 and assorted *Macra Terror* material. It is very possible that other stories are represented on 8mm which has been forgotten about over the course of time.

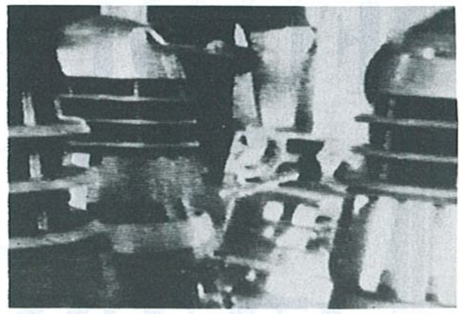
It is known that various Doctor Who clips and associated material have been screened over the years, but sadly programmes such as Talk Back, which featured a clip from *Tomb of the Cybermen,* went the same way as the original source. However, others may still exist that have yet to be checked. For instance, there was a 60s BBC documentary about the Christmas consumer boom that featured a clip from *Power of the Daleks.* There was also a schools programme that went behind the scenes on *The Sea Devils* and a Junior Points of View that showed how a Silurian made its third eye light up.

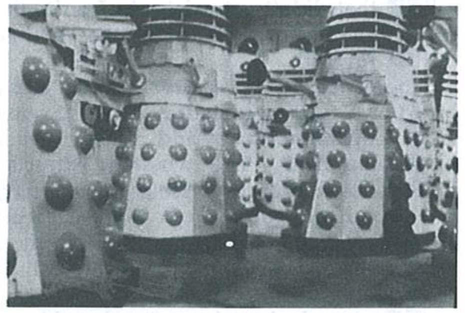
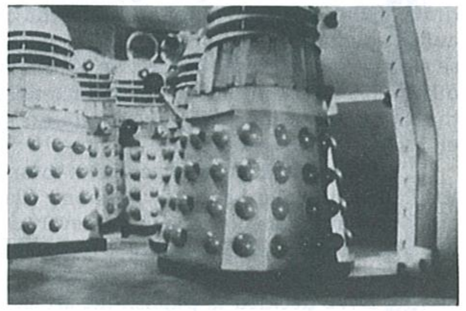
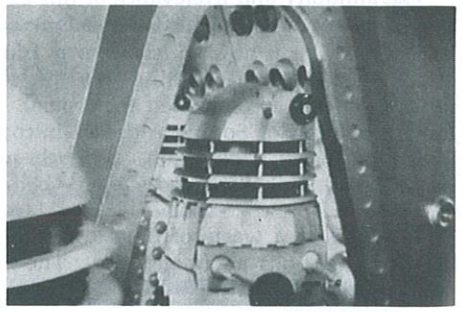
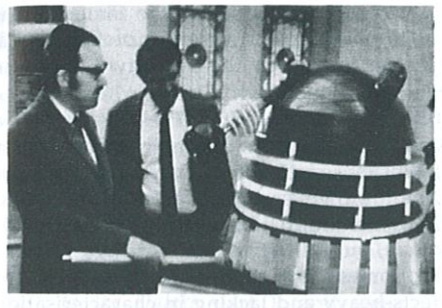
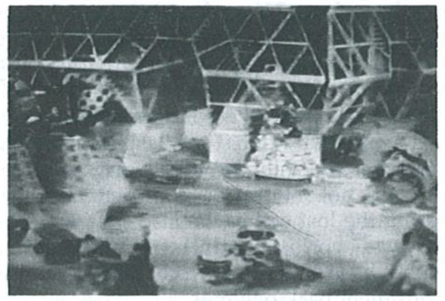
One of the few Blue Peters to have gone missing (none have been officially junked) was the one that gave the winners of the Design a Monster competition. This edition featured several clips of the Doctor's foes, including Daleks and Ice Warriors but it no longer sits on the shelf where it belongs. It may be misplaced, or someone may have "removed" it on purpose.

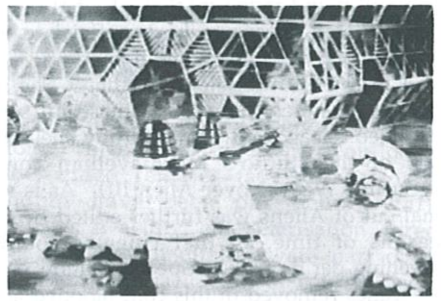
To my mind, the most interesting clip to find would be the specially shot preview for *The Web Planet.* It featured the Zarbi checking into the Television Centre reception and getting their dressing room keys. One returns to get a bag to keep its personal belongings in and the whole sequence is accompanied by a voice-over telling the viewers that Doctor Who's new enemy has arrived ready for filming next week's adventure. The specially shot trailers for *Web of Fear* and *Ice Warriors* would also make a nice addition to the collection. Home audios of both these last two exist.

If anyone has good information on clips being used in other programmes, DWB would like to hear from them, as it may be possible to follow up.

ANTHONY CLARK





STOCK FOOTAGE

WITH THE arrival of *The Curse of Fenric* on our shelves the precedent has now been set for the restoration of "lost" footage to Doctor Who stories released on video. Our errant Timelord has joined a growing trend in the video market — *Fenric* is only one of a rapidly increasing number of video offerings "extended", "restored" or "never seen on TV". However, this innovation does not seem to have met with the acclaim one might expect — indeed within fandom there seems to be a pervasive sense of disappointment with the extended *Curse of Fenric.* To most fans, it seems, the added footage has fallen short of expectations. Furthermore, the release of this longer version of the story has raised interesting and difficult questions which have relevance far beyond the narrow confines of Doctor Who.

The reason for the fans' disappointment, of course, is their lingering doubt as to whether we have actually been given the complete-as-possible, definitive version of *The Curse of Fenric.* Before *Fenric* was first transmitted it was suggested that a good 25 minutes had been hacked out of it in the final edit. Some reports suggested that the production team had applied for, and been denied, an extra episode ... and Ian Briggs was heard to remark that *Fenric* was the most densely structured piece he had ever written; thus *any* editing to it would be damaging.

When the transmitted version appeared, these tales only gathered credence. A masterpiece *Fenric* certainly was, but a masterpiece deeply flawed, and it was difficult not to put those flaws down to the editing, which was, at times, painfully obvious. The pace was frantic, explanations garbled or omitted, scenes quite blatantly had their beginnings and ends ripped off, and finer points of detail went out the window. Of course, some would say that this is unsurprising — it's just another example of Andrew Cartmel's dismal inability as script-editor. However, the majority opinion was that *Fenric* was different. This time, most fans thought, all the essentials *had* been there — they'd simply got a bit muddled in unsympathetic editing. Thus when the idea of restoring the lost footage for the story's video release was first mooted, there was tremendous enthusiasm for the project. It was referred to as 'The Complete Fenric', and the general expectation was that all missing scenes would be restored, all loose ends tied up, and the story would take its place as a true classic of Who.

Then, however, rumours began to sneak out, soon followed by hard fact. The restored footage was nothing like as substantial as expected — less than ten minutes in fact — and despite the packaging's grandiose claims to give a whole new angle on the story, the extended version included only one addition of any real significance — the "new" dialogue between the Doctor and the Ancient Haemovore.

The dispute, then, is whether or not this is indeed the **complete** *Fenric,* or merely an extended one. John Nathan-Turner, Mark Ayres and others involved in the production insist that it is the former. Many of the fans harbour a suspicion that they've been fobbed off with the latter — and their suspicions are understandable if one remembers that Nick Mallett himself is said (long before the video release was mooted) to have admitted that the production team *did* apply for that legendary fifth episode; an odd thing to do if they'd only a six minute over-run to deal with.

At this point, one should point out that *of course* there is more footage of *Fenric* than features on the video. There is additional footage, unused material, etc., etc., of every television programme ever made. Cutting is an inevitable part of television production, and a vital contribution to the final 'polish' of a show; scenes are often discarded for rock solid artistic reasons, and the finished product is actually improved by their removal. So the question is this: if there is a substantial amount of *Fenric* still unseen, should this footage have been included on the tape?

The completist, "fan" answer, of course, is "YES!" ... but that answer is born of frustrated expectations. The fans believed that the extended video would resolve *Fenric*'s enigmas and elevate it to 100% classic status. This has not happened. Even with the missing footage restored, it remains a flawed classic. Disappointment is inevitable, and may be tinged with bitterness; a sense of having been ripped off. After all, if the *Fenric* video had consisted of the televised version, how many of us who recorded the story off-air would have bothered to buy the tape? Not many, I >

should think. But with the addition of "new" material, it became a must, the one video you really had to see! Sadly, having bought it, you find that in essence you've paid a tenner for six minutes four seconds of new material which you didn't previously have, and a pretty box!

This is a bitter pill to swallow. *Fenric* was so near to perfection, so obviously muddled in the editing … Rather than face the fact that even a 100% complete *Fenric* would still be flawed — that even when he got it right, Cartmel got it wrong, and that his classics contained more holes than a Thal's trousers — the fans instinctive reaction is that there *must* be more! And as I've said, no doubt there is. But this brings us to a question which affects the whole film and video market; at what point does the restoration of "lost" footage cease to be beneficial to a film or TV show, and worse, when does it become damaging?

A useful example here is 'Aliens: The Special Edition', a longer version of James Cameron's smash-hit sequel to Alien, scheduled for video release and then abruptly shelved last year (apparently as part of the studio's Machiavellian contract negotiations with Sigourney Weaver over Alien III). As is well recorded, Cameron's final cut of Aliens was further edited by the distributors solely for reasons of time, so that cinemas could squeeze in one extra screening per day. 'The Special Edition', it was said, would include the scenes removed in this cold-blooded act of mercenary butchery.

However, according to 'rumours', 'The Special Edition' also included the scene in which Ripley, fresh from stasis, discovers that her daughter has grown up, lived to old age and died in her absence. This scene was removed by Cameron when making his final cut on the grounds that it was altogether too neat, twee and "pat"; the movie's director himself made a decision, based on his artistic judgement and instinct, that the movie he wished to make would be *better* if this scene were excised. With this in mind, it's difficult to justify the scene's restoration, and yet there are people who've heard about it, who would be interested to see it, and who would be miffed at its omission from 'The Special Edition'. Therein lies the problem. As fans, this sort of stuff is grist to our mill — we're fascinated by it, and we love to see any rare or unused footage we can get our hands on. If such footage is to be restored, we want to see the lot — every last millimetre. But however much such restoration might satisfy our interest, does it benefit the work in question? The process is delicate, and can go either way.

As a further example, look at the 1931 Universal production Frankenstein. For decades this movie was edited to remove shots where the Monster tosses the little girl Maria into a lake and drowns her. In the early eighties this sequence was restored, and there's little doubt that the movie is better for it. Nevertheless, many people have expressed their doubts, pointing out that Boris Karloff himself bitterly objected to the inclusion of this sequence, and that for many years Universal Studios resisted moves to restore the scene, stating that it was against studio policy to restore censored or edited material.

In this case, the restoration is probably justified — after all, the sequence was still intact on the original prints, and was only removed after the horrified reactions of early preview audiences! However, the 1935 sequel The Bride of Frankenstein was cut prior to release, losing a whole sub-plot involving the character Karl. There can be little doubt that if this footage turned up today some zealous film buff would put it back in the movie. Yet these scenes were removed by the director, James Whale, specifically to tighten the film's pace. He believed his movie would be better without them. Who are we, fifty-six years later, to argue?

From a Doctor Who point of view, there are a wealth of stories which could be cocked up by unsympathetic restoration, if the necessary material exists. It has already been suggested that an extended release of *The Two Doctors* is possible, and no doubt we'd all rush out and buy it, but would it be *better*? Given the general opinion that *The Two Doctors* was slow and overlong, and would've benefitted from judicious pruning down to two episodes, I think not! And just think how the impact of the superb final shot on *Vengeance on Varos* would be diluted if followed, as originally intended, by yet another scene of the Doctor and Peri bitching inside the TARDIS.

Of course, not all restoration is damaging. Personally I would applaud the release of the original cut of Blade Runner, the complete Dune, or the full version of Battle for the Planet of the Apes with the footage of the aiming and priming of the Alpha-Omega device (which goes on to destroy the Earth two thousand years later, and two films earlier!) restored. Similarly, it would be interesting to see certain episodes of Star Trek – The Next Generation, cut for reasons of time, in all their glory — I'm thinking in particular of Wesley's sixteenth birthday party, filmed but cut, in *Coming of Age*. However, there are certain works whose "restoration" might include a little *cutting*! I've already mentioned *The Two Doctors*, but *Battlefield* also springs to mind here. Star Trek – The Motionless Picture was much criticised on first release for being effects-heavy and lacking in characterisation. Since then it has been released to TV and video in a longer version, with many missing "character scenes" put back, and it really is certainly much better for it, but it remains drearily slow. What it really needs is somebody brave enough to put back all the character stuff and *then* hack out a load of the interminable special effects! On this point, it's interesting that whilst restoring his much-cut masterpiece Lawrence of Arabia to all its original glory last year, Sir David Lean did not simply opt for recreating his original final cut by restoring the lost scenes, he also (to the horror of the film restorers he was working with!) cut or re-edited sequences he had previously been unhappy with! Mind you, I'm sure some know-all will put them back one day.

I suppose it really comes down to this: is the restored material any good? Does it enhance the original? Or is it irrelevant padding: nice to have but no great loss if you don't? (Most of *Fenric* falls into this category.) Worst of all, does it damage the original? It is not beyond imagination, for instance, that a taut, pacy action adventure could have its pace ruined by the restoration of previously-cut irrelevancies.

Sadly, such is the inadequacy of the BBC's archive system, and its lack of communication with the Corporation's commercial arm, that these questions simply don't arise in relation to most Doctor Who. A few months ago it was reported that the original tapes of everything from Season 22 to date still existed, thus offering a potential wealth of extended releases, but even as Fenric was released news came that Season 26's tapes had been junked, thus destroying our chances of seeing a far more worthy project — the restoration of Light's out-of-body trip round London in *Ghost Light*.

However, whilst Doctor Who's past is fairly safe from meddling, it will be interesting to see what effect the success of the *Fenric* video will have on the releases of *future* Doctor Who adventures (assuming further seasons *are* eventually made). The addition of untransmitted footage to a story for video release is an unashamed commercial ploy to lure people into buying tapes they otherwise would not (of all the extended releases available, only The New Statesman does not trumpet its untransmitted footage on its packaging) — and it has worked. People with perfectly good off-air recordings of *Fenric* have bought it. The BBC has found the perfect way to shift tapes of very recent Doctor Whos which would otherwise probably sell much less than vintage releases. As soon as they realise this, some have suggested, it would not be beyond the cynical, mercenary Beeb to start deliberately recording "extra scenes" on each new story, ready to slot them into a video release a few months later! Personally I find this unlikely, but you never know. I certainly wouldn't put it past the BBC to start reinstating "untransmitted footage" just to bump the sales up, regardless of whether it was cut for a good reason or not. (Hypothetical example — someone turns up the full 4-part original of *Planet of Giants*. Verity Lambert cut this down to three episodes to improve it. Would a video release of the 4-part version be justified? Discuss. Or put another way, do you really want to see what a Doctor Who story looks like when all the junk they cut out in post-production has been put back?)

I must admit, part of me wonders how much of this fascination with cut material stems from Cartmel's inability to bring in scripts of the right length. I can't, off-hand, think of a single Cartmel story which hasn't had something edited out purely for reasons of running time — and the cuts are usually blatant, destroying any semblance of coherent narrative structure (viz. *Silver Nemesis*). With recent stories, it's been so obvious even on first viewing that bits are missing that it's unsurprising that fans are clamouring to see them complete, and most Cartmel stories would benefit from the extended video treatment. But be honest, if you didn't know that *Kinda* or *Frontios* had been cut, would you ever have noticed?

That said, an extended *Frontios* would be most welcome — the missing footage includes some marvellous comic relief, wisely retained in the book. It's a shame that the destruction of the studio tapes apparently make this impossible. And if the BBC are looking around for other rarities, they could do worse than seek out Australia's version of *Carnival of Monsters* part 2, which includes several minutes of highly enjoyable "new" footage and the hilarious unused theme tune. Then there's the longer version of *Death to the Daleks* part 1, and some unused scenes from The *Claws of Axos* rumoured to exist. Nor would I say no to an extended *Silver Nemesis* (but it still won't make sense — betcha!). At the moment, the official line seems to be that *Fenric* is a one-off, but that will last only until the Beeb study their balance sheet. Then they'll be scurrying around like Ferengi on the scent of a profit, hunting high and low for "lost footage" from Doctor Who.

Whatever happens, Doctor Who has entered new territory; territory fraught with dangers and pitfalls, requiring cautious exploration, but also full of possibilities. It will be fascinating to see what does happen next.

TIM MUNRO

Horns of a Dilemma: THE CORRAL'S O.K.

It has, until now, been a fairly predictable response to the 'defend a story' idea — modern stories of which some defence was printed at the time of transmission and all falling into the "well, I liked it" syndrome. In this one I intend to defend The Gunfighters, a story that was made before I was born, in nasty old black-and-white, featuring a Doctor that has at times been called "the original and best" or alternatively "a crabby old bugger who always got his lines wrong". Anyway, here we go …

IN THE dark old days of the late seventies/early eighties the interest in Doctor Who and its history began to expand alarmingly and frustratingly. There were lots of sources of 'information' — DWAS, Dr Who Weekly/Monthly, CMS releases — but no way to get episodes themselves. Thus, our naive minds told us to believe what we were told by the 'experts', so if they had told us that the Aggedor costume was the same one as used in A.L.F. that would still be thought of as truth. So much disinformation was spread at this time and still persists that it is probably fortunate that *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, that we all revere so much, doesn't exist now.

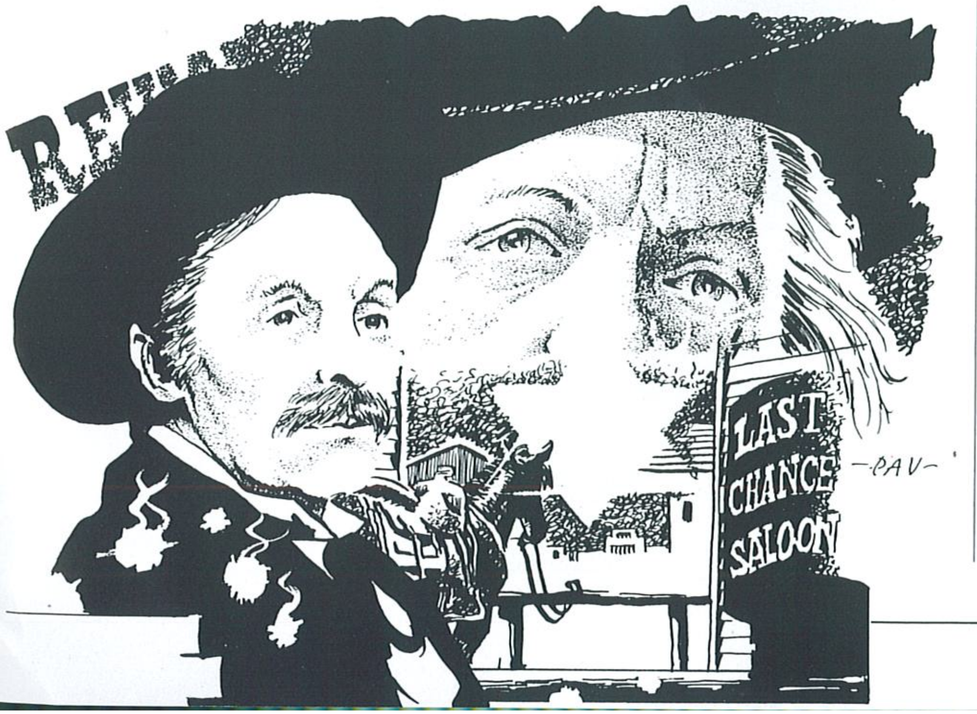
What a shock it was to learn that this science fiction series that we had all grown up with used to alternate its space stories with — gasp! — historical ones. How boring they must have been! No wonder Innes Lloyd stopped them and Target books didn't publish them. Do we need more proof of their dullness? Here's a little more — did you know that one of the historicals was the series' lowest *ever* rated story? Well, that just shows you, doesn't it? How smug and happy we were in 1982 when we could proudly announce that the modern stories (ie. Tom Baker onwards) were superior in every way to the shaky old black-and-white material that they used to make. The equation we made was a bit like this :

Historical story + Hartnell + lowest ratings + 16 years ago = crap, crap, crap!

Chase and *The Keys of Marinus* are still

How much more damage could be done? Plenty, it seems. Without even viewing the material our minds had been made up on practically every story, not just *The Gunfighters*. Then the pirate videos arrived in earnest. I know of someone who only has colour stories on tape, such is his lack of discernment. The vaults were open, whether the BBC liked it or not, and now a fan with the right contacts could get copies of everything in existence (and more …). What to pick in the Garden of Eden? Old stories were a must, and how fortunate that more SF stories were left than historicals, wasn't it?

Actually, no it wasn't. The so-called "classics" of this period had been so-called by a group of fans who were about six years old at the time and so were impressed by the monsters and bored by anything that remotely resembled a plot. But you know how these misconceptions linger and debacles like *The Space Museum*, *The* thought of more highly than any historical story. This is noticeable when you look at BBC video releases (surely *The Aztecs* should have been out before *Dalek Invasion* if acting, characterisation, directing and overall quality were part of the selection criteria). And of course, one of the biggest casualties of the pirate age was *The Gunfighters*. How many of you have passed up the chance to watch it or have a copy? How many of you sat down with the opinion that it was the worst story ever? How many 'fans' sat down to laugh at the 'bad' production values and Hartnell's 'bad' performance?



It must be realised that *The Gunfighters* is not a 90 minute story but four 23 minute ones (for those whose memories only go as far as JN-T, all stories were made and seen like this) and it should really be viewed in this way. It is imperfect as a production but sitting through a blurred telerecording, a bad opinion can be magnified to agree with the extreme label that has been applied. Take it slowly, one episode a week, and you will find it an entertaining little piece, not a boring old antique.

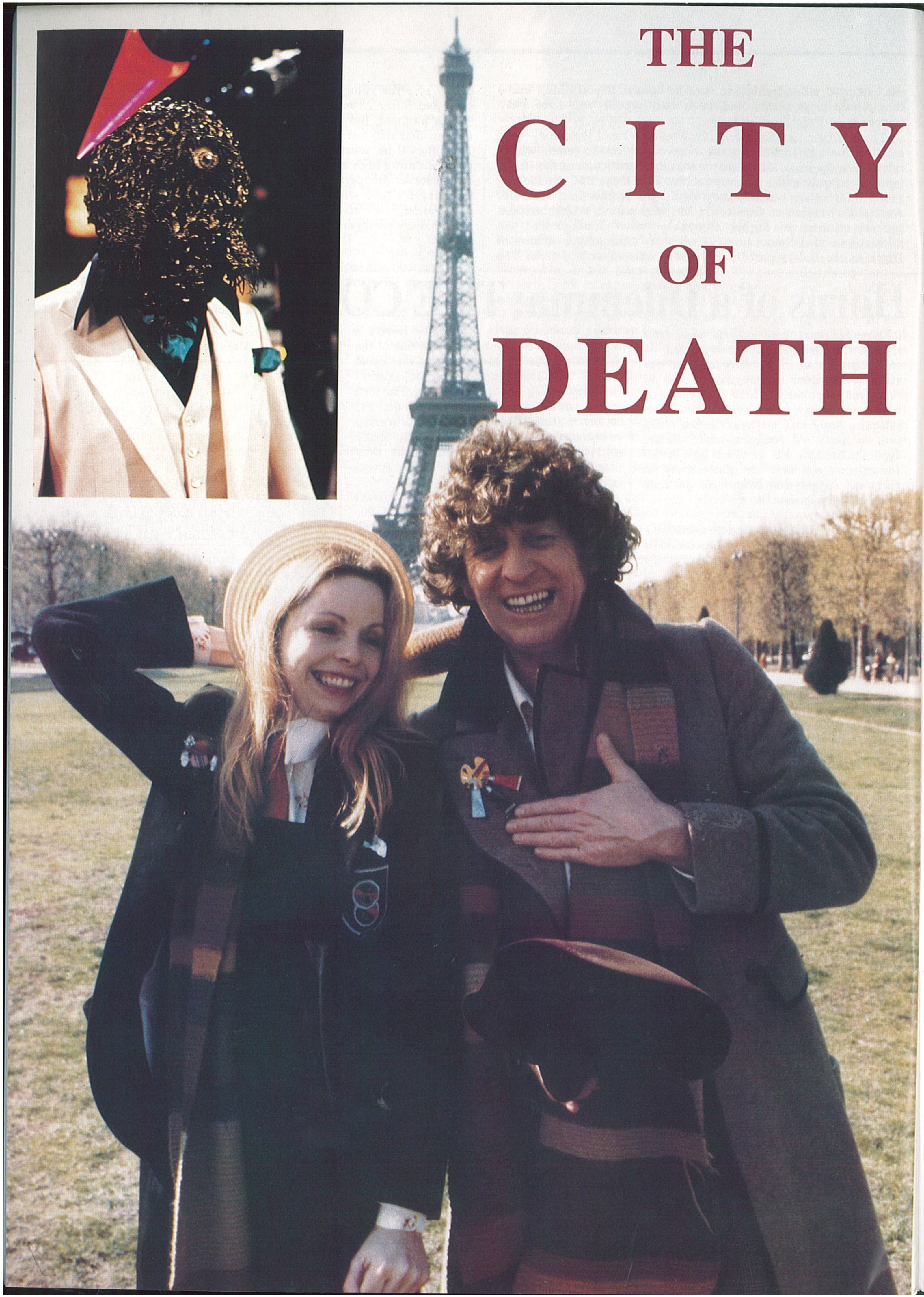
But then, you cry, it is historically incorrect and that's bad writing, betraying the concepts of history-based stories. Didn't *The Dead Planet* betray science fiction? Besides, it must be realised that *The Gunfighters* is a pseudo-historical story, using the western format as a base for comedy, so the facts aren't important, just as *The King's Demons* does not pretend to be a true event. This is another freedom not enjoyed by Hartnell sci-fi — they are all rigidly bound to a chase/defeat-the-villains structure that really doesn't happen in the historical settings. Certainly there are villains, but they are part of the scenario, not placed there merely to give the Doctor and co. something to do.

Characters are drawn, even in the comedy stories, rather than sketched. To view Hartnell, Purves and the cowboy cast arguing, singing and interplaying is a darned sight more interesting than a bunch of vapid all-agreeing Thals, Xerons or Savages versus all-evil, all-the-same Drahvins, Daleks and War Machines.

And as for the ballad of the Last Chance Saloon, it is a highly original framing device that is unique in the series, and if you find it out of tune, don't shoot the story — shoot your VCR …

KEITH DANDO

THE CITY OF DEATH



WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS

JOHN CONNORS reviews this Doctor Who classic, just released by BBC Video

IN MAY 1979 the Doctor Who crew created a little slice of history in the folklore of the programme by flying to Paris for two days' film work — the first ever foreign location shoot the series had seen. But, in retrospect, it was more than that; from that moment on they were on course to create the best blend of kitsch, surrealism, fantasy and comedy-drama seen in our favourite Timelord's annals. Originally dismissed as too camp and silly to be of more than passing interest, *City of Death* has been reassessed and reconsidered to the point where it's now a strong contender for the crown of best ever story. It's not hard to see why.

It has, in common with much of the maligned Graham Williams era, a zest and intellect, a wealth of ideas often missing from the glossy hi-tech hokum of the mid-late 80s. In the mid 70s Doctor Who had veered close to breaking free of all unnecessary restraints, only to be foiled at the final turn by those self-appointed watchdogs of our hearts and minds who feel a compulsion to hold down artistic endeavour they don't understand. Thus what the Williams era possesses in wit and originality it often lost in a lack of sharp focus of same, or the full freedom to pursue them to their logical conclusion. *City of Death*, though, did break from these shackles and — like, say, *Caves of Androzani* — serves as an example of Doctor Who's as yet fully unrealised potential to be totally unlike anything else. To attain that you can't have many restraints — look at how Twin Peaks just went its own way. The sanitisation of darker themes or, for that matter, the zealous scramble for top ten commercial success, will never create much of worth. Doctor Who should be a vehicle of flights of fancy, of breathless creativity — like *City of Death* is. And if you're going to moan about the sets, then best to step off here …

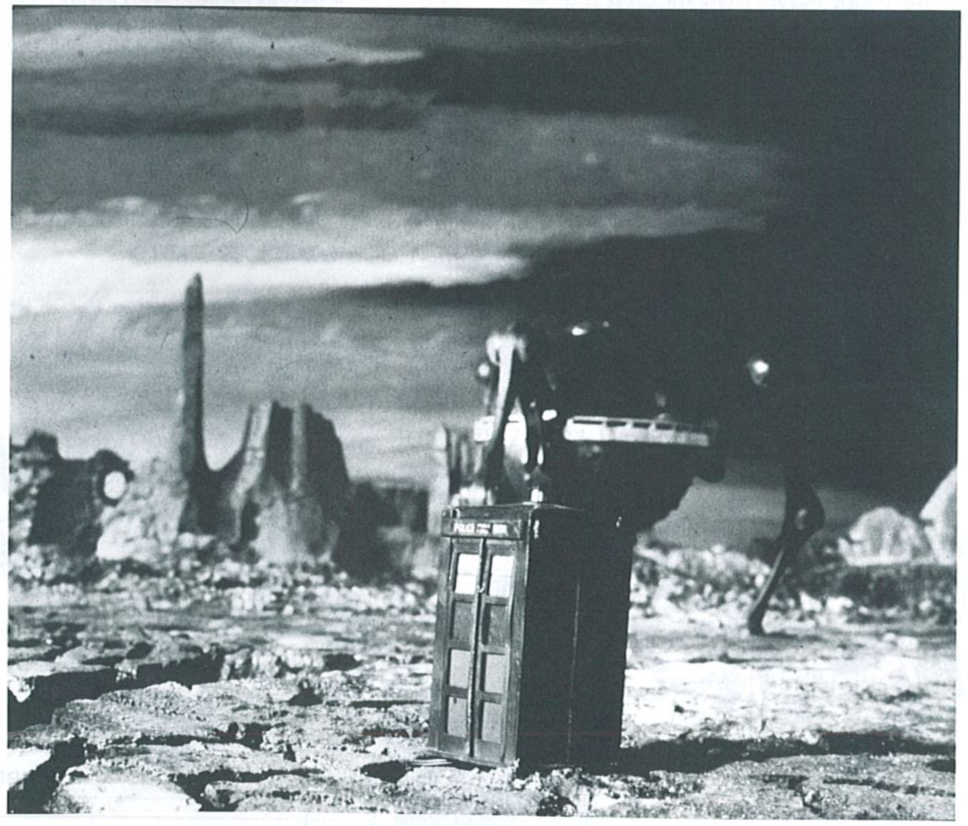
On video, and in the glare of today's baggy student addicts, how will it look? Does it need a remix perhaps? Does it hell! It's a total bargain for under a tenner (even if the cover hardly does it justice, but then we're not here to quibble about video covers).

Broadcast under the David Agnew nom de plume (I guess now it could be McDavy featuring Doug 'n' Graham!), *City of Death* is the creation of the potent duo of Graham Williams and Douglas Adams, before the latter started thinking more about money than creativity. The basic concept belonged to Williams, with Adams no doubt chipping in a lot of the classic dialogue on display. Originally titled 'Gamble With Time', it was supposed to concern a madman who wanted to travel back in time and was rigging gambling tables to gain the necessary cash. Set in a twenties casino, it all sounds pretty groovy in itself, but once rejigged to incorporate the Paris stuff it took on a whole new dimension.

Michael Hayes was the director given the task of bringing the story to life and, typically, fan reaction was that his style was unsuitable and too slow. Well, I don't know what *they* were watching, but in my eyes he made full and effective use of the city in the form of a travelogue. As the Doctor, Romana and Duggan dash round Paris, they pass well known landmarks and tourist attractions plus all those little pavement cafés. It seems the perfect backdrop, the blatant flaunting of later locations in an almost product-placement way only serves to demonstrate how well Hayes captured the life and soul of such a unique city, and in such a short time too. A feature film crew would have needed a few weeks to get so much in the can.

Although Paris was to some extent the gimmick, it soon receded to its rightful position, thanks to the boundless leaps in the script which, while maybe looking a mite preposterous, came alive on screen. The opening shots of a smouldering primeval landscape with a fiery red sky on the horizon, followed by the warnings to the Jagaroth pilot, then the spaceship's explosion, set the scene for what you'd imagine is going to be a fairly typical Who. But those expectations are soon to be jolted by the sights and sounds of Paris — the perfect setting for a holiday for the Doctor and Romana now in their most (ahem) Bohemian and arty phase. A sense of art-house magic begins almost instantly with the drawings of Romana as a clock with a cracked face and the rifts in time causing strange sensations for the Timelords in the café and, later, in the Louvre, though the Doctor's lightning observation works even in such circumstances when he steals the Countess's bracelet.

The guest stars fit their roles perfectly. Julian Glover masks Scaroth's feverish >



struggle with Scarlioni's icy malice and polite venom, goading Kerensky into working harder. It's a great role for Glover, who's dramatic without going over the top. Tom Chadbon, on the other hand, does go over the top, because that's exactly what's required to turn Duggan into a highly entertaining — almost cartoon-like — character as he barges through doors, punches out the Count's henchmen and generally throws himself around with roguish abandon. What a great permanent companion he'd have made. Catherine Schell's Countess is an under-rated character, and in some ways is the only normal person to be seen in this whole thing. The Countess is quite happy so long as she's got lots of money while her husband tinkers with time in the basement. This is actually quite true to life, though I shouldn't think many bored housewives with a credit card addiction are married to green aliens! She also revels in the artefacts the Count has in the house and is quite prepared to go along with schemes to steal the Mona Lisa. Incidentally, the 3D rehearsal for the theft is ahead of its time, complete with super modern holograms.

The story constantly shifts from the concerned banter of the Doctor and Romana, their encounter with Duggan and hilarious kidnapping from the café in a pastiche of every old gangster movie you've seen, to the serious scheming of Scarlioni, the potty scientist Kerensky (along with *The Time Warrior*'s Rubeish this is the definitive quirky scientist in Doctor Who, thanks to David Graham) and the unsmiling Hermann, who later chucks some wonderfully wearisome looks at the madcap Timelords.

One bone of contention with the story has always been the size of Scaroth's real head, being larger than the Scarlioni one; like, how could it happen without some gymnastic gurning? But if that's all that's wrong with the story then it's not too much to moan about. On the other hand it is rather unusual ...

Any anti-climax felt at the unmasking is soon forgotten as episode two gets into gear with a brilliant display of Tom Baker's portrayal of the Doctor. Bundled into the Countess's presence, it's Fascination Street as the Doctor waffles on about the chairs, how he's a burglar, Romana's his accomplice and Duggan is the detective who caught them — "Our jobs dovetail wonderfully" — and utters the immortal line, "You're a very beautiful woman ... probably." This performance, lazily labelled as clowning around, is actually a great example of the free-wheeling electric dynamo of a personality that Baker's Doctor became. His ebullient sparks light up every scene he's in and here, when he says "what a wonderful butler, he's so violent", the idea of anyone else ever being any good at playing the part just seems impossible. This artisan eccentricity worked so well he made the role his own, switching from verbal assailing to taciturn reluctance to unreserved anger, swinging across the spectrum. Lalla Ward was the last in a sequence of fine companions that had accompanied Tom Baker with unswerving skill. Her Romana was a combination of childlike innocence and jaunty intelligence, and the obvious rapport between the two is never more obvious than here.

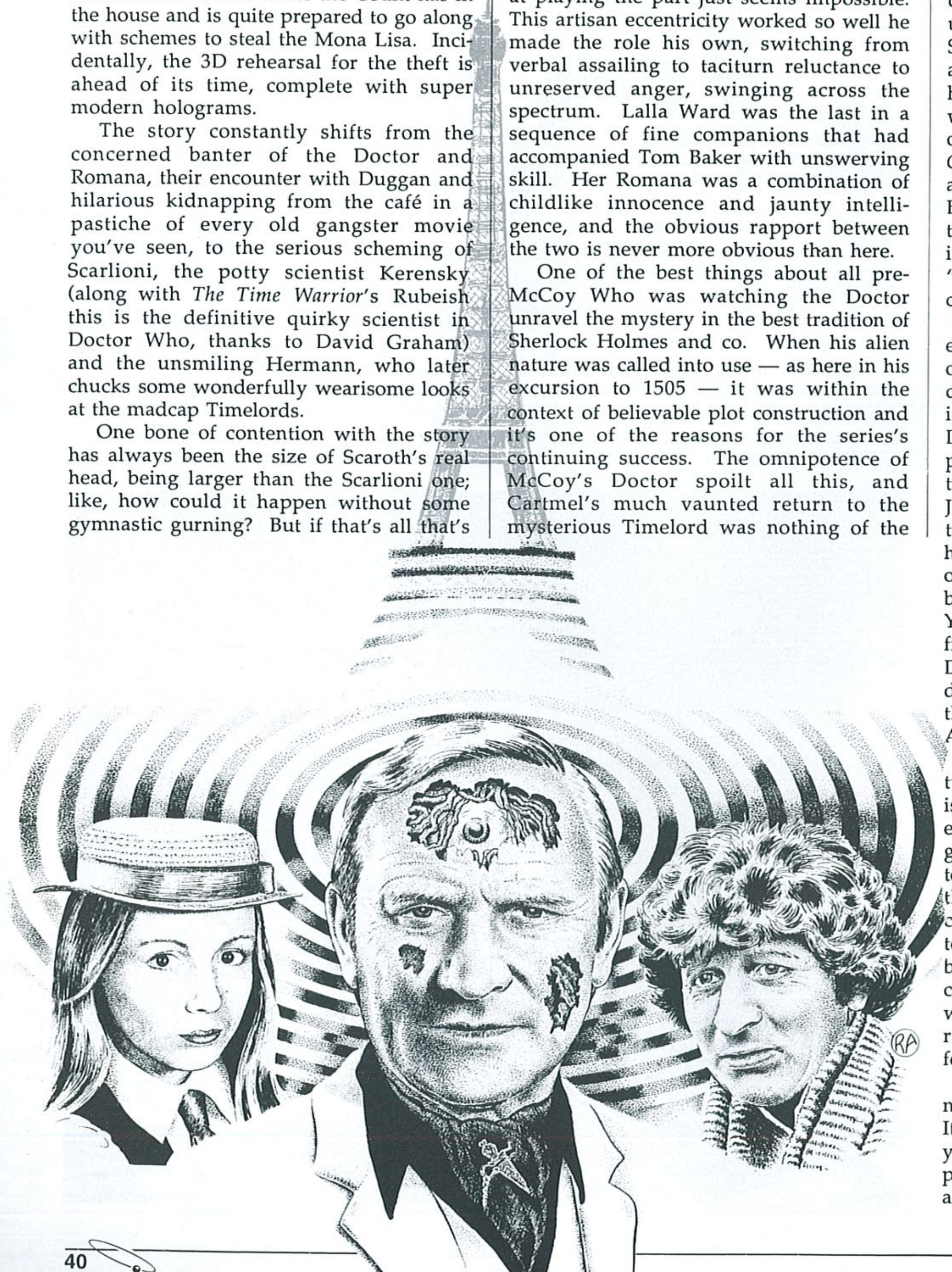
One of the best things about all pre-McCoy Who was watching the Doctor unravel the mystery in the best tradition of Sherlock Holmes and co. When his alien nature was called into use — as here in his excursion to 1505 — it was within the context of believable plot construction and it's one of the reasons for the series's continuing success. The omnipotence of McCoy's Doctor spoilt all this, and Cartmel's much vaunted return to the mysterious Timelord was nothing of the sort as all the fun is watching how the Doctor sorts things out, rather than pasting over loose writing with example after example of how he'd been here before of something equally unbelievable. Hence the 1505 trip was a delightful but necessary sidetrack and gave us an excellent cameo from Peter Halliday as the guard who deadpans superbly to the Doctor's witticisms. As Tancredi, Julian Glover seems to relish telling the tale of Scaroth's alien body being splintered in time, each part working to speed up evolution to engineer his escape. Then, another moment of super cool : Tom scrawling "THIS IS A FAKE" on the back of the bogus Mona Lisas.

"The centuries that divide me shall be undone!" screams Scaroth — this after a hilarious sequence with the Doctor being threatened with thumbscrews by Tancredi. When the Countess finds out the alien nature of her husband, there's a dramatic confrontation between the two and her ultimately chilling, merciless death. Scaroth seems to take some pride in his achievements, despite the desperation of his problems, and recounts inventing the wheel, showing the first use of fire, and so on. In other series this might jar, but for *City of Death* it sits fine. Likewise the brief appearance of John Cleese and Eleanor Bron as two art critics whose reaction to the Doctor, Romana and Duggan dashing into the TARDIS and dematerialising is "exquisite". A nice way to comment on critics if ever I saw one.

The final confrontation in primeval earth captures the serious/comedic balance of City of Death perfectly. Scaroth is determined to get to his ship and is floored in typical style by Duggan with what the Doctor aptly calls "the most important punch in history". The somewhat portentous concept that the explosion of the Jagaroth ship is the catalyst which turns the primordial soup into what will become humanity is both fascinating and silly all at once. Within reason, I guess, but maybe a bit of a continuity prison. A criticism? Yeah, okay, it is, but nothing's perfect. The final scenes are eloquently realised as the Doctor and Romana disappear into the distance shouting "Bye-bye Duggan!" and the detective buys a Mona Lisa postcard. At this point you wish there was more.

Above and beyond its glorious plot twists and vibrant dialogue, *City of Death* is undoubtedly good television. Even the effects, always expected in Doctor Who, are great, from the explosion of Scaroth's ship to the grisly death of Kerensky. And, check this out, even Dudley Simpson, whose clanging chimes sometimes intruded far too much, came up with one of his very best scores, the incidental music effortlessly capturing the Paris vibes. The theme used whenever the Doctor and Romana were running around the city is one of the most fondly remembered from the show.

So, go buy *City of Death*, and get your non-Doctor Who friends to do the same. It's Doctor Who at is avant garde best and if you don't enjoy every minute of it, then perhaps you're just a miserable splintered alien stranded in several time zones ...



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DWB 1 (5/91)

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TIME TO LIFT THE LID ON THE DWAS?

Craig Hinton, Coventry (11-4-91)
Considering all the DWAS/DWB controversy abounding at the moment, I thought I'd throw my hat into the ring with a few observations.

Although I received a great deal of criticism during my tenure as DWAS Co-ordinator, one thing I cannot be faulted on was my insistence that **Doctor Who** fandom should unite. I tried very hard to establish links between the DWAS and other large areas of fandom, such as DWB, IDWAS, the Whonatics and the independent local groups. Indeed, following my article in DWB#79 last year (No Longer A Monopoly) in which I explained how the DWAS can still play a rôle in today's fandom, membership applications actually sharply **increased** shortly after. Coincidence or not, I still believe that the future lies with unity in fandom.

The current DWAS stance appears to have wrecked the efforts I made during my two years as Co-ordinator to forge links between the Society and DWB. Whether the new exec.'s attitude extends to other areas of fandom I do not know, but any in-fighting within fandom can only damage the unified front we need at the moment. With the future of the programme more uncertain than at any point in the last 28 years, the futility of such bickering is all the more apparent.

I have always refused to write my 'memoirs', since I feel that my time as Co-ordinator should be judged by results, not motives. However if the DWAS, once the flagship of fandom, now chooses to spend its time indulging in petty vendettas and the like, fiddling while Rome burns, it might be time to reveal **exactly** how the "only officially-recognized fan organisation" **really** ticks...

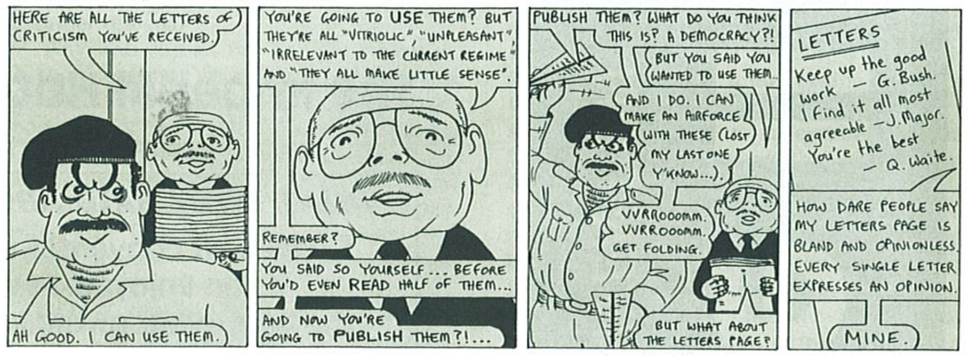
Christopher Cox, Kent (4-4-91)
While we are assured that John Nathan-Turner is no longer producer of **Doctor Who,** he is still interfering with the show with almost as many damaging effects. He is currently helping the BBC in selling as much **Doctor Who** off as possible without a single penny going towards the production of a new series, the most controversial incident of late being the costume auction 'con' as highlighted in DWB#88. He was also entrusted by the BBC to choose the episodes for the compilation tapes, and promptly went off and selected some of the cream of **average Who.** Great.

Whilst all this is going on the DWAS are encouraging people to send £5 cheques to the BBC to protest. Well that's going to give Peter Cregeen nightmares, isn't it? Meanwhile they are embroiled in a debate about democracy in the Society while effectively censoring free speech and, at the same time, are ready to aid the BBC's auction. We can clearly see that they intend to show their feelings!

The DWAS and JNT are the people the press, etc. turn to first in matters regarding **Doctor Who.** Would **you** want to be represented by these people?!

I believe that most fans would rather support a democratic group - a free association dedicated to the preservation of the best programme not on television. Fundamentally we need some activism! It sounds a bit militant, but really, what else is there? An angry editorial? If this is all there is, what is the point of talking about it - we might as well give in and let the BBC and their pawns walk all over us. At least we still have DWB - the only **Who**-related magazine with both power and backbone!

DWAQ '91 by Kenneth Horlock


HERE ARE ALL THE LETTERS OF CRITICISM YOU'VE RECEIVED.
AH GOOD. I CAN USE THEM.
YOU'RE GOING TO USE THEM? BUT THEY'RE ALL "VITRIOLIC", "UNPLEASANT", "IRRELEVANT TO THE CURRENT REGIME" AND "THEY ALL MAKE LITTLE SENSE".
REMEMBER?
YOU SAID SO YOURSELF... BEFORE YOU'D EVEN READ HALF OF THEM...
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PUBLISH THEM?!...
PUBLISH THEM? WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? A DEMOCRACY?!
BUT YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO USE THEM.
AND I DO. I CAN MAKE AN AIRFORCE WITH THESE (LOST MY LAST ONE Y'KNOW...).
VVRROOOMM. VVRROOOMM. GET FOLDING.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LETTERS PAGE?
LETTERS
Keep up the good work — G. Bush.
I find it all most agreeable — J. Major.
You're the best — Q. Waite.
HOW DARE PEOPLE SAY MY LETTERS PAGE IS BLAND AND OPINIONLESS. EVERY SINGLE LETTER EXPRESSES AN OPINION.
MINE.

JNT STILL HAUNTING 'WHO

Paul Baxter, Brighton (17-3-91)
JNT still seems to haunt the programme, this time via BBC Video. While I welcome the selection of **The Crusade 3** and **The Celestial Toymaker 4** for the Hartnell Years tape, the pilot episode is surely only of interest to the most diehard of fans. The Troughton selection is worse - **The Space Pirates** is the most boring story ever and **Enemy of the World**...ugghhh! **The Abominable Snowmen 2** was shown over the BSB weekend. Whatever happened to **The Evil of the Daleks 2, The Web of Fear 1** or **The Moonbase** episodes, or the destruction of the Cybermen in **The Invasion** or the recently discovered **The Ice Warriors**...?!

Stu Price, Liverpool (2-4-91)
John Nathan-Turner: if there is any one person who has brought about the demise of **Doctor Who,** it is that man. Now he has been given a job with BBC Enterprises and I shudder to **think** what catastrophes he will inflict on us from there. The Patrick Troughton Years compilation says it all. Yes, we all know **The Space Pirates** was the first **Who** he was involved on, but yawwwn. What about **The Evil of the Daleks 2,** The **Invasion 2,3,5,6,7** or **8** or **The Ice Warriors 1,4,5** or 6? I don't know. Yes, I am angry and bitter, but when you get a great programme like **Doctor Who** thrown down the pan you're bound to be.

THAT 'GENESYS' REVIEW

John Peel, New York (28-3-91)
I am not normally in the habit of responding to printed reviews of my books. Whether they are complimentary or not, I firmly believe that a reviewer has both a right to his or her opinions and a duty to their readers to express that opinion honestly. However, this is clearly not the case with Anthony Clark's "preview" of **Timewyrm: Genesys** in DWB#88.

In the first place, no such draft copy as he describes has ever existed. The synopsis of the plot that he gives shows that what he was working from was not any version of the manuscript. The details he criticizes existed in only one place, and that is in the original storyline that I submitted to Peter Darvill-Evans in July, 1990. This storyline was only a few pages long and bears substantial differences from the completed version of the novel. It is quite clear that Clark wrote his preview without seeing the book. This alone would invalidate his piece.

In the second place, even though the storyline as he describes it is not the one that was used, he still has no right to see it, let alone print any of it, without permission from me or from W.H.Allen. There are, as I am sure you are aware, copyright laws designed to prevent this. The outline that Clark used was never intended for publication. It was simply to give W.H.Allen a rough idea of what I was aiming to do in the book, and to give the other three writers of the **Timewyrm** series something to work around. The two extracts from the book he quotes were also from the package sent to these authors, as I wrote up two short chapters to accompany the synopsis. Obviously, Clark obtained his fictional "draft copy" from one of these people - not necessarily with either their knowledge or approval. Since those gentlemen are professionals, I seriously doubt that they would have either given Clark the outline or told him that it was acceptable for him to utilize it.

Paul Cornell, Bath (10-4-91)
I'd like to point out that I agree with the sentiments expressed by Peter Darvill-Evans about the 'review' of the first-draft fragment of John Peel's **Timewyrm** novel in DWB. Also, I must make it clear that I had no part in the 'leaking' of these documents to Anthony Clark, and, indeed, have not communicated with DWB on any aspect of the new novels, bar agreeing to having my own novel reviewed when review copies are available.

Anthony Clark, London SW17 (12-4-91)
I am neither a fool nor a child, despite the assertions of Peter Darvill-Evans. However, if I have caused offence, then I apologise unreservedly, as it was never my intention to do so.

My admissions about the text were never made "grudgingly", and I would have thought the reasons for writing the **preview** of the **draft copy** (I never indicated that it was a review of the end product) were clear enough; I assumed I had been sent something from America that others might find of interest - certainly it wasn't obtained dishonestly from any of the authors as John Peel implies - and I still believe that to be the case.

Peter Darvill-Evans was correct on one point about me - the success or failure of **Timewyrm: Genesys** will not be affected one bit by my opinions. Perhaps if he met me, rather than judged me from a few words, he might think differently about me. Maybe his mother has a saying about that, too?

COME BACK ALISTER!

Jeremy Spencer, Cheshire (4-4-91)
BBC Video must be mad not letting Alister Pearson continue doing the artwork for their covers as he is by far the best **Who** artist around. Andrew Skilleter is good for bookmarks and posters but not the video covers. Just look at **City of Death,** which does not capture Tom Baker's likeness at all, although **Planet of the Spiders** is just about O.K. I hope that Alister at least continues to do artwork for Target.

Congratulations to the organisers of ManoptiCon which was one of the best conventions that I have ever been to in 14 years of convention-going. Jon Pertwee and Colin Baker were in fine form and very witty and it was a real pleasure to see Jackie Lane at her very first **Doctor Who** event. I hope and look forward to ManoptiCon II next year. It was also nice to meet you there and I agree with your concern about the DWAS; their position is incredulous at the moment.

Paul Hassall, Cheshire (3-4-91)
Now, Alister Pearson may not be perfect, but I believe he is the most suitable artist for the video sleeves. He only really produced one 'dodo', his very bland **Dominators,** but manages to make most of his covers fresh and imaginative, which is rather more than can be said for the poor efforts produced recently by Andrew Skilleter. Both **Planet of the Spiders** and **City of Death** look oddly dated and very reminiscent of the Target book covers of the late 70s/early 80s - before Pearson came along and livened them up!

DWB#88 was a very well-produced issue, containing some superbly written features - particularly the Wolftime review which was sharp and witty.

Stephen Trump, Essex (30-3-91)
While the BBC must be applauded for packaging the double-tape releases in a single box, why on earth can't they put the whole lot on one tape again? If they must persist with the controversial £19.99 price tag then so be it. At least I'll have more room in my video cabinet.

Steve Rogers, Suffolk (1-4-91)
DWB#88 continues the '91 run in fine form after the rather disappointing #87. The cover is stunning, especially Pete Wallbank's **Blake's 7** piece, as is Paul Redfearn's superb artwork on page twenty - more please!

This DWAS situation is getting ridiculous and all this pointless bickering is getting fandom nowhere. Obviously 'DWASnost' is dead (was it ever alive?). The **whole** situation can be summed up in one word - pathetic!

You'll probably be condemned for the **Timewyrm: Genesys** preview, but it was an interesting read and it will be further interesting to see what changes have been made when it is published very soon.

It was also nice to see **Warriors of the Deep** ably aquitted in Horns of a Dilemma. Again it's the production of the story that let it down and not the actual story itself that was at fault.

David A. McIntee, Stirling (19-3-91)
Having agreed with Bryan Jenner that **Star Trek - The Next Generation** Season Four is much better than before, I must recommend that he see a psychiatrist immediately for his defence of **Time and the Rani,** also in DWB#88. It's true that the effects are excellent and the plot is based on real science and is easy to understand, but... The actual dialogue is hideously clichéd B-movie material. The Rani's character is totally different from **Mark of the Rani** (in which she doesn't want to rule the universe - she's happy with one planet whose inhabitants she actually takes care of!). Kate O'Mara's acting, surprisingly good in the original, had degenerated to the expected level here, and Bonnie Langford is, well, Bonnie Langford - she just wasn't cut out to be a **Who** companion. The music was more suited to a Kylie Minogue record and the acting of the Lakertyans was generally dire (nothing compared to that seen in **Paradise Towers** mind you) although the Tetrap heads were impressive (shame about the bodies!). Finally, Sylvester himself is utterly awful in this story, in fact he was so bad in the series as a whole that I almost didn't watch the show again, only tuning in to Season 25 because the Daleks were in it. Fortunately the Sylvester on show in Seasons 25 and 26 is totally different and as good as any of the other Doctors.

Now, anyone interested in my appreciations of **Nightmare of Eden** and **Horns of Nimon?**

COMING BACK IN STYLE

THROUGHOUT THE whole course of organised Doctor Who fandom one element among the many components of a television production has been constantly paraded as the most vital factor dictating the eventual level of success of a given story : the script.

As a natural extension of this attitude, 'polished', 'glossy' and 'slick' have become buzz-words to be used in a derogatory sense. Whenever the jury goes out in the fan press it is ultimately to evaluate the script, with other aspects of the production simply as other things that have been asked to be taken into consideration.

What such opinion neglects to consider, however, is that Doctor Who is a product of television, and, much more than that, is one of the few programmes with a suitable format to really utilise the unique opportunities presented by the 'filmed' (including video-tape) medium. Whilst other quality drama, such as Casualty, almost wholly relies on a good script, Doctor Who has the opportunity to create stunning television in other ways.

I do not mean to dispute that the script is the lynchpin of any dramatic work, I merely wish to suggest that this might not necessarily be so. Doctor Who has the opportunity to stimulate and excite in ways that most drama productions are too rigid to accommodate, and capitalising on these opportunities relies upon direction.

Now obviously it takes a director to make *any* script work, in that he must translate the written word using competent actors, sets and locations, etc., but what Doctor Who really should take fully to its heart is stylistic direction. Doctor Who needs *style*.

Over the past 28 years, of course, Who production teams have fought to keep their heads above water. The method of programme making at the BBC is such that there is barely enough time or money to literally put into action what is written on the page, never mind to allow directors to indulge in artistic and creative pursuits. However, when, on occasion, certain directors have achieved this, they have created the best of Doctor Who. Harper, Wareing, Camfield and Grimwade, for example, have managed to lift the programme to a higher art form. By this I do not mean special effects or dramatic space battles, but simply a more individual and dramatic approach to every scene. Obviously this is made easier with a good script — *Androzani* and *Logopolis*, for example — but it has also been proven that, where a sparkling script is lacking, a more creative director can create something very special.

An interesting American example comes to mind. At heart Miami Vice is just another sickeningly macho, formula American cop show. Yet at times it can be surprisingly breathtaking in the way it perverts and even abandons traditional televisual techniques. Often employing strobing, slo-mo picture effects, or completely smothering scenes in loud rock music, particularly scenes of what would otherwise be very quiet and restrained emotion, it creates and atmosphere that invites admiration toward something that would otherwise induce the usual nausea.

With Doctor Who the very fact that it is not formula would allow it to become a tour de force of directorial style. A particularly good Who example of direction proving itself, at times, more important than the script can be seen in the comparison of two scenes :

In *Meglos* we are given an excellent piece of dialogue : "I knew a man who solved the insoluble by the strangest means. He seemed to see the threads that bind the universe together, and have the ability to mend them when they break." However, on screen this falls totally flat, owing to both the director's lack of mood, and his direction of the actor.

Alternatively, in *The Caves of Androzani*, the Doctor has a line that is fairly mundane, namely "Morgus said that Spectrox is the most valuable substance in the universe ... I wonder why?" Hardly as poetic as the first example, yet Graeme Harper shoots it in such a way as to give it immense dramatic importance and atmosphere. Davison is lit in a way that creates powerful facial shadows; his delivery is quiet and thoughtful, and is complemented by dramatic mood music that links it to the previous scene, itself a powerful display of roving cameras, dramatic focus pulls and impressive fade-ins. This is Doctor Who pulsing and flowing, rather than laboured and static.

These are microcosmic examples of the stories themselves, although with perverse logic, in these particular examples the dialogue was, on the whole, better in the latter. Two good illustrations of the above at complete story level are *Survival* and *The Web Planet*. Rona Munro's rather soggy script was taken by Alan Wareing and made into a cinematic and captivating piece of television, whereas Bill Strutton's eerie and sensitive script turned out to be a hamfisted amateurish affair under the incompetent Richard Martin. Consequently the better scripted story is the lesser production of the two.

Intelligent yet not over explanatory scripts are needed for Doctor Who in the future. The abstract nature of Stephen Wyatt's *Greatest Show in the Galaxy* allowed Wareing to give us a real treat of a story, as it wasn't tied down with workmanlike explanations or rushing to get in all the dull denouements, like so many Whos have before it. Too much explanation works against creating an atmosphere of onrushing climax — how can a story build into a highly-charged finish if time is being mechanically devoted to concluding trivial plot threads? A story with a more complicated sub-text is perfect for Doctor Who, as the sub-text needn't be tied up every four weeks, but can provide the depth of scripting that may be lacking if Doctor Who were to take on a more stylistic approach. With a universe of opportunities, why tie the Doctor down to theatrical approach? Star Cops' artistic success comes from its intricate plots and clever dialogue, but then Star Cops is not a fantasy.

Having said all that, I'd hate to see Doctor Who lose charms such as humour and the ability to parody our society. Yet Doctor Who in the style I've been proposing could keep both these strong within its format : more undercurrents within the scripts and less captured-escape-captured, explain-it-all-at-the-eleventh-hour type stories.

As I've said, one of the major reasons that Doctor Who has had to present itself in often stage-like ways is owing to BBC programme methods and finances. But if the series is to be put into the hands of an independent production company dedicated to the best possible product, then it would be a shame if that company opted to "take it back to what it used to be" instead of expanding its boundaries.

PAUL KIRKLEY

½ PRICE BOOK BLITZ!

FOLLOWING the huge demand provoked by our 'Christmas Book Blitz' in DWB#84, we are repeating this offer with additional titles. The paperback titles in stock are as follows, all at 99p:

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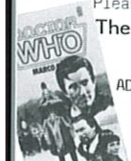

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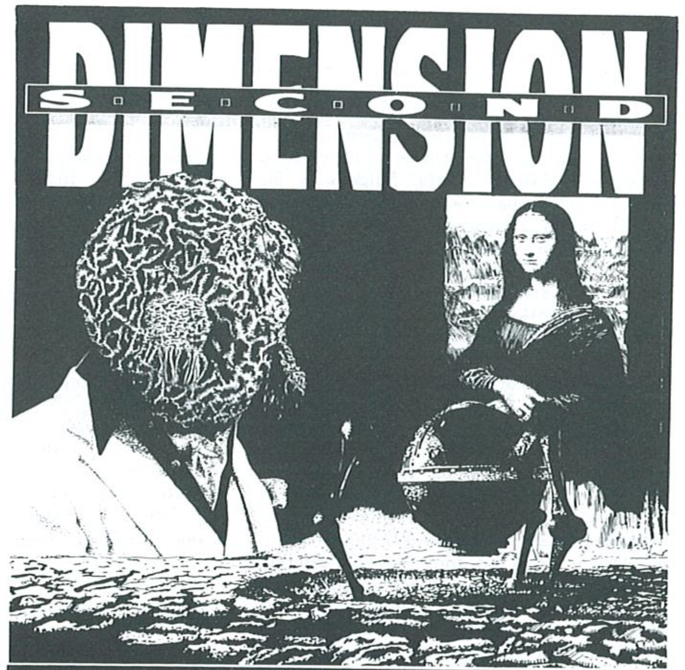
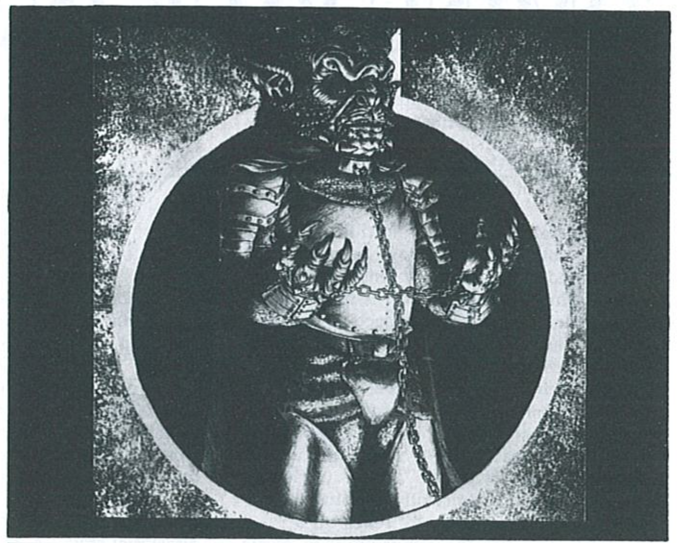


ISSUE 39

SCAROTH - THE LAST OF THE JAGAROTH

We present a special preview of the release on video of *City of Death*, including a full analysis of the concepts, characters and origins. There is also coverage of *The Time Meddler*, *The Invasion* and *The Sunmakers*, plus news, fiction, photographs, artwork and everything that's wild and wacky in the world of fandom.



ISSUE 40

STORM OVER AVALON

The spotlight moves to the Seventh Doctor, with features and artwork including a speculation on the aftermath of the Fenric events, a retrospective look at *Battlefield* and an exclusive photographic location report from the filming of the story.

SECOND DIMENSION is the fastest growing monthly fan magazine devoted to DOCTOR WHO.

Editions are available from Issue 23 (November 1989) to Issue 40 (April 1991).

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SECOND DIMENSION
SECOND TO NONE

Treason! Shall I hang 'em now?
Ffinch points to the bed:
Wait a moment. Who is that?
JAMIE: Colin McLaren, the Laird. And I'm his piper.
SERGEANT: They're a poor lot, sir. We'll get no picking here. Let's hang 'em and have done.
BEN: A right shower you are. What 'ave we done? Nothing! And what have you got against these two? Lost a battle, right, doesn't that make them prisoners of war?
FFINCH: Rebels are not treated as prisoners of war. Sergeant, prepare to hang them.
SERGEANT: Sir.
He turns to the troops:
Take 'em out and hang them.
Jamie points to the laird:
He can't walk.
SERGEANT: Drag 'im.
Two of the soldiers pull the laird from his bed.

Solicitor Grey and his clerk, Perkins, sit watching the battle from a vantage point behind the British lines.
GREY: Not a very inspiring battle, would you say?
PERKINS: Don't really know sir. I've never seen one before.
GREY: This one was over in a brief hour. I have never seen brave fellows so poorly led. Our brave Cumberland's troops butchering the wounded...a waste of manpower. A little more wine Perkins?
PERKINS: Oh, yes sir, I'm quite ready for it. This sharp northern air gives one quite an appetite.
GREY: All these fine sturdy, sturdy Highlanders. Used to work hard and little food. Think what sort of price they'd fetch in Jamaica.
PERKINS: A pretty penny, no doubt. No doubt at all.
GREY: And I'll have them, Perkins. I didn't leave a thriving legal practice just for the honour of serving King George as his Commissioner of Prisons.
PERKINS: I thought there was more behind it, sir.
GREY: With Mr Trask and his ship at our service, we may expect to make some measure of profit from this rebellion, depending, of course, on how many of these wretched rebels we can deliver from His Majesty's over-zealous soldiers.
Grey holds his glass to the light:
The wine was corked. If you want to remain in my service, you will have to be more careful.
PERKINS: Yes sir, my apologies. It won't happen again.
Several gun shots ring out.
GREY: I think we best be about our business, otherwise there'll be nothing but corpses left on the battlefield. And corpses are of little use to us, eh Perkins?
PERKINS: The wagon sir?
GREY: No, I think not. I've had enough for one day. Come Perkins, we'll walk. Perkins!
PERKINS: Coming sir.

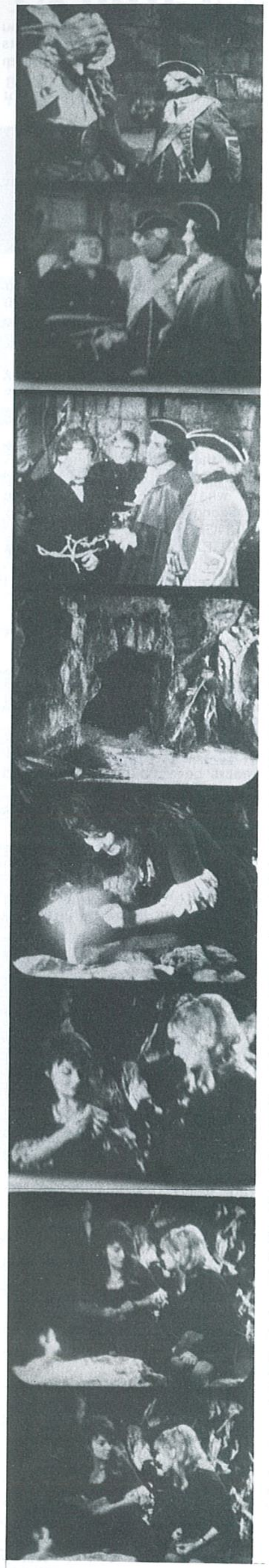
From the banks of a small stream Kirsty and Polly have been monitoring the events at the cottage.

POLLY: Who are those men?
KIRSTY: Don't tell me you can't recognise English Redcoats when you see them, even from this distance?
POLLY: English? That's alright then, we're safe.
She starts to get up put Kirsty pulls her down:
Do you want to get us both killed?
She passes Polly the laird's spy glass which Polly looks through.
KIRSTY: Look, they're going to hang our men.
POLLY: You're right! It's horrible...it's got to be stopped.
KIRSTY: How? We can but mourn.
POLLY: Crying's no good. Come on, we're going to create a diversion.

The Redcoats are busy preparing the ropes for the hanging. The Sergeant points up the hill:
Over there.
FFINCH: Looks like a wench. And there's another one.
SERGEANT: Puts me in mind of what Sergeant King of the Dragoons said.
FFINCH: Get to the point.
SERGEANT: They've heard that the Prince is trying to escape disguised as a woman. Shall I go after them sir?
FFINCH: No, I'll go.
He motions to two Redcoats who follow him up the hill.

Polly sees the advancing men:
This is our chance, they can't hang us with the officer away.
KIRSTY: It'll do no good.
POLLY: You must know the moors better than they do, and we're younger than they are, they'll never catch us. Come on.
Kirsty picks up the water bottle.
POLLY: Leave that.
The two women run off up the hill.

DOCTOR: What a great devotion to duty your Lieutenant shows.
SERGEANT: Devotion to duty! Devotion to a £30,000 reward, that's all.
DOCTOR: Do you think he will catch them?
SERGEANT: That young whelp? Couldn't catch his grandmother!
The troops start to laugh.
DOCTOR: Disrespect to your superior officer. I could report you.
SERGEANT: You could, but you won't.
DOCTOR: At a price Sergeant.
SERGEANT: You won't, 'cos you won't be here when he gets back.
He motions to his troops:
Okay you scum, proceed.
BEN: You can't hang us with the officer away?
SERGEANT: Why do you think he went away? Got a delicate stomach he has. Always leaves the dirty work to me. Right, get 'em up.
The soldiers move into position.
SERGEANT: Take the strain...
Grey and Perkins walk into view from the side of the cottage.
GREY: One moment.
SERGEANT: Who the devil...
PERKINS: Solicitor Grey, Lincolns Inn Fields. His Majesty's Commissioner for the disposal of rebel prisoners.
GREY: There's a fine sturdy



young man. Cut the nooses off them. Set that young man down.

SERGEANT: I don't care who you are. You've got no charge over my men.

Grey holds up a sheet of paper:
Can't you read, Sergeant. I have powers over all rebel prisoners.

SERGEANT: Not these prisoners.

GREY: Perkins, the other pocket, I think.

Perkins reveals a handful of coins.

GREY: I admit your prior claim, Sergeant, but I think you are a reasonable man.

The Sergeant takes the money.

GREY: Continue Perkins. Of course I regret any inconvenience encountered by yourself and these fine fellows of yours.

SERGEANT: Right, you heard what the Commissioner said. Nooses off, get him down.

He indicates Ben who is freed.

BEN: Thanks mate.

GREY: A trifle, I assure you. Strong ruffians like you and this young rebel here are needed in His Majesty's service.

He nods to Jamie and then scans the laird and the Doctor:
You can dispatch this one, Sergeant, and this strange looking scoundrel.

DOCTOR: Article XVII, Aliens Act 1730.

GREY: What?

DOCTOR: You are a gentleman of the law?

PERKINS: How dare you speak to Mr Grey like that!

GREY: I am a lawyer, yes.

DOCTOR: Then you are doubtless aware of Article XVII. You cannot hang a citizen of a foreign power without first informing his ambassador.

GREY: Who is this extraordinary rogue?

SERGEANT: He says he's a frog doctor.

DOCTOR: German. And it seems I know more about the English law than you do.

SERGEANT: I'm the only law what matters to you. If this gentleman don't want you, you hang.

GREY: You show a touch of faith in His Majesty's justice, sir. A doctor eh? We need doctors where you're going.

He addresses the Sergeant:
Set him down with the others.

JAMIE: The laird goes too or you can hang me right here.

GREY: What do you think, doctor? Can this man be healed of his wounds?

DOCTOR: With proper care, yes.

GREY: Whether he'll get that where he's going is very doubtful, but I'll leave him in your care. Take him away Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Sir!

He turns to the troops:
Shun! You men, escort the prisoners and these gentlemen to Inverness. i'll wait here for the Lieutenant.

DOCTOR: Where are we going?

GREY: First to Inverness, and then perhaps a sea voyage.

SERGEANT: Do you good.

The troops lead the prisoners off.

GREY: Just in time, Perkins, just in time.

Polly and Kirsty are at the front of a small cave mouth.

PRODUCER
INNES
LLOYD

KIRSTY: They'll not find us here.

She enters and Polly follows:
You don't live here do you?

KIRSTY: My family use it as a hide-out for cattle raids.

POLLY: Cattle raids? You mean you rob people!

KIRSTY: No, we only take from those who steal from us.

She walks over to a chest:
We keep a supply of food here. Oh no! There's only one wee biscuit left!

Inside is a large, flat, grey slab.

POLLY: Yuk! A dog biscuit!

Kirsty offers it to Polly:
Biscuits are not baked for dogs. Be pleased to begin.

POLLY: No, you start, I don't want to lose all my teeth. You start, I'm not hungry, really.

Polly starts to pace the dark cave:
We've got to make a plan. Now where were they being taken?

KIRSTY: Inverness. To the gaol.

She starts to sob.

POLLY: Now don't start crying again. If they've taken them to gaol, then we've got to get them out. Have you any money?

KIRSTY: For what?

POLLY: For food. That biscuit isn't going to last long, and for bribing guards with.

She takes off her silver bracelet:
It won't fetch much, but it's a start.

KIRSTY: Why do you help us? You're English.

POLLY: They've got my friends too, remember. I must get some proper clothes too.

Polly notices Kirsty's ring:
Hey, that's gold.

KIRSTY: It doesn't belong to me. It's my father's.

POLLY: Let me just look at it.

Kirsty holds it up for her:
It's beautiful! We should get a lot for that.

KIRSTY: You're not going to sell it.

POLLY: Don't you want to save your father's life?

KIRSTY: He wouldn't thank me.

POLLY: You're hopeless. Why not for goodness sake!

KIRSTY: He entrusted it to me before the battle. He would kill me if I ever parted with it.

POLLY: I don't understand you people. Come on, give it to me.

She holds out her hand but Kirsty grabs her knife and holds it up to Polly's chest.

POLLY: Keep your ring. You're nothing but a stupid peasant. I'm off to help my friends. You can stay here and guard your precious ring.

She heads for the cave's mouth.

KIRSTY: Mind your step, it'll be dark soon.

POLLY: Watch out for yourself.

KIRSTY: You'll get lost.

Polly ignores her and leaves.

The moors are very dark now and the thick cloud cover masks out most of the light reflected by the moon. The only sound is the occasional hoot of an owl in the distance. Polly's gait falters as she realises that she cannot retrace her steps in the darkness. Suddenly, the ground beneath her feet crumbles away and she plunges head-long into a concealed pit...

Photo © Alexandra Tynan.

TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS

THE HIGHLANDERS was the last story to use a totally historical format with Verity Lambert's blend of history and education combined, a decision made by Innes Lloyd as part of his general re-vamping of the series. By the time this serial was being commissioned and written, ratings for the series as a whole had slumped to around the three/four million mark, with audience graphs clearly showing a preference for the science-fiction stories.

The location chosen to represent Culloden Moor was Frensham Ponds, previously seen as the plains of Troy in The Myth Makers (serial U). Designer Geoffrey Kirkland achieved the illusion of Scotland by dotting his locations with strategically placed conifers and bracken.

Vast quantities of dry ice were used in the post-Culloden battle scenes, giving the impression of gunsmoke drifting across the moor. These images were then further strengthened by the careful positioning of props (such as a six-pound field gun and a discarded ammunition cart) and the later overdubbing of "clamoured battle", cannon and musket sound effects.

No incidental music was used in this story. Aside from the main theme music, the only music heard was a short extract from the traditional Scottish lament 'Pibroch', played by Saumas MacNeill on the Highland bagpipes. This was heard each week over the opening credits for the story title, writer and episode number.

A horse-drawn field wagon was also hired by the BBC to provide Solicitor Gray and Perkins with a moderately elegant mode of transport.

A deep animal pit was dug for the night-time telecine scenes of Polly falling in and later being rescued by Kirsty, which spanned episodes one and two. Due to the slight risks involved in the shot where Kirsty also falls into the pit, Hannah Gordon was doubled by Andree Cameron (in a dress and wig!). The fall itself was shot in the studio.

The facilities of Ealing Studios' water tank were employed for scenes set on Inverness harbour and around the hull of 'The Annabelle'. In the first case the part of the harbour depicted was the internal watergate at Inverness Prison. The set comprised a stone-walled set, with steps leading down into the tank, a longboat and a raised, arched portcullis, supposedly leading out to sea. Again, dry ice fog was used to disguise the limitations of the set's size. One side of 'The Annabelle's' hull was built at Ealing, complete with part of the deck and a yard-arm from which a Highland rebel, and later Ben, were dropped into the sea. In both scenes Pat Gorman doubled for the unfortunate victim. All these scenes were set at night.

A caption illustration of Inverness was used for establishing scenes set in and around that city.

As this story continued into production the potential of Frazer Hines' character was quickly seen by Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis. Two endings for The Highlanders were shot on film; one showing Jamie entering the TARDIS, and one of him fleeing back into the glens. When the early episodes were completed in the studio they were shown to various department heads, including Sydney Newman and Shaun Sutton, who then approved the appointing of Jamie as a regular companion. Thus the sequence of Jamie going into the TARDIS was used for the telerecording of the fourth episode.

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CAST

DOCTOR WHO	Patrick Troughton
BEN	Michael Craze
POLLY	Anneke Wills
ALEXANDER	William Dysart
COLIN MCLAREN	Donald Bisset
JAMIE MCCRIMMON	Frazer Hines
KIRSTY	Hannah Gordon
LT. ALGERNON FFINCH	Michael Elwyn
SERGEANT	Peter Welch
SOLICITOR GRAY	David Garth
PERKINS	Sydney Arnold
SENTRY	Tom Bowman
CAPTAIN TRASK	Dallas Cavell
MOLLIE	Barbara Bruce
WILLIE MACKAY	Andrew Downie
SAILOR	Peter Diamond
COLONEL ATTWOOD	Guy Middleton
WOUNDED HIGHLANDER	Eric Mills
WOMAN IN INN	Nancy Gabriel
ENGLISH HORSEMAN	Reg Dent
DOUBLE FOR KIRSTY	Andree Cameron
EXTRAS	Gerry Alexander, Barry Ashton, Dennis Balcombe, Leslie Bates, Bill Beesley, Mike Britton, Derek Calder, Anthony Case, Gordon Craig, Jim Delaney, Pat Donohue, John Doye, Jack Duggan, Barry Du Pré, Jim Fitzgerald, Eden Fox, Keith Goodman, Pat Gorman, Dennis Haywood, Emmett Hennessy, Walter Henry, James Holbrook, Ernest Jennings, John Knott, Gordon Lang, Tony Lang, Jimmy Mack, Arthur Maguire, Derek Martin, Leon Maybank, Michael Mulcaster, Michael Owen, Paul Phillips, Dennis Plenty, Peter Roy, Patrick Scott, Donald Sinclair, Dennis Stanley, Harry Swift, Vic Taylor, Alan Troy, Hein Viljoen, James Walsh, David Waterman, Bob Wilyman

TECHNICAL CREDITS

FIGHT ARRANGER	Peter Diamond
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT	Fiona Cumming
ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER	Nicholas John
ASSISTANTS	Shirley Coward, Evelyn Cowdrey
VISION MIXER	Nola Schiff
FLOOR ASSISTANT	Jeremy Ward
LIGHTING	Gordon Summers, Ken McGregor, John Farr
SOUND	Larry Goodson
COSTUME SUPERVISOR	Sandra Reid
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR	Gillian James
STORY EDITOR	Gerry Davis
DESIGNER	Geoffrey Kirkland
PRODUCER	Innes Lloyd
DIRECTOR	Hugh David

SERIAL FF	AUDIENCE	POSITION	APPRECIATION	BLACK AND WHITE
PART ONE	6.7m	67th	AI 47	17TH DECEMBER 1966
PART TWO	6.8m	89th	AI 46	24TH DECEMBER 1966
PART THREE	7.4m	68th	AI 46	31ST DECEMBER 1966
PART FOUR	7.3m	66th	AI 47	7TH JANUARY 1967